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Political, Religious and Love Poems.

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and

Love Poems

(SOME BY LYDGATE, SIR RICHARD ROS, HENRY BARADOUN, WM. HUCHEN, ETC.)

FROM

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 306,

AND OTHER SOURCES,

WITH A FRAGMENT OF THE ROMANCE OF

Peare of Provence and the fair Maguelone,

AND A SKETCH WITH THE PROLOG AND EPILOG, OF THE ROMANCE OF

The Knight Amorynus and the Lady Cleopes

BY JOHN METHAM, SCHOLAR OF CAMBRIDGE, A.D. 1448-9.

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EDITED BY

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FOREWORDS.

(*Afterwords* are on pages 309–311.)

This book is somewhat of a medley, partly for the reason that the Lambeth MS. whence it is mainly drawn—and for the loan of which I am deeply indebted to the Archbishop of Canterbury—is so too. The first three poems, and part of the fourth, should—and, had its editor known of them, of course would—have found a place in the second volume of Mr. Thomas Wright's Political Songs for the Master of the Rolls; some of the rest might have gone into any collection of Love or Religious Poems, and others into any Miscellaneous volume. Of the pieces now issued some have been printed elsewhere, and of most, perhaps better texts exist; but the time that it takes to ascertain whether a poem has been printed or not, which is the best MS. of it, in which points the versions differ, etc., etc., is so great, that after some experience I find the shortest way for a man much engaged in other work, but wishing to give some time to the Society, is to make himself a foolometer and book-possessor-ometer for the majority of his fellow-members, and print whatever he either does not know, or cannot get at easily, leaving others with more leisure to print the best texts. *He* wants *some* text, and that at once.[1] I cannot say that the Lansdowne MS. 699 of Lydgate's *Hors, Shepe, & Gosse,* is the best in being; it is only the best I have met with; and I have collated it with the Roxburghe Club 1822 reprint of the old black-letter version, and the Harleian MS. 2251, from which Halliwell printed its Envoy. In the late Lambeth MS. (printed in my first edition) it has lost its head and tail, and many readings are bad. *La Belle Dame sanz Mercy* may be in the same condition, but it was given for lovers of Keats, who were not owners of black-letter Chaucers. It is now edited from the MS. Ff. 1. 6 in the University Library, Cambridge, collated with MS. in Trin. Coll. Camb., both copied by Mr. A. B. Rogers of the University Library.

[1] This excuse is not intended as a justification for an Editor to take no trouble about his work. It only asks that he may be allowed to judge how the trouble he can, and must, take, can be best applied.

I intended at first to print only certain of the pieces in the Lambeth MS. 306, but on looking through the *Piers Plowman* MSS. in the British Museum with Mr. Skeat, to choose the best for the Society's three-text edition, he pointed out to me the Political Poems in Vespasian, B xvi. These I copied, and then cancelled—with the exception of the *Satirical Proclamation* (pp. 12, 13), on finding that they were in Mr. Wright's volume of *Political Songs*.[1] Then a comparison of the Lambeth texts of *Sent Gregorys Trentalle* and *The Stacions of Roome* with those in the rather earlier Museum MS., Cotton Caligula, A ii.,[2] showed that the latter must be preferred to the former, and they were accordingly copied. After this a friend at Cambridge kindly sent me transcripts of some seemingly anonymous poems from the University Library, one of which proved to be a version of a ditty of Lydgate's against Women's Horns, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (vol. i. p. 79) and twice by the Percy Society, and the rest inferior copies of others of Lydgate's Poems; nevertheless, as two of these had been set up they are included here (pp. 46-54, 73-5), for they are sure to meet some eye that has not seen them before. As a substitute for the other cancelled poems, Mr. Skeat with much goodwill copied *Whi art thou Froward* (pp. 141, 142), and (on the late Henry Bradshaw's recommendation) *The Parliament of Love* and *The Seven Deadly Sins*, printed here pp. 76-79, 244-48, and Mr. Rogers has re-collated them. Dr. W. Aldis Wright kindly copied the two poems in the Northern Dialect on pp. 133-40; and Mr. Edmund Brock *The Fifty-First Psalm*, pp. 279-85, besides helping me in other ways. The late O. Cockayne gave me the first verse of *Rats Away* (p. 43), and Mr. George Parker, of the Bodleian Library, the second verse, and a revise of the whole. Mr. G. Parker is also responsible for the text of the Prologue to the Adulterous Falmouth Squire. A reference in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* sent me to the Harl. MS. 7322, and the early date of the English Poems mixed with its Latin prose more than justifies their reproduction here, pp. 250-70. To Mr. Bradshaw's acquaintance with the Lambeth Catalogue I owe my introduction to the excellent MS. 853,[3] which has furnished complete texts of two poems, 1. *Quia Amore Langueo*, p. 180-8, printed opposite another copy; and 2. a Complaint of the Virgin, p. 191-92,

[1] There is a kind of comfort in narrating one's little troubles. The reader will sympathize if he knows how very small a man feels when he looks at his eagerly-made copy of a good poem, by the side of an after-found print of it.

[2] I hope some day to print the unedited pieces from this MS.

[3] The whole of this MS. has been printed by the Society.

of which a most interesting variation (p. 238–242) occurs in Harleian MS. 3954, between copies of *Mandevill's Voiage* and *Piers Plowman.* From the latter MS. I have also taken a curious A-B-C Poem on the Passion of Christ, though it has, I believe, been printed elsewhere. I have re-collated all the texts from the Lambeth MSS. 306 and 853, and Brit. Mus. MSS. with their originals.

Now as to the contents of the Poems themselves;—the allusions in the first were not at the outset explained with certainty, even with the help of Mr. James Gairdner, of the Record Office. A man saw Twelve Letters that should save Merry England, in Edward the Fourth's time. These Twelve letters then turn into Eight,—R, W, two E's, F, M, Y, S,—but the R multiplies into three R's (Ares) of three Lords' names, and a fourth and fifth, the Rose that's fresh and will not fade, and the Ragged Staff that no man may escape. The Y, M, S, and W, were explained in the poem to mean the nobles York, March, Salisbury, and Warwick, and the F and E the Feterlock and Eagle. Thus we had four Richards, four nobles, and four badges, of which two, the Rose[1] and Eagle,[2] seemed to mean Edward IV. Did then this triad of fours mean twelve different persons, or ten, or four, or two? An unexpected meeting with an old friend, who proved to be that wonderful being, ROUGE DRAGON, —of whom I had the vaguest possible notion before, not knowing even whether he had not been buried hundreds of years—produced the following happy solution of the problem.

"There can, I think, be little doubt that the Twelve Letters refer to the *Christian names*, the *Titles*, and the *Badges or Cognizances* of the following Four Men—

E. M. F.

EDWARD, EARL OF MARCH, with the badge of the Fetterlock. Afterwards Edward IV.

R. Y. R.

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK (1415 to 1460), with the badge of the White Rose of the house of York, Father of Edward IV.

R. S. E.

RICHARD (Nevill), EARL OF SALISBURY (1442 to 1460), with the badge of the green Eagle of Monthermer.

[1] See *The Wright's Chaste Wife*, p. 20, l. 670.
(Trevilian)

[2] The Cornysshe Chough ofte with his trayne.
(Rex)
Hath made oure *Egulle* blynde.
Cotton Rolls, ii. 23, quoted in Wright's *Pol. Songs*, vol. ii. p. 222.

R. W. R.

RICHARD (Nevill), EARL OF WARWICK (1449 to 1471), the King-maker, with the badge of the Ragged Staff belonging to that House.

"The Fetterlock, with a falcon inside it, was a badge of Edmund of Langley (son of Edward III.), who re-built his Castle of Fotheringay in that shape, and was consequently assumed by his great grandson Edward IV.

"The arms of Monthermer (an eagle displayed) were always quartered, both by the Montacutes and Nevills, Earls of Salisbury. In the 'Rows Roll' (pub. by Pickering, 1845) is a portrait of Richard, Earl of Warwick above-named, who succeeded his father in 1460 as Earl of Salisbury—with the eagle standing at his feet, as a badge.

"The date of the poem is between 1460 and 1471, as Edward is spoken of as King (line 63), and Richard, Duke of York, in the past tense ['He reyny*ed*' (line 44), and that he '*hathe* sofferde greto vexacion'—sc. been slain (line 28)]; so likewise Lord Salisbury, who was beheaded in 1460, is never spoken of in the present tense, while the Earl of Warwick, who lived till 1471, is spoken of as alive.—G. E. ADAMS [later, Cokayne], ROUGE DRAGON [now CLARENCEUX], *Heralds College.*"

That this is the true conclusion, and that the Twelve letters represented four persons,—two dead (Richard of York and Richard of Salisbury), and two living (Edward IV. and Richard of Warwick, the King-maker),—I have no doubt. But if the poem is to be taken as referring to living men only (see line 60, etc.), then the four men must be reduced to two; and this can be easily accomplished, because as Edward IV. united in himself his father's title of the Duke of York and his own of Earl of March, so Richard the King-maker united in himself his father's title, Earl of Salisbury, and his own, Earl of Warwick. For the King-maker was Earl of Warwick before he succeeded to the Earldom of Salisbury in 1460, when his father, the then Earl, was beheaded at Pontefract Castle subsequent to his capture after the battle of Wakefield, in which Edward the Fourth's father, Richard Duke of York, was defeated and slain. In this case the poem would describe only Edward the Fourth, and Warwick, who made him king; but no doubt their fathers were included too, as Mr. Adams says.

The second Poem sounds strange to modern ears, dulled by non-intervention talk, accustomed to the threat without the blow, the

bark without the bite, the scold without the scratch. But its tones fell differently on Edward's ears, we may be sure; and if there had been no Towton, Hexham, Edgecott, Erpingham, Barnet, and Tewkesbury, to fight on English soil, and drain the country of its best blood, we should have heard, I doubt not, of the daring young king in France in other wise than when he was there in 1475, and perchance he would have taken the English flag beyond the southern bounds that the Black Prince so bravely bore it to.

The third piece records how Edward the Fourth was received at Bristol; and the fourth Poem tells how the Duke of Suffolk, the unpopular favourite of Henry VI., was caught at sea by the ship Nicholas, and beheaded; and calls on many of the chief clergy and laymen to help sing his Dirge and bury him. Of these the following are mentioned in the list in the faded Cotton Roll (Cott. Charters, ii. 23), printed by Mr. Wright (*Pol. Poems*, v. 2, pp. lvi—lvii, notes), of unpopular "namys that were enditede at Rowchestre afore the cardinalle of Yorke, bysshoppe of Canturbury, and the Duke of Bokyngham, etc., in the feste of the Assumpcioun of oure lady and (?) festo Laurencii, anno r. r. Henrici xxix°.

Johan Trevyliane, nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.
Johan Say, nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.
Johannes Polsforde [?Pulford, l. 111]. nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.
Thomas Kent, de London, gentyllmane, alias dictus T.K., clericus consilii domini regis, 2.
Johan Penycole, nuper de London., armiger.
Thomas Hoo, de Hastynge in comitatu Sussex., miles, of, 2.
Reginaldus, abbas Sancti Petri Gloucestriæ, of, 2.
Jacobus Fynys, dominus de Say, j.
T. Stanley, miles, of, j.
Thomas Thorppe, gentilman, j.
Johan Blakeney, gentilmane, j.
Dominus Iohannes Forstkew, of, j. miles.
Walter Liarde, episcopus Norwic., j.
Ricardus Wodvile, dominus de Ryvers, j.
Willelmus Booth, episcopus Cestriæ, j."

Our version has sixty lines not in the Cotton copy (Vesp. B. xvi) printed by Mr. Wright, but omits sixteen lines of the latter. It is, Mr. Gairdner tells me, in the handwriting of John Stowe, the chronicler, to whom the Lambeth MS. 306 once belonged, and in whose handwriting there are many entries scattered through the volume. Three characteristic ones I copy below.[1]

[leaf 47, back]

[1] Anno d°`1564 . . . The 20 of november, beynge Monday, in y^e^ mornynge a-bout .vj. of y^e^ clocke, throghe neglygence of a mayden *with* a candell, y^e^ snoff

To explain the fifth piece in this Text, the Satirical Proclamation, nothing better has been proposed by the friends I have consulted than Mr. Cokayne's suggestion on p. 14, that it is a satire by the party of Cardinal Beaufort on the pretensions of René Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Jerusalem, etc., whose daughter Margaret afterwards married Henry VI.

The sixth piece is Lydgate's Horse, Goose, and Sheep, a dispute of these animals before the Lion and Eagle as Judges, as to which is most useful to man and the common weal. The judgment is that they are all useful in their several ways, and are not to quarrel about precedence. Lydgate's moral, in his Envoy, that no man should "for no prerogative, his neighbour not despise" is still much needed

---

ther-of fawlynge in-to an hundryd-wayght of gonne-pothar, thre howssys in bucklers-bury war sore shaken, and ye backar partes of ye same howsys wer all to-blowne & shattard in pecis, & ye aforesayd mayde was so byrnt yt she dyede ther-of *with*-in ij dayes afftar. yf this powthar had bene in a sellar, as it was in a garret, it had donne more harme.

.j. This yere .1564. was a sharpe froste, whiche began on seynt Thomas daye before cristmas, on ye .21. daye of desembar, beynge thursdaye, & contynewyd tyll ye .3. day of Janewarie, beynge wednys-daye, on ye whiche wedynseday it thawyd bothe ye daye & nyght folowynge, & ye morow, beyng thursdaye, allso. this forst, as before is sayde, begynynge on sent Thomas day before cristmas, was so sharpe that on neweyers even men went ovar the Thams as saffe as on ye dry land, not only betwyxt westmystar & lambythe, but in all placis betwyxt lambethe & ye olde swane, they wente bothe ovar ye thames & alongè ye same, from london to westmystar, & from westmystar to london, comynge a lande salffelly (thankis be to god) wher they wolde, between westmystar and ye olde swan whiche is very nere vnto ye brydge; & ye same newyers even, beynge sondays, people playd at ye footte ball on ye thams by great nombars: on newe yeers day, beynge mondaye, & on twesday & wednyseday, dyvars Ientyllmen & othars set vp pryckes on ye Thams, & shott at ye same, & great nombars of people beholdynge ye same, standynge at ye prykis as boldly and thankis be gyvyn to god a[s] saffly, as it had bene on ye drye lande. And I my selffe who wrate this notte, *wentte* on ye wedynsday before namyd frome lambythe to westmystar, & ther dynyd *with Master* burre who went thetar *with* me, & then we went agayne to ye comon starys of westmystar, & so vpon ye Thames to ye baynards castell, where we went a land (thankys be to god) as salffe as evar I went in eny place in all my lyffe, where we sawe men shewte at a payre of prykes set vp a-gaynst ye qweens cowrte vpon ye Thams, & costardmongars playnge at ye dysse for aples; & ye people went on ye thams in greatar nombars then in eny streat in london. The people went ovar ye thams on ye thursdaye at nyght; & on ye morow, beynge frydaye, was no yce on the thams to be sene, but yt all men myght rowe ovar & a-longe ye same, it was so sodaynly conssumyd.

[leaf 71, back]

Anno .1563. ye .26. of Iune was a mynyster, parson of sent marie abchurche, of sent martyns in Iarmongar lane, & of one othar benifice in ye cuntrie, takyn at dystaffe lane, vssynge an othar mans wyffe as his owne, whiche was dowghtar to ser Myles partryge, & wyffe to wyllyam stokebrege, grosar; & he beyng so takyn at ye dede doynge, (havynge a wyffe of his owne,) was caryed to brydwell thrughe all the stretes, his breche hangynge aboute his knes, his gowne & his (kyvar knave) hatt borne aftar hym *with* myche honor; but he lay not longe ther, but was delyveryd *with*-owt punyshment, & styll Inioyed his beneffysis; they were greatly blamed that prehended hym and comitted hym.

in 'Society' which cuts its poor acquaintances as it rises, and in the Amateur Rowing Association which flunkily refuses to let any Club containing a man who has workt for wages, row in any of its Regattas. The date of Lydgate's Poem has been settled in Germany as 1437–8: see pp. xix–xx, below.

The seventh piece (p. 43) is the "Rats Away," already alluded to. I cannot construe all the lines, and the MS. is so nearly illegible that Mr. Parker, and Mr. Macray who kindly helped him, had much difficulty in making out so much of the MS. as they have done.

The wise advice given by the next three pieces to purchasers of land, to all mixing with their fellows,[1] and to housekeepers, are in great part applicable now. The six following little bits were put in, either for their oddity, or because I fancied them, not because Directions how to cram Chickens with black Slugs were considered to be a Political Poem. There are plenty more medical recipes in the Lambeth volume.

The Love Poems begin on p. 66, continue to p. 111, and include Lydgate's before-printed appeal against the woman's horns then in vogue—a bonnet trimming seemingly, like a pair of cow's horns, with the junction stuck as a curtain to a woman's bonnet, the horns curling up on each side of the bonnet, and high above it into the air.

The division of Religious Poems starts with a Hymn to the Virgin "to preserve nobyl Kyng Herry." *Saint Gregory's Trental* exalts the power of the Mass, and tells how by singing thirty Masses,—three on each of the ten chief Festivals,—the Saint rescued from hell[2] to heaven, his mother, damned for having two bastard

[1] Of this "Like thyn awdiens," Mr. Skeat says: "There are two better copies of it in print—one by Wynkyn de Worde, with several misprints, but with better readings, and one by the *Percy Society*, Early English Poems, vol. ii. p. 173, from Harl. MS. 2235, which is better all round, has the Latin verses at top, and shows what is translated and what original. It is one of Lydgate's."

[2] The *Saturday Review* of Dec. 22, 1866, p. 765, col. 1, says that I clearly misconceive this 'Poem': *Hell* should be *Purgatory*. A Romanist friend long ago assured me that the Pope's Mother could not possibly have been admitted into Purgatory, because she had murdered her two children and died impenitent as to these crimes. Purgatory being only for the penitent, Hell was the place that Gregory's Mother must have gone to. Compare Hampole, *Pricke of Consience*, p. 72, l. 2631:

Bot many soules *þat er save*
Ar þai com to blis, payne by-hoves have
In purgatori, and duelle þar-in
Until þai be clensyd of al syn
þat er schrywen and noght clensed here,
And þar be fyned als gold þat shynes clere.

The descriptions in the text, ll. 48-74, p. 116, and the lines

Among oþur prayeres þey ben good
To bringe sowles fro helle flode (l. 201–2, p. 121)

children and strangling them.[1] The moral teaching of the next Poem is of a different order, warning adulterers that they shall be

seemed to bear out my friend's assertion; and the statement in the *Stacyons* that Masses sung in *Scala Cœli* would bring souls from Hell, through Purgatory, into Paradise, was consistent with this. The question turns, I believe, on whether strangling one's two children and concealing the crime, is a venial sin, sending the Murderess to Purgatory, or a mortal one, when unrepented of, sending her to Hell. To a Saturday Reviewer accustomed to a weekly slaughter of innocents, and to mistakes, I do not wonder that the offence seems venial. Having been a father, I hold the crime mortal, and believe the 'misconception' complained of, not to be mine.—F. J. F.

P.S.—The very Rev. Daniel Rock, D.D., has just favoured me with the following note on the point, showing that Hell, and not Purgatory, must have been the place: "A woman guilty of fornication and child-murder, dying unshriven, unassoiled, and unsorrowing for such deadly sins, is lost for ever. No prayers, no alms-deeds, no masses will have any effect on her behalf, having, as you state it, left this world without any sorrow, even at the last moment, for such tremendous crimes that cry to heaven for vengeance.

"St. Gregory's Trental and the Indulgence of '*Scala Cœli*' have been most egregiously misrepresented, under several points of view. The reported vision of St. Gregory's mother in hell is a mere fable. The mother of that great Pope was Sylvia, a holy woman in life and in death, which happened to her in a house of religion which she had founded. The Trental of St. Gregory came into use from the saint being inspired with the knowledge that a monk, for a sin, not a deadly one, but only venial, was suffering the smarts of Purgatory. He bade one of the monks of the monastery say mass every day for a month, on the last day of which the suffering dead monk appeared to the living one who had said the 30 masses for his soul, and told him he was, by the mercy of God won for him by the holy sacrifice, freed from pain. Mind, from the pain of Purgatory—a place of temporary cleansing pain—not from the pains of hell, out of which when once therein there is no coming.*

"Our Henry VII. got for his chapel in Westminster Abbey, the indulgence of '*Scala Cœli*,' all the conditions of which are enumerated in the bull printed in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, new edition, t. i., p. 320, whereby you will see that whether applicable to the living or the dead, it must be only to those '*vere penitentibus, et confessis:*' a condition attached to all indulgences."

[1] In this poem are certain terms of the Roman Catholic service which Lord Denbigh has kindly explained to me. The *secrete*, p. 91, l. 224, are the *Secreta*, or Secret Prayers, which when more than half through "The Ordinary of the Mass," and before he has received 'the Host' and 'Blood,' the Priest recites (in a voice not audible) with outstretched hands, and which differ on different days. The *Post Comon*, p. 91, l. 229, is the Post Communion, or the portion of the Ordinary after the Host has been given to the laity. See the *Missal for the Laity*, pp. xviii, xxx, etc. Lord Denbigh is anxious that the Roman Catholic doctrine of Indulgences, much misunderstood and misrepresented by Protestants, should be stated in the words of a book of authority among his fellow-believers. I therefore give the following extracts from the *Full Catechism of the Catholic Religion*, 1863, which he has sent me.

Pages 293-6.

Question 84. What is an Indulgence?

An Indulgence is a remission, granted out of the Sacrament of Penance, of that temporal punishment which, even after the sin is forgiven, we have yet to undergo either here or in Purgatory.

85. How does the Church remit the punishment due to our sins?

By making to the Divine Justice compensation for us from the inexhaustible Treasure of the merits of Christ and His Saints. . . .

* That the Middle Age belief of some persons was different, see the *Stacyons*, as above, and this *Trental*.

tortured in hell[1]; and that such teaching was wanted in England in earlier times, when rich men used poor men's wives and daughters even more freely than they do now, no one who knows our history or literature can doubt. (See Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*.)

The Stacyons of Rome is simply (to me) a puff of the merits of the Papal City as a place for getting pardons and indulgences, in comparison with Santiago and Jerusalem. What is the good of going so far as either of those places—says the writer, in effect,—when you can get more of the article you want, and on easier terms, in Rome? Every time you go to one church you get 7000 years' pardon; every time you give alms at another you get 14,000 years; in every church, more or less of it. Lents are to be had for the asking; relics may be seen without end, from the Virgin's milk to the hay the donkeys ate at Christ's birth. What would you have more? Why should any penitent go elsewhere? Rome is *the* place for him! The date of the Poems is about 1440–5. See p. xxxiii.

For a set of very valuable and interesting notes on this Poem of *The Stacyons*, containing much curious and suggestive illustration of its statements, the Society is indebted to one of its members, Mr. William M. Rossetti, the well-known art-critic and translator of Dante, whose words on this subject will come with an authority that those of few other writers in England could command. To one

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86. What is generally required to gain an Indulgence?

It is required, 1. That we should be in the state of grace, and have already obtained, by true repentance, forgiveness of those sins, the temporal punishment of which is to be remitted by the Indulgence; and, 2. That we should exactly perform the good works prescribed for the gaining of the Indulgence. . . .

To assert that, by an Indulgence, the Church forgives *sins* past or future, or that she grants Indulgences for *money*, is a gross calumny. . . .

91*. Is it then not true that the Church, by Indulgences, frees us from the obligation of doing Penance?

No; she does not free us from the obligation of doing penance according to our capacity, since, the greater is our penitential zeal and love to God, the more do we participate in the Indulgence; she will only assist us in our inability to expiate all temporal punishment in this life, and thus, by a generous Indulgence, effect what in ancient times she endeavoured to attain by the rigorous Penitential Canons.

92. How many kinds of Indulgences are there?

There are two kinds: A *Plenary* Indulgence, which is the remission of the whole debt of temporal punishment due to sin; and a *Partial* Indulgence, which is the remission of a part of it only.

93*. What is meant by an Indulgence of forty days, or seven years?

A remission of such a debt of temporal punishment as a person would discharge if he did penance for forty days or seven years, according to the ancient Canons of the Church.

[1] To a printed note of Mr. Halliwell's I owe the reference to MS. Ashmole 61, which supplies the Prologue to the story, and identifies the sinner with Sir William Basterfield.

who, like myself, has received for years the untiring aid of this accomplished scholar in the compilation of the Philological Society's Dictionary (now the Oxford English Dictionary, edited by Murray and Bradley), his help in the present volume has been doubly grateful, and I desire to express my warmest thanks for it.

The next Poems are to the Virgin,—the first said to be written in 1508 by a D. T. Mylle—and serve to introduce the series of *Complaints* which contain, in parts, a truer pathos, and touch deeper chords, than anything else in the volume. The pleadings of Christ with the sinner are often beautiful, even to an unbeliever's mind; and who that has heard a mother's passionate cries for her lost one,—those terrible appeals that cut to the heart,—can refuse his sympathy with the stricken mother (though he holds her only a poet's fancy), who swooned at Calvary when her 'dear child' died?

I am sorry that the way in which the text of one of these Poems is here printed, led one learned and much-esteemed friend, Henry Bradshaw,—who (unluckily for us) devoted his spare energy to denouncing the Committee in general and me in particular, instead of editing texts for us all—into calling this volume a pig-stye. Admitting that beings of the species "gruntare, *grunnitor*" can find space for the exercise of their calling within the leaves of the book, I yet believe that, as the matter stood, it was right to leave the first part of the even-page text of *The Complaynt of Criste* (pp. 190, 192, 194, 196, 198), as the scribe copied it. Having secured at a later period a good text and right arrangement of the poems from the earlier Lambeth MS. 853, the question was, What was to be done with the already-in-type poor text, and incorrect arrangement of it, from the later Lambeth MS. 306, the MS. which gave us *The Wright's Chaste Wife*, and of which I had in gratitude resolved to print as much as I could, without seeking for better texts of its contents? Was this poor text, and arrangement of 12-line stanzas in 8, to be cancelled; or to be corrected by the good one opposite it, and retained; or was it to be left as an instructive instance to readers in general, and a caution to careless people like myself, of how one of those scribes to whom we owe almost all our knowledge of our forefathers' minds, had chanced to go astray? Without contending for the position of the greatest scholar I ever knew (the late Prof. Goldstücker) "that the errors of Manuscripts are sacred, and must be preserved," I still think that readers who are kept from mistake as to the original text by the good version of the Lambeth

MS. 853, will be glad to see the most instructive variations and mistakes that time and repeated copyings have brought into the later text of the MS. 306, especially when the writer of it may have argued that as the two poems purporting to be by God and Christ were both in fact by Christ, they had better have one title, and the 12-line stanza of the shorter poem be made symmetrical with the 8-line of the longer one. Should this decision[1] make any reader or reviewer grunt again "Pig-stye," I can assure him that the repeated exclamation will be taken as good-humouredly as the first one was.

Asking again attention to the contrast of the continued wail of *The Virgin's Complaint*, "Filius Regis mortuus est," with the triumphant change of the Harleian version "Filius Regis . . . Resurrexit, non mortuus est," and also recalling readers' notice to the A B C Poem already mentioned, I repeat again thanks to the kind friends who have aided me with this collection, and hope it may help a little towards a better understanding of "the English mind" of former days.

[1] I had intended to leave out the 8-line version in this re-edition, but, on my friend Israel Gollancz's request, have left it in. He is specially interested in all 12-line-stanzad poems and their changes.

Egham, May 31, 1866.
London, October 26, 1899.

NOTE BY PROF. MAX FÖRSTER, PH.D.,
ON THE DATE OF LYDGATE'S "HORSE, GOOSE, AND SHEEP,"

Pages 15–42 below.

A PUPIL of Prof. Schick has lately published a valuable study of one of Lydgate's most interesting minor poems in a pamphlet, entitled "Lydgate's Horse, Goose and Sheep. Mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen herausgegeben von Dr. M. Degenhart. Erlangen & Leipzig, 1900." Besides a critical text from eight MSS.[2] and four prints, the editor has several introductory chapters, of which the one about the date of the poem is the most interesting. Dr. Degenhart has found out not only the historical allusion, which Dr. Furnivall has noted independently on p. 25 below, in lines 233–6:—

> Slouhth of my flyht:—for hasty negligence,
> Of presumpcioun, the goose was left behynde
> Whan the famous worthy duke of Clarence
> Rood on Bayard, with his eyen blinde,

[2] Viz. Harl. 2251, Rawl. 86, Lansd. 699, Univ. Libr. Cambr. Hh. iv. 12, Leyden Voss. g. G., Ashm. 50 (and 754), Laud 598, Lamb. 306. Dr. Degenhart has not made use of Mr. Huth's MS.

and which proves that the poem was written after 1421, but also the date of the other passage, p. 32 below, lines 409–419, which push the *terminus ad quem* as far on as 1437:[1]—

> The sheepe is cause, and so hath be ful long,
> Of newë stryvës and of mortal werre.
> The circumstaunce me list not to deferre:
> Thy wulle was cause and grete occasïoun
> Why that the prowde, forsworn duke of Borgon
>
> LX.
>
> Cam before Caleys, with Flemynges nat a fewe,
> Which yave the sakkis and sarpleres of that towne
> To Gaunt and Bruges, his fredom for to shewe,
> And of thy wolle hiht hem possessïoun.
> His boysterous Bastile first was beten down;
> Hemself uneth escaped with the lyf:
> What but thy wulle was cause of all this strif?

It may easily be seen that this passage refers to the Duke of Burgundy's siege of Calais in 1436 and the Dutch riots of 1437. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, had at first joined the English against the Dauphin in the Treaty of Troyes (1420) and, in 1423, even married his sister to Henry's brother John, Duke of Bedford. But after some quarrels with Gloucester and Bedford, he was inclining more and more towards the French, till, in 1435 after Bedford's death, he openly renounced his alliance with the English and entered into a league with Charles VII. So Lydgate could very well call him "*forsworn*," and he certainly did so the more indignantly as, during his stay[2] at Paris (ab. 1426–?) in the service of the Earl of Warwick, he must have had ample opportunity of witnessing the good understanding between Burgundy and the English. The first step of open hostility was that, in June 1436, Philip called out 30,000 Flemings (cp. l. 414 of the poem) and laid siege to Calais which, as the most important emporium of the English wool-trade, had for long been a thorn in the side of the Dutch rivals (cp. l. 420). He had high entrenchments thrown up, and a bastille (or movable tower?) erected, which however was soon taken by the relieving force of the English (cp. l. 418), who drove the Burgundian army away from Calais. The disappointed Flemings gave vent to their discontentment in several riots, which, especially in the larger towns, assumed rather severe forms. In one of these, at Bruges, the Duke himself (cp. l. 419) had a narrow escape from being killed (1437). As Lydgate refers to all these events as "*newe stryves*" (l. 410), we may safely conclude that the poem was written not long after 1437, let us say between 1437–1440.

The idea of a debate between a horse, goose, and sheep seems to have been taken from a tale in the *Gesta Romanorum* (ed. Oesterley, no. 261) or a French translation of it by Nicole Bozon (*Contes moralisés*, ed. P. Meyer and L. T. Smith, 1889).

MAX FÖRSTER.

Würzburg, Dec. 3, 1900.

[1] In l. 410 and 411 I have taken the liberty of deviating from Dr. Degenhart's text, as, in my opinion, he has not been very happy in his reconstruction of the text. From his variants I have the impression that Ashmole 754 ought to be taken as the basis of the text, which Dr. Degenhart has only used in a late copy (Ashm. 50).

[2] Cp. Schick's *Temple of Glas*, p. xciii.

NOTES ON
THE STACYONS OF ROME

p. 143–173.

BY

W. M. ROSSETTI, ESQ.,

TRANSLATOR OF DANTE, ETC., ETC.

HAVING some—though only a scanty—personal knowledge of the Roman Churches, I have been invited to write a few remarks by way of elucidation of the statements made in "the Stacyons of Rome." In attempting to revise, confirm, or illustrate, those statements, the books to which I have referred are chiefly three: viz.—

1. Roma Ristaurata di Biondo da Forlì. Tradotta in buona lingua volgare per Lucio Fauno; nuovamente da molti errori corretta, e ristampata. In Vinegia, appresso Domenico Giglio, 1558.

2. Le Cose Maravigliose dell' Alma Città di Roma, anfiteatro del mondo, con le Chiese et Antichità rapresentate in disegno, da Girolamo Francino. Con l'Aggiunta del Dottor Prospero Parisio, Patritio Romano. In Roma, ad instanza di Gio. Antonio Franzini ed Herede di Girolamo Franzini, 1600.

3. A Handbook of Rome and its Environs. 7th edition, carefully revised on the spot, and considerably enlarged. London, John Murray, 1864.—[Murray's Handbook.]

It may first be expedient to say a few words regarding the term "stations." A station may be defined as the appointed visitation of some church, altar, shrine, or other the like ecclesiastic locale, for pious purposes, and with certain spiritual graces annexed. Francino, whose book first received papal approval in 1587, gives a somewhat long—and, I presume, a complete—list of these stations as then existing. I translate the first half-dozen entries, as a specimen. "The Stations which are in the Churches of Rome, both for Lent and all the year, with the accustomed Indulgences. In the month

of January. The 1st day of the year, which is the Circumcision of our Lord, there is a station at Santa Maria in Trastevere ad fontes olei. That same day there is a station at Santa Maria Maggiore, and at Santa Maria in Aracœli. And there is a Papal Chapel at Santa Maria del Popolo. 6th, the day of the Epiphany of the Lord, there is a station at St. Peter's, and a Papal Chapel. 7th, to St. Julian, in his Church. 10th, at the Church of the Trinity, to St. Paul the first Hermit. 13th, the octave of the Epiphany at St. Peter's. 16th, to Pope St. Marcellus, in his Church." And so on. The number of stations throughout the year thus specified by Francino is about 389, or one may say in round numbers 400. The reader will perceive therefore that, ample as seems the allowance mentioned in the poem of the Stations, these form in reality but a small selection of the whole; and the thousands and hundreds of years of indulgence or "pardon," and the plenitudes or percentages of remission of sins, which the poem specifies, will in like manner be found, though often differing from the allowances indicated by Francino, by way of excess, to differ also, about as often, by way of deficiency, and not probably to be at all overstated on the whole. Such of our readers therefore as feel incited to obtain "a M[l] yere and þou hit crave," may set off for Rome in tolerable confidence that they will not, in the long run, find themselves put off with a sorry hundred. Inscriptions over altars, such as "Indulgentia Plenaria pro Vivis ac Defunctis," will show them where to go to, if they are not otherwise aware.

Thus much premised, I proceed to details, following the order of the poem, and limiting myself almost entirely to such points as bear directly upon its statements. To diverge into collateral information concerning the churches would be tempting, but endless, work.

Line 1 to 24, p. 143. The statement that there were 147 churches in Rome at the date of the poem seems to be rather under the mark than over. In 1587 there were 108 parishes, each, no doubt, with its own special church, and others to boot in no small number. Murray's Handbook speaks to 45 parish churches within the walls of Rome, and 9 without, and to more than 300 churches altogether, besides the 13 basilicas, of which 5 are classed as great or "patriarchal," and 8 minor. The asserted number of chapels, 10,005, seems startling: it would be more than 61 chapels apiece to the 147 churches—or, to the present number, about 31 apiece (subject to some deduction for isolated chapels or oratories). The latter may

be a not unlikely number: it is true that the greatest Basilica of all, St. Peter's, has only 28 chapels above-ground, but few or none of the other edifices are laid out on so spacious and uncrowded a plan. Of the next item, "A-bowte þe walle to & fowrty," I scarcely understand the bearing: it appears to affirm that the city of Rome is environed by 42 walls, of which I do not find, nor can surmise, any confirmation. The walls, as at present existing, are from 12 to 13 miles in circuit, including the Trastevere and Vatican. "Grete towres þre hondredde & syxty" are quite credible: there are said to have been 633 in the time of the Emperor Claudius, and nearly 300 are yet standing. The 24 chief gates show less falling-off from the imperial time: Pliny speaks to 30, of which, however, 7 were then walled up: 18 only were open in 1587: at the present day, 20, with 7 still walled up in addition.

Line 25 to 101, p. 144–6. *The Basilica of St. Peter, named also Basilica Vaticana.* I need hardly remind my readers that, in perusing our old poem, they must not have in their mind's eye the present world-famous building on which Bramante, Michael Angelo, and other men of renown, have left their sign-manual. The old Basilica was founded by Constantine—it is said, in A.D. 306: its façade, as recorded by Raphael in the fresco of the "Incendio del Borgo," would probably have been nearly the same as that known to our poet. This ancient building had become ruinous by 1450, and new works were then begun. In 1506 Julius II. laid the foundation of Bramante's edifice, which may be considered the nucleus of the one now existing. The 29 steps which our poet speaks to had by 1600 become 35 steps (of marble). The 7 years' pardon, or indulgence, for each step ascended or descended, is confirmed by Francino, who adds, however, the obligation of going up the steps to St. Peter's Chapel. The Pope Alexander who granted this indulgence is not clearly identified: it may perhaps have been either Alexander IV., who reigned from 1254 to 61, or Alexander V., 1409–10. I find nothing to elucidate the interesting statement that the solitary chapel of St. Peter, standing at the head of the steps in question, was the one wherein that saint sang his first mass. The 100 altars in the church are reduced in the note (from the Lambeth MS.) to 80: as I have already said, the number of altars, or chapels, in the present building is far below either of these figures. The poet next tells us that 7 of the 100 altars are of more especial honour. This was still the case in 1587, the ordinary indulgences being doubled on the

respective feast-days for these altars: and doubtless these privileges have since continued or increased. The 1st altar is "þe vernake," on the right hand. As Francino says, "In the tabernacle to right of the great door is the Veronica, or sacred countenance;" which (in Biondo's words) "is the true likeness of our Saviour preserved upon a veil by St. Veronica." The reader, no doubt, knows the legend that, as Christ was going to Calvary, a Jewish lady handed Him her veil to wipe His face, the image of which was transferred thereto. This is the Veronica, which is exhibited on Holy Wednesday, on Good Friday, and on the 18th January, the day set apart in 1557, for the dedication-feast of St. Peter's Cathedral. There is not now any altar to St. Veronica (though there is her statue) in the upper church of St. Peter's; but one remains in the crypt. The 2nd chief altar named is that of the Madonna; to whom indeed there are at present two—that of the Virgin, and of the "Madonna del Soccorso." The 3rd, to St. Jude—or, as the note from the Lambeth MS. says, to Sts. Simon and Jude. The remains of both these saints were in 1587, and doubtless still are, in the church; but it does not appear that an altar dedicated to St. Jude has remained. The 4th altar was to St. Andrew, to whom there is now a chapel in the crypt, and another, to this saint along with St. Peter, in the upper church. His head is there also, having been brought to Rome by the Prince of the Morea, in the time of Pope Pius II. (1458–64). The 5th altar was, and still is, to St. Gregory the Great, there buried. The 6th, to Pope St. Leo, now accompanied by a very conspicuous bas-relief of the repulse of Attila by that pope. The 7th is an altar of the Holy Cross, or, as now also termed, of the Crucifix: this chapel contains the principal relics of the church. Our poet next gives some details of indulgences. The statement that, from Holy Thursday to Lammas-day (1 August), you can obtain 14,000 years' indulgence per day, is modified by Francino to 12,000 years and as many lents, and remission of one-third of your sins, daily from the Feast of the Annunciation, 25 February, to Lammas-day. Similarly as to the "gret *par*don" when the Veronica is shown: 4000 [Francino, 3000] years' indulgence to citizens of Rome, 9000 [6000] to those who come from without, and 12,000 to such as have crossed the seas, with one-third of sins remitted in each case: Francino adds as many lents, and, on the 18th January, plenary remission. All these graces are, according to the poem, doubled in lent: according to Francino, on the festival of St. Peter (29 June), the feasts of the

seven principal altars, and all double feasts. Next we have an account of the relics in this Basilica. Bones of St. Peter and St. Paul. Francino affirms that half of Peter's body, and half of Paul's, were then (1587) under the high altar of St. Peter's—the other halves being under the high altar of S. Paolo fuori le Mura. Murray's Handbook differs somewhat: saying that "the body" of Peter has, since the middle of the 4th century, been in the confessional of the crypt of St. Peter's, whither it was brought from the crypt of St. Sebastian's in the Via Appia; while the tomb of St. Paul used, before the burning of the Basilica of San Paolo, to be under the high altar of that edifice—the earliest traditions testifying to his remains having been buried there, after removal from the Vatican in A.D. 251. The *present* resting-place of St. Paul does not appear to be further defined in Murray. To the best of my recollection, the local account given to the visitor is that both St. Peter and St. Paul lie in the crypt of St. Peter's. Francino confirms our poet in saying that the bodies of Sts. Simon and Jude (as already stated), and of St. Gregory, are in St. Peter's: as to St. Leo he is silent. "Seynt Parnelle þat holy vyrgyn" is no doubt St. Petronilla, daughter of St. Peter, to whom again Francino testifies as lying here. As for "Seynt Sythe þat þoled pyne," I cannot trace such a saint, nor bring the name into harmony with my authorities, unless (which I strongly suspect) it ought to be "Stephen," of whom, according to Francino, the church contains a shoulder-blade.

Line 102 to 128, p. 146–7. *The Basilica of St. Paul, termed San Paolo fuori le Mura, or the Basilica Ostiensis.* This edifice stands on the Ostian Road, about a mile out of Rome, being founded in A.D. 388 on the spot where the truncated head of St. Paul is said to have been miraculously discovered. It remained as the only specimen of a Basilica resembling the earlier St. Peter's, until its lamentable destruction by fire on the 16th July, 1823. Some portions, however, escaped; and the building has been reconstructed on the same interior plan. Our poet states that, on the feast of the conversion of St. Paul, 25 January, one may have at this church 1000 years' pardon (which he seems always to use in the sense of "indulgence," as now more generally termed). The note, however, from the Lambeth MS. cuts this down to 100 years; which is confirmed by Francino, who adds as many lents, and plenary remission of sins. The 2000 years on St. Paul's day, 29 June, figure in Francino simply as plenary remission; and the 4000 years on Childermas-day (28

December) are not named by that author, but merely that there is then a station in this Basilica. "On Seynt Martyn þe viij day" means, I suppose, during the octave of St. Martin, when, as the text says, this church was consecrated. The 14,000 years and lents, and remission of one-third of your penance, are reduced by Francino to 1000 years and lents, but with plenary remission. In the next item the Lambeth MS. appears again to be correct: it is by going to this church on all the *Sundays*—not necessarily all the *days*—of the year, that you obtain the same pardon as by a pilgrimage to St. James's shrine.

Line 129 to 156, p. 147-8. *The Church of St. Anastasius, or of Sts. Vincent and Anastasius*, stands outside Rome in the Ostian Road, having been consecrated by Honorius I. in 626, and is (as Murray says) "one of the good and unaltered specimens of the early Christian Basilicas." Our author states that 7000 years' pardon [Francino, 6000] is granted in this church daily, with one-third of penance remitted, by grace of Pope Urban—who may be either Urban VI., reigning from 1378–87, or Urban V., from 1362–70. The curious particular as to pardon for such quarrels with parents as do not comprise blows struck at them is not in Francino. The stone before the door of this church whereon St. Paul was decapitated is a short marble pillar: the sword of the executioner is not named by either Francino or Murray. The three wells stated to have sprung up are still to be seen: they mark as many bounds of the apostle's head, and are now enclosed within the adjoining church of San Paolo alle Tre Fontane, built in 1590.

Line 157 to 182, p. 148–9. *The Chapel Scala Cœli* stands near the foregoing Church of St. Anastasius. It was built over the cemetery of St. Zeno, and has undergone restorations from 1582 onwards. It derives its name from a vision of St. Bernard's, who, while celebrating a funereal mass, saw the souls for whom he was praying going up to heaven by a ladder. The text seems to ignore this legend, and to imply that the name "Scala Cœli" is used merely as one of the mystical or figurative names of the Madonna. One feels sceptical as to the 10,000 martyrs slain in the time of Tiberius. Francino confirms the number, without assigning any date, but adding as a relic "the knife which they were killed with:" it must have been a well-tempered one. Murray terms these martyrs the 12,000 Christians said to have been employed in erecting the Baths of Diocletian —a less unlikely era, at any rate. Our poet seems now in the vein,

and strides from bold to bolder assertion; saying that he who sings mass in this chapel for a friend releases him "fro *helle*," passing him into purgatory, and thence into paradise. At least the term hell *appears* to be used here in its exact current sense, as against purgatory; though possibly it is intended rather for an equivalent, which might seem to be the case in line 565, "To abate the peyne off helle." Taken in the sense I understand, the assertion is an exceedingly daring one; no pope even, so far as I am aware, having ever professed to release a soul from hell,—the power of the keys is over two keys only, those of purgatory and heaven. As an instance in point may be cited the famous legend of the salvation from hell, at the instance of Gregory the Great, of the long dead and doomed Trajan. It is propounded, not that Trajan passed from hell into either purgatory or heaven; but that God restored him for a while to *mundane* life, wherein becoming a Christian, he died again and went to heaven—or, as an annotator of a MS. of Dante tersely phrases it, "brevi resuscitatus est, et postea salvatus." A still more obvious, though jocular, instance may be cited regarding the papal master of the ceremonies, Messer Biagio di Cesena, whom Michael Angelo, in his Last Judgment, painted among the condemned. "Biagio," says Murray, "complained to the pope in order to have the figure removed: who declared that it was impossible, for, though he had the power to release from purgatory, he had none over hell." Moreover Francino, who could scarcely have omitted so grave an ingredient in this grace at the Scala Cœli, says nothing of hell, but simply, as in any other purgatorial case, "there is the liberation of a soul" upon celebrating mass under the altar on the 29th January. In his next statement, however, our author appears needlessly modest: his "3000 years granted by six popes buried at St. Sebastian's" become in Francino 10,000 years' indulgence daily.

Line 183 to 198, p. 149. *The Church of St. Mary Annunciate*, standing midway between those of St. Anastasius and St. Sebastian, was consecrated in 1220. The legend mentioned in the text "of owr lady yn þe way" (*i. e.* I suppose, Santa Maria in Viâ, the title of another of the Roman churches), and which, as I understand the poem, is inscribed on this Church of St. Mary Annunciate, is not elucidated by Francino. In that writer, the 500 years' pardon of the text swells into 10,000 years' indulgence daily, and plenary remission on Annunciation-day. It will be right to bear in mind, in this and other cases, that the privileges may very well have augmented

between the dates of our poet and of Francino, but are not likely to have decreased.

Line 199 to 267, p. 149–152. "Fabyane and Bastyane" is *the Basilica of St. Sebastian, called also the Basilica Appiana*, being one of the eight minor Basilicas: I cannot find any authority for giving it the name of Fabian. It stands about two miles beyond the gate of St. Sebastian on the Via Appia. Its foundation has been ascribed both to Constantine and to St. Lucina; but the building, as it now exists, is new from 1611. Our text states that Pope Gelasius endowed this church with 40 years' pardon and many lents: Francino does not mention Gelasius, but speaks to many indulgences, including 6046 years and lents daily. The pardons, equal to those at St. Peter's, on account of the bones here buried, are to be obtained by entering the catacombs into which the church leads, usually termed "the Cemetery of St. Callixtus,"—though this would appear, from modern researches, to be a mistake, and the catacomb under St. Sebastian's to be unconnected with that of Callixtus. Our poet appears to be considerably out in saying that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul lay here "fyfe hondred ȝer er þey were founde:" 19 months is the space of time assigned in Murray, and Francino, though only using a vague term, seems to contemplate some such moderate period. They lay "in the underground chapel, opening out of the ambulatory behind the tribune," having been placed there after being recovered from some Grecian kidnappers or enthusiasts in the reign of Vespasian: and, in the time of Heliogabalus, who was constructing a circus at the Vatican, the remains of Peter, which had been transported thither, were again for a while deposited in this spot—which hence acquired, specially and individually, the name of "Catacumbæ," afterwards so widely applied. The statement which follows in the text as to six popes, mentioned by name, giving here 1000 years' grace each to all shriven persons, appears to relate to the indulgences appertaining (according to Francino, as above cited) to the *church*. The subterranean chapel next referred to must be the catacombs, or a chapel therein; the 46 martyr popes do not appear in Francino, but 18 popes amid the large number of 174,000 martyrs. Both statements may be regarded as considerable exaggerations; and the former is certainly a monstrous one—for there had only been 32 popes altogether up to the time of the conversion of Constantine, A.D. 312. (This date may be used as a corrective to a previous statement as to the foundation of a Christian

church by Constantine—St. Peter's—in the earlier year 306.) Francino confirms the plenary remission, but not the salvation consequent upon dying in this subterranean chapel. "þe palme," l. 252, next mentioned ("Palmete" in the Lambeth MS.), should evidently not be understood to mean a palm-tree, but a footsole; and the term is here applied to a very famous relic still to be seen in the Church of St. Sebastian—a slab of white marble with an impression somewhat rudely resembling that of human feet, or rather with an inartistic imitation of such an impression, for it seems impossible that any eye which has looked at the relic should admit its actual authenticity as a footmark. The beautiful legend connected with this relic is briefly related in the text:—the faint-heartedness of that most human, fallible, and sympathetic of apostles, Peter, in the prospect of death, which he was fleeing Rome to escape; the apparition of the cross-bearing Saviour to him on the Via Appia, at a spot now marked by the small church of Domine Quo Vadis; the question put to Him in those words by Peter, with the reply that the Saviour was coming to Rome to be crucified anew, as His apostle shrank from the martyrdom; and the return of Peter, contrite, compunctious, and heroic unto death. (Our National Gallery contains a frigid yet observable small picture of this subject by Annibal Carracci.) Here, says the poem, one may obtain remission of sins (confirmed by Francino), and 1000 years' pardon.

Line 268 to 277, p. 152. *The Church of San Giovanni a* (*or "dinanzi"*) *Porta Latina* was founded in A.D. 780; but its present form dates from the end of the 12th century. On the festival of the saint, 6 May, a soul may be saved from purgatory—or, as Francino puts it, there is plenary remission of sin—with 500 years' indulgence daily. There is also a grace, says the poet, to those who go into the place where St. John was sodden in oil—more strictly, where he would have been sodden in boiling oil but for a miraculous interference. This place is a round chapel outside the Church of the Porta Latina: it marks the spot where the caldron of oil was set, and dates, in its present condition, from 1509. It bears the separate name of *San Giovanni in Oleo.*

Line 278 to 289, p. 152–3. *The Church of "Saynte Thomas of ynde"* is not noticed in Murray; but this is no indication of its not being still extant. It must be the same church which Francino terms *St. Thomas the Apostle, or San Timmaso in Parione* (which is the name of one of the Rioni, or Districts, of the City of Rome). The

original church was consecrated in 1139, but had been entirely renewed, somewhat about Francino's time, on the old plan. The pardon of more than 14,000 years, with remission of one-third of one's sins, is not confirmed by Francino: who says, however, that on four feasts (not including the feast of St. Thomas, 21 December), there is plenary indulgence in this church for all sins, and a full jubilee, which had been granted by Pius IV. (about 1560).

Line 290 to 293, p. 153. These four lines affirm that there is great pardon "wher þe stacyones cleped ys," ratified for ever by Pope Boniface. The statement does not appear to have any relation to the immediate context (though it might possibly belong to the sequel, concerning the Lateran Basilica): it seems more appropriate as a general announcement proper to the opening of the poem.

Line 294 to 477, p. 153–9. *The Basilica of St. John Lateran, or the Lateran Basilica*, occupies in the poem, it will be observed, more than double the space accorded even to St. Peter's. In fact, this is the church of highest traditional rank in all Rome, and even in the whole Latin-Christian world, being the pope's own diocesan church: it stands inscribed "Omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput." The popes are crowned here, and "the Chapter of the Lateran still takes precedence of that of St. Peter's." This church was built by Constantine; nearly destroyed in, or shortly before, the time of Clement V., whose reign began in 1305; restored and enlarged by him and his successors. It is dedicated to the Saviour, and the two Sts. John, Baptist and Evangelist. Its name, Lateran, comes from the house of the senator Plautius Lateranus, of the time of Nero, on the site of which it is built. The poem intimates that this house was one of the palaces of Constantine at the time of his being healed and converted by Pope Sylvester, and that the Emperor gave the edifice to the Bishop, to be converted into a church: this is, for legendary purposes, nearly enough correct. The "Saluator" in the roof over the pope's see, or the tribune of the high altar, is an image of Christ which is said to have appeared there miraculously at the consecration of the church, 9 November, and to have survived two conflagrations of the building unscathed. The next relic mentioned is the table of the Last Supper, "That Cryste made on his monde." The phrase might at first be understood to mean that Christ, either in His parental calling as a carpenter, or by the exercise of miraculous power, actually made this table; but I do not find any such tradition elsewhere, and should suppose the phrase to

mean rather "On which Christ made His maunday" (mandate, or eucharistic institution). "The table stands in a recess opening out of the corridor called the Portico Leonino, surrounding the tribune: it is of cedar wood, and was once encased in silver." The two tablets whereon Christ wrote the law for Moses appear in Francino by the name of the "arca fœderis" (ark of the covenant), which ark, in the Jewish temple, was said to contain these tablets: perhaps the two writers mean substantially the same thing, especially as our poet proceeds to name Aaron's rod (the rod of Aaron and Moses, in Francino), and "Angelles meat," which one may suppose to be the pot of manna, both preserved in Jerusalem in connection with the ark. Francino is silent as to the remains of the five loaves and two fishes wherewith Christ fed the multitude. Our poet is clearly not quite right about the four brass pillars brought by Vespasian and Titus from Jerusalem: some *other* relics are said to have been so brought, but not these. They are, on the contrary, four pillars of gilt bronze, at the altar of the Sacrament, reputed to have been made by Augustus from the rostra of the galleys taken at Actium, and set up in the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, whence they were brought to this church: Francino, however, has it that they are filled with consecrated earth from Jerusalem. The chains which bound St. John are those used when the evangelist was brought a prisoner from Ephesus to Rome. The vessel which they gave him to drink from, but harmlessly, was a poisoned cup presented to him by order of Domitian. The text next specifies a kirtle of the man who was raised from the dead on that same occasion: this is modified, by the note from the Lambeth MS., into St. John's own kirtle which raised three men from the dead, and Francino concurs in this statement. The "clo*þis* of Ihesu-*criste*" are the red robe which Pilate put on Him, stained with His blood. Francino confirms "þe askes [ashes] of Iohne þe baptyste," adding a piece of his haircloth. The next item again appears more correctly, to trust Francino, in the Lambeth MS.; it should be, not the table-cloth of the Last Supper, but the towel wherewith Jesus wiped the disciples' feet. The sark made for Christ by the Virgin, and the blood and water from His side, are confirmed by Francino. That author is silent, possibly through a sentiment of decent *retenue*, regarding the "mylke of Marye þe vyrgyne," and "þe flesh of his cyrcum*syce*" (Christ's): he specifies, instead, some of the hair and garments of Mary. The rather earlier author, Biondo da Forlì, upholds our poet

in showing, as regards his latter-named relic, that "men hit holde yn grete pryse." He mentions both this, and the "vase di latte bianchissimo di Maria Vergine gloriosa;" and not only mentions them, but includes them in those few and choicer Roman glories which need to be ushered in with the following peroration, as he winds up his eloquence and his book:—"There are in Rome, however, certain things peculiar to itself, so great, so marvellous, that neither are they found elsewhere, nor can they be transferred elsewhither: and he who has not seen Rome, what *has* he seen? of a surety he has seen nought to marvel at." To return to our text. The foot of the Magdalene is not particularized by Francino, only certain relics of her: "*þe* clo*þis þat criste* was wonden In" are reduced to the facecloth. The heads of Peter and Paul are said to have been found among the ruins of the older Lateran church in the reign of Urban V. (1362–70): they are over the high altar, in an iron grating. Francino confirms our poet in saying that, when these heads are publicly exhibited, which is done on six several days of the year, there are the same indulgences as at the exhibition (already mentioned) of the Veronica. The author next ushers us into the Pope's Hall, connected with the Lateran. This would appear to have been already more or less destroyed in the time of Francino (1587), who speaks of it as "the old palace," and of its contents as things of the past: the present palace was built by Sixtus V. It seems somewhat singular that the writer of the "Stacyons" should not mention, among the treasures of the old Pope's Hall, its now sole surviving relic (save the chapel Sancta Sanctorum), the famous Scala Santa, said to be the staircase of Pilate's court, which Christ descended after his sentence: no one may go up it save on his knees. Omitting this, he informs us that the Hall has three doors, on passing through any of which you may, if shriven, obtain 40 years' pardon: these vanished doors, says Francino, had been in Pilate's court, and Jesus had passed through them. The next 12 lines, 448 to 459, seem to have dropped somewhat out of their place, and to be more proper to the passage just preceding (430–37) concerning the heads of Peter and Paul. The present passage is of value in tending to fix the date of our poem. It speaks of the indulgences granted by Pope Urban V. when these sacred relics were discovered and first exhibited; and proceeds to say (l. 456–9, p. 159):—

"There ys no man now y-bore,
Nor his fadur hym be-fore,

That of þe heddës haue a syȝth
At þat tyme, but be *grace* of God almyȝt.".

Urban had found the heads in or before 1365. Now the writer of the "Stacyons" assumes that persons living at the date when he wrote might in the year of discovery have seen the heads. Suppose (which seems an ample allowance of time) that he assumes that a person now aged 90 might have seen the heads when aged 10; this would leave an interval of 80 years, which, added to 1365, would bring out 1445 as the latest admissible date of the poem, and probably some few years later than in fact. We are next escorted to the chapel Sancta Sanctorum—already referred to as being, with the Scala Santa, the sole remaining portion of the old Lateran Palace of the popes: it is a handsome Gothic work, consecrated by Nicholas III. (1277–81) to St. Lawrence. No women, as notified by the poet, are allowed to enter. The "Saluatowr" in this chapel is a painting 5 feet 8 inches in height, representing the Saviour at the age of twelve. Our author says that the portrait was sent to the Virgin Mother by her re-glorified Son after His ascension. This memorable detail does not appear in Francino, who attributes the picture to St. Luke as designer, and to an angel as executant: the less believing Murray speaks of it as of Greek workmanship.

Line 478 to 513, p. 159–61. *The Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* (one of the 8 minor ones); termed also *The Sessorian Basilica*, being founded on the site of the Sessorian Palace of Sextus Varius, the father of Heliogabalus. It was built, in 331, by Constantine, at the request of his mother, St. Helena, famous as the heroine of the "Invention of the Cross,"—or rather perhaps, as our text says, by Constantia, daughter of Constantine. Some earth from Jerusalem was mixed with the foundations, whence the special name of the church. Its present form dates from 1774. Pope Sylvester consecrated the building on the 10th March. The indulgences, 2005 years every Sunday and Wednesday, are reduced to 300 years and lents every Sunday, with remission of one-third of sins, by Francino: the Lambeth MS. gives only 100 years. The *daily* indulgence of 100 years, however, rises in Francino to 6046 years and lents, and remission as above. That author confirms the statements as to the sponge of gall and vinegar offered to Christ, the nail from His cross, and the title written thereon by Pilate; this was covered by St. Helena with silver, and adorned with gold and gems. The portion of the true cross here deposited by Helena is still to be seen; also

the portion—Francino terms it a half—of the Penitent Thief's cross.

Line 514 to 535, p. 161–2. The Church of St. Lawrence here mentioned is *San Lorenzo fuori le Mura:* there are in Rome at least five other churches dedicated to the same saint. This, which is one of the five larger Basilicas, is on the road to Tivoli, about a mile beyond the Porta di San Lorenzo. It was built by Constantine, and enlarged and altered by Honorius III. in 1260. The catacombs of St. Cyriacus are entered hence. The daily indulgence of 7000 years is reduced in Francino to 748, with lents and remission as in the text. The assertion that the church was consecrated by Pope Pelagius seems to refer, not to the original dedication, but to some re-consecration by Pelagius II., who partly rebuilt the edifice in 578. Sts. Lawrence and Stephen rest here, in a marble urn in the confessional. The statement in the text,

> "And vnþur þe awter ys made a stone,
> There a-bowte þey may gone,"

may perhaps relate to this urn; or perhaps to one of two relics here preserved—a stone cast at Stephen, and a stone whereon Lawrence was laid after death, marked with his fat and blood. Probably, however, the first explanation is the true one—the passage being followed up by a reference to the "swete smelle of bodyes *þat* þer be," by which the relics of Stephen and Lawrence would appear to be indicated; I do not find any other bodies recorded. The grace as to release of a soul from purgatory is confirmed in Francino.

Line 536 to 547, p. 162. The Church here named of "seynt sympylle, Fawstyne [Lambeth MS. "Fastym"] and Betrys" ["Beatrice"] may be probably rendered *The Church of Sts. Simplicius, Faustinus, and Beatrice.* I find no account of it in my authorities. Francino does indeed name a church of Sts. Faustinus and Jovita, the patrons of Brescia; but this was a new foundation of Julius II. (1503–13), and is therefore too late in date, even if otherwise acceptable.

Line 548 to 553, p. 163. *The Church of St. Julian* is at the head of the Via Maggiore, at the spot where the so-called "Trophies of Marius" were found.

Line 554 to 565, p. 163. *The Church of St. Eusebius* is in the same neighbourhood. The inscription on a stone, "I wole the halowe or I goone," seems to suggest something special, but I do not find it elucidated.

Line 566 to 571, p. 163-4. We here return to the aforenamed *Church of St. Julian.*

Line 572 to 581, p. 164. *The Church of San Matteo in Merulana* is on the road between the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore.

Line 582 to 590, p. 164. "The Chirche of uyght and modeste" is *the Church of San Vito in Macello*, near the arch of Gallienus. It does not appear that the building is dedicated to Modestus as well as Vitus; but there is a station there, on the 15th June, to Sts. Vitus, Modestus, and Crescentius—or Crescentia, as quaint old Topsell, the naturalist, says in his account of the king of beasts: "Primus and Fælicianus, Thacus, Vitus, Modestus, and Crescentia, all martyrs, being cast unto lions, received no harm by them at all; but the beasts lay down at their feet, and became tame, gentle, and meek, not like themselves, but rather like doves." The forgiveness of a quarter of one's sins in this church is not named by Francino, but 6000 years' indulgence on St. Vitus's day. The 7000 martyrs buried here in the time of Antoninus are, no doubt, the same as Francino's "infinite number" of martyrs who were killed on a stone at the same spot. Line 590 runs—

"This is the vij parte of þy synne ondoone,"

and remains without a rhyme to match. It also appears—though not to a certainty—to conflict with the previous line 584, announcing remission of a *fourth* part of sins. Possibly 590 ought to be transferred to follow 723—

"Suche bed of penaunce I not no moo,"

which seems also bereaved of its proper rhyme-sequence, and with which 590 would rhyme, were we to read "ondoo" instead of "ondoone." The first word of the line, "This," would also appear to be a mistake for "There" or "Thus."

Line 591 to 654, p. 164–6. *The Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also called the Liberian Basilica*, ranks third among these great churches. It was founded on the summit of the Esquiline, in 352, by Pope Liberius, and by a Roman patrician named John, and his wife. These three persons had, on the night of the 5th August, a vision enjoining them to build a church on the spot where they should find snow lying next morning: they obeyed, and hence the church was first called Sancta Maria ad Nives. It was enlarged in 432, and the plan then adopted has been preserved in subsequent altera-

tions, so that this church has, more than any other intramural one, retained the characters of the larger Basilicas. The text states that the body of St. Matthew lies at (or below) the high altar. Murray concurs in this statement; but probably Francino is more exact in speaking of the body of St. *Matthias*, and an arm only of St. Matthew. In another part of the church lies St. Jerome. I am not clear as to the statement that the remains of this saint were brought "frome the Cyte of Damase;" which may be presumed to mean Damascus, though the word seems more commonly used for the papal name Damasus. These remains are said to have been transported to Rome in the middle of the 7th century, along with the Præsepe (or Culla) which came from Bethlehem; and Jerome is reported to have been originally buried in Jerusalem, in a tomb which he had ordered at the entry of the cave-sepulchre of Christ. The Præsepe, before which Jerome is deposited in Santa Maria Maggiore, consists of five boards of the manger wherein Christ lay in Bethlehem, now enclosed in an urn of silver and crystal, and placed in a subterranean chapel: a solemn procession to this relic is held on Christmas Eve. The Chapel of "Seynt Agas," next mentioned, I understand to be a chapel of St. Agatha, but do not find any particulars concerning it. The cloth wherein the infant Christ was first wrapped by the Virgin is specified also by Francino: not so the hay which He lay in, nor "of his Flesche the Syrcumsyse," the possession of which, as we have already seen, is assigned to the Lateran Basilica earlier in the poem. The relics of St. Thomas à Becket, specified by our author, are an arm, part of his brain, and his blood-stained rochet; by Francino, his tunicle, stole, and maniple, blood-stained. The image of the Virgin which Luke found ready painted to his hand by angelic agency is now in the rich Borghese Chapel. It represents the infant Christ, as well as the Madonna, and, according to Murray, is pronounced by a papal bull to have been painted by Luke: miraculous powers are ascribed to it, and it was carried in procession to stay the plague in Rome in 590. The papal bull is attached to one of the chapel-walls, and is probably the same document which our poem alludes to. On the festival of this church, termed the day of the "Madonna della neve," the text says there is 1000 years' pardon, with 700 years additional if sued for, and one-third of sins remitted [Francino, plenary remission only]: on every feast of the Madonna, 100 years' pardon [Francino, 1000 years, and plenary remission, on the feasts of the Virgin's Purification, Assumption, Nativity,

Presentation, and Conception]: and from Assumption-day till Christmas-day, 15,000 years of temporal penance remitted—not a very easy statement to comprehend—[Francino, 12,000 years' indulgence, besides ordinary daily indulgence of 6048 years and lents, with remission of one-third of sins].

Line 655 to 684, p. 166–7. *The Church of St. Pudentiana*, near the Novatian Baths, and behind Santa Maria Maggiore, is reputed to be the most ancient of all the Christian edifices in Rome, and to have originally ranked as the Cathedral. It includes, or is erected on the site of, the house of Pudens, a senator with whom St. Peter lodged from A.D. 41 to 50, and whose daughters, Praxed and Prudentiana, that Apostle converted. The name is mentioned in the 2nd Epistle to Timothy, iv. 21: "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren." The church was consecrated by Pope St. Pius I. in 145; restored by Simplicius, who reigned from 467 to 485; and brought to its present form in 1597. The late Dr. Wiseman was titular cardinal of this church. The (daily) remission of one-third of sins here, named in the poem, is confirmed by Francino, who adds indulgence for 3000 years and lents. The churchyard of St. Priscilla adjoins it, containing the bodies of 3000 martyrs. The statement that Sts. Peter and Paul "Bothe were harborowed there" may be inferred to apply rather to the Santo Pastore. The further statements that "Seynt Peius founde" [founded?] and hallowed the baptistery, and converted 78 souls on an Easter-day, would appear to refer to St. Pius; though the peculiar spelling "Peius," and the stroke over the *i* being the mark used for an *er* contraction, might seem to point to Peter as the person really intended.

Line 685 to 702, p. 167. *The Church of St. Praxed*, near Santa Maria Maggiore, was erected by Pope Paschal in 822, on the site of an oratory which had been built in 160 by Pius I. as a place of refuge from persecution. It was modernized by San Carlo Borromeo, its titular cardinal. The poem states that St. Praxed buried in this spot 1300 persons martyred in the reign of Antonine. They lie in a well in the centre of the church, having been put to death on the Esquiline Hill; or, as Francino says, all over Rome, whence their blood was sponged up by the saint, and drained into this well. We may fairly reject the date of the reign of Antonine; St. Praxed having been converted by Peter in or before A.D. 50, and the earliest of the Antonines not having succeeded to the throne till 138. A

farther number of martyrs, set down as 40, are buried in the chapel named of old the Orto del Paradiso, now the chapel of the Colonna Santa, or of St. Zeno: among them, it is said, are 11 popes. The pardon of 1 year and 40 days, with remission of a quarter of one's sins, doubled in lent, swells in Francino into 12,000 years and lents daily, and one-third remission. The pillar to which Christ was bound is of white and black marble, and was brought from Jerusalem in 1223 by Cardinal Colonna.

Line 703 to 723, p. 167–8. The festival (1 August) and *Basilica of San Pietro in Vincoli*, in commemoration of the fettering of the saint in Jerusalem. Francino confirms the plenary remission on this day in the church: he is silent as to the daily indulgence of 500 years and lents. The church stands on the Esquiline, not far from the Baths of Titus: it is one of the minor Basilicas, and is entitled the *Basilica Eudoxiana*, having been built in 442 by Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Valentinian III. It was repaired by Pelagius I. in 555, and has undergone other changes, up to 1705. This church has two special claims to remembrance: Hildebrand was here elected pope in 1073, under the name of Gregory VII., and Michael Angelo's Moses is inside it. Our poet, in saying that the church contains a piece of the cross of Christ, is probably less correct than Francino, who speaks only of a part of the cross of St. Andrew. The latter writer does not elucidate the curious legend in the text as to a bed of St. Martin, in this church, insensible to sight and touch. The chains of St. Peter, from which the church receives its name, are enclosed in a bronze tabernacle in the outer sacristy, and are only exhibited from the 1st to the 9th August.

Line 724 to 741, p. 168. The "plase of the postyll*is* twoo" must be *the Basilica of the Holy Apostles or Basilica Constantiniana*, now dedicated, it would appear, to all the twelve Apostles without distinction, but originally to Sts. Philip and James. It stands in the Piazza dei Santi Apostoli, behind the Corso; and it is stated by Francino to have been founded by Constantine, though the present edifice, in its earliest condition, is only ascribed to Pelagius (555–60), and a re-building took place in 1420. Sts. Philip and James ("Jacobe") are buried here. "Seint Sabasabyne" appears to represent the names Sts. Saba and Sabina, female saints, of whom each has a church of her own in Rome: according to Francino, however, the saint buried in the Church of the Apostles is of the male sex, St. Sabinus. He confirms the tabard of St. Thomas the Apostle,

and the arm of St. Blaise. As to indulgences, all that he names is plenary remission on the 1st May.

Line 742 to 745, p. 168. *The Church of San Bartolommeo in Insula* was built in the Isle of the Tiber, on the site of a temple of Jupiter (or perhaps Æsculapius), by Paschal II. in 1113: it received its present form in the reign of Gregory XIII. (1572–85). The substructions used to give the island the form of a ship, as shown, with quaint attractiveness, in Francino's woodcut. That writer does not confirm the 1000 years' indulgence of our text; but speaks to plenary remission on St. Bartholomew's day, 24 August, and 20 years' indulgence on Palm Sunday. The relics of Bartholomew are preserved in an urn under the high altar, having been brought from Benevento to Rome by the Emperor Otho II.

Line 746 to 809, p. 168–70. *The Church of Santa Maria Rotonda, or Sancta Maria ad Martyres, being the antique Pantheon,* stands in a Piazza between the Corso and the Piazza Navona. The circular edifice, one of the most famous of antiquity preserved for the admiration of modern architects, was dedicated by Agrippa in B.C. 27, and was afterwards worked upon by some of the heathen emperors. Agrippa, our poet informs us, founded the building "for sabillis [I suppose 'the sibyls'' or 'a sibyl's'] and neptuno-is sake," and named it "Pantheon," which appears to have been a very illogical proceeding. There is, however, some considerable conflict of opinion as to the deities to whom the temple was in fact dedicated. Some authorities say Mars and Jupiter; others, Jupiter Ultor; others, Mars and Venus; others, all the gods—which attribution is of course favoured by the name Pantheon. Dion, nevertheless, does not leave even this point clear; for he says that the motive for using the term Pantheon was simply that the temple, being round or round-roofed (θολοειδες), resembled the vaulted heaven, abode of all the gods. Other investigators again, still less easily satisfied, believe the building to have had little or nothing to do with worship at all, but to have been connected with the baths which Agrippa constructed in this neighbourhood—the form (apart from the portico, which seems to be a later addition) being simply that of a "calidarium." Leaving these controversies, our memories may retain one authenticated fact —that Raphael is buried here. Our poet tells a curious legend: That the heathen worshippers made a golden idol of Neptune, and set it up on the roof, peering through an opening thereof; and that the brass covert on this statue's head blew off "*with* A wynde of

helle" to St. Peter's Basilica, where it might still be seen before the church door. I am left to guess at the medium of foundation which there may be for this little episode: and I conceive it to be as follows—amounting simply to two misapprehensions, or gratuitous assumptions. 1st, the roof of the Pantheon is not entirely closed, but has an opening, 28 feet in diameter, which supplies the whole of the light which the edifice receives. Some legendary imagination, contemplating this orifice, and not reasoning upon any questions of antique architecture, jumped to the conclusion that it *must* have been made for something to be inserted or to project through it; if something, it *must* have been a statue; and if a statue, why not Neptune? 2nd, a gilt brônze pine-cone, hollowed, and 11 feet in height, used once to be at the summit of the Sepulchre or Mole of Hadrian (now the Castle of Sant' Angelo); it was removed by Pope Symmachus (498 to 514) to the quadriporticus before the Basilica of St. Peter, probably to the steps of the building. Dante saw it there, and speaks of it under the name it still retains, "la pina di San Pietro:" it is now in the garden of the Vatican Palace. There was a story, not probably true, that this pine-cone had been set atop of the campanile of St. Peter's, and had been hurled thence by lightning down to the steps. This, I have little doubt, is the object in which our author is content to see a head-dress of Neptune's [imaginary] statue, blown from the roof of the Pantheon, over half the width of Rome. He next informs us how the pagan temple, the Pantheon, was converted, in or about 609, into the Christian Church of Santa Maria Rotonda, at the prayer of Pope Boniface (the fourth) to "the emperoure Julius, that was forsope A wele goode man"—in reality, the Emperor Phocas, whom history indicates to have been a most fearful ruffian. The Christian consecration of the building is assigned in the poem to the 1st November, All Saints' day, and the church is stated to have been dedicated to St. Mary and all Saints: Francino names the 12th May instead.

Line 810 to 817, p. 170. "Seynt Mary Transpedian" can only, I conceive, be *the Church of Santa Maria Transpontina:* I am unable to account for the corruption of the name. The church used to stand near the Castle of Sant' Angelo; but the earlier building was destroyed by Pius IV. (1559-66) with a view to the fortification of the Castle, and he gave orders for constructing another in the Borgo Nuovo, near the Via Sestina, preserving the old indulgences, etc. Francino does not confirm our poet as to the two stone pillars to

which Sts. Peter and Paul were bound; but he mentions as in this church a figure of the Crucified Saviour reputed to have appeared to those saints while under flagellation.

Line 818 to 821, p. 170. *The Hospital of Santo Spirito*, near St. Peter's, in connection with the Church of Santo Spirito in Sassia, is the chief hospital in Rome. It is spoken of as almost a town in itself, and is so richly endowed as to pass by the name of "Il Primo Signore di Roma:" it now receives nearly 13,000 patients in a year. The church was originally built by Innocent III. (1198 to 1216), but a new building was erected towards the end of the 16th century.

Line 822 to 825, p. 170–1. "Seynt Iamys uppon the flome" is probably *the Church of Sant' Jacopo Scossacavallo* (jog-horse), in the Trastevere: there are in Rome at least two other churches dedicated to St. James. The building was erected on the spot where are said to have died the horses which were transporting to St. Peter's, by command of the Empress Helena, the stone whereon Christ was presented for circumcision, and the one upon which Isaac was to have been sacrificed: relics which no efforts availed to move from this spot, and for whose guardianship the church was therefore founded.

Line 826 to 831, p. 171. *The Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, or ad Fontes Olei* (also called, in some early documents, simply "Fons Olei") is stated to have been the first church erected in Rome to the Virgin Mary. It is said that on the night of Christ's nativity, a great well of oil (two wells in our text) sprang up on this spot, and continued all next day running down to the Tiber: hence the name given to the church, which was founded by Pope St. Callixtus I. in or about 224, and often afterwards altered; the present building belongs almost wholly to the time of Innocent II., 1139, with modifications by Nicholas V. (1447–55). The site is the same as that of the ancient Taberna Meritoria, or hospital for old soldiers. The seven years' indulgence named in the text is not specified by Francino; but 25,000 years' indulgence, with plenary remission, on the feast and octave of the Assumption. Our poet seems to state that the miraculous oil still runs, either permanently or every Christmas night: I do not find this confirmed.

Lines 832–3, p. 171. *The Church of St. Cecilia*, at the end of the Trastevere, near the Quay of Ripa Grande, was built on the site of the saint's own house, in 230; re-built by Pope Paschal I. in 821, and dedicated to God, and Sts. Mary, Peter, Paul, and Cecilia; and

altered to its present form in 1599 and 1725. In the former of these years, 1599, the body of the saint was found on the spot, with a contemporary inscription identifying her: the celebrated statue by Stefano Maderno, now in the church, represents her in the attitude she was discovered lying in. Francino does not name the 100 years' indulgence of the text, but plenary indulgence on St. Cecilia's day.

Line 834 to 841, p. 171. "Seynt Petyr and Poullys preson" is the actual *Oratory of San Pietro in Carcere Tulliano*, at the foot of the Capitol. It is a portion of the ancient Mamertine Prisons, commenced by Ancus Martius, and is consequently one of the very oldest monuments in Rome. Peter and Paul are said to have been imprisoned here by Nero, on which account the building was consecrated as above named by St. Sylvester (314–36): over it stands the Church of San Giuseppe de' Falegnami. The 2000 years' indulgence daily figures in Francino as 1200 years' indulgence, and remission of one-third of sins, doubled on feast days. A well is said to have sprung up on the spot at the prayer of Peter and Paul, to enable them to baptize their converted gaolers, Processus and Martinianus ("Martuman" in our text), whose bodies are still preserved here. However, if we may trust Plutarch—not perhaps a much better authority on such a point than a church legend—this well existed in the time of Jugurtha.

Lines 842–3, p. 171. *The Church of Santa Maria Nuova*, near the arch of Titus, was built by Leo IV. (845–55), and restored by Nicholas V. (1447–55).

Line 844 to 847, p. 171. *The Church of St. Alexius* is on the site of the house of that saint, on the Aventine: Francino speaks of certain stairs, then extant, on which the saint, after returning from a pilgrimage, performed penance during 17 years up to his death, unrecognized by his father and the other inmates of the house. The first church on this spot was erected in the 9th century, and dedicated to St. Boniface. The 2200 years' daily indulgence diminishes in Francino to 100 years and lents.

Lines 848–9, p. 171. "Seynt Cosme and Demiave" is *the Church of Sts. Cosmas and Damian*, in the Forum, near the site of, or transmuted from, a Temple of Remus (or perhaps Romulus): the church was dedicated by Felix IV. (526–30), and restored by St. Gregory (590–604). In this instance Francino exceeds our text as to the amount of indulgence; naming 1000 years daily, instead of 300.

Line 850 to 863, p. 171–2. *The Church of St. Eustace* was built by Celestin III. (1191–8). The remains of the patron saint are here, together with those of his wife, Theopista, and his son and daughter, Agapetus and Theopista ("ij. *sonnes*," as in the text, does not seem to be absolutely accurate). "þesaluator" next mentioned I understand to be an image of Christ in this church: Francino, however, does not specify any such image, but some of the blood and clothes of the Saviour, some thorns from His crown, and some of the wood of His cross. One might suppose the separate Church of San Salvatore to be intended; but that was only built about 1450, and would consequently appear to be too late for the date of our poem, or, at any rate, not likely to be therein mentioned without some intimation of its being a perfectly new building; moreover, I am not aware that this church contains any such image. Another conjecture might be hazarded:—that all this paragraph about the Salvator has dropped out of its right place, and belongs properly to the Church of Ara Cœli (lines 882–91), in which is a highly venerated image of the Infant Christ, named the "Santissimo Bambino," much bejewelled, and endowed with miraculous curative powers. It is carried about to the sick in an old brown coach, and has a festival of its own from Christmas day to Epiphany. This image is said to have been carved by a pilgrim out of a tree on the Mount of Olives, and to have been painted by St. Luke after the pilgrim had dozed off.

Line 864 to 867, p. 172. Here we revert to a church already named, that of *St. Cecilia* (lines 832–3). I do not find any elucidation of the statement that "the Mawdlene" is to be seen in this church.

Line 868 to 873, p. 172. These lines relate to a chapel near the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, either dedicated to *San Salvatore*, or containing a venerated image of the Saviour. It is not mentioned in my authorities.

Line 874 to 877, p. 172. Four separate churches: 1st, *St. Jerome* (either the one near the Farnesse Palace, or the one in the Via di Ripetta, near the Mausoleum of Augustus); 2nd, *St. Gregory*; 3rd, *St. Ambrose*; 4th, *St. Augustine*. Francino does not confirm our poet in saying that there is 1000 years' indulgence at each of these churches; but he speaks of daily plenary indulgence, and remission of sins at St. Jerome's near the Farnese Palace,—plenary remission at St. Gregory's on the day and octave of all souls,—great indulgences granted by Clement VII. (1523–34) at St. Ambrose's,

—and plenary remission on three several days at St. Augustine's. The Church of St. Gregory stands on the Cœlian Hill. It was the paternal house of that pope, and was dedicated by him, as a church, during his pontificate in 591, to St. Andrew; the edifice was re-built in 1734, and is now connected with the headquarters of the Camaldolese Monks. The Church of St. Ambrose is in the Corso, having been built by the Milanese. The Church of St. Augustine, in the Via della Scrofa, was entirely renewed in 1483 by Cardinal d'Estouteville, and was again restored in 1740.

Line 878 to 881, p. 172. *The Church of San Lorenzo in Damaso* (Murray says, "San Lorenzo e Damaso,"—Sts. Lawrence and Damasus), close to the Palace of the Cancelleria, was built by Pope St. Damasus in 370, and termed *the Prasinian Basilica:* the building now extant, however, is the work of Bramante, erected in 1495, at the bidding of Cardinal Riario, nephew of Sixtus IV.

Line 882 to 891, p. 172. "Seynt Mary Rochelle" must be a much corrupted form of the name *Santa Maria di Ara Cœli*, a famous Church on the Capitoline Hill, built on the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius, and of a palace of Augustus. The present building is probably as old as the 6th century, when the church was dedicated by Gregory the Great, under the title of Sancta Maria in Capitolio. The origin of the term "Ara Cœli" has been much debated. The popular account is that an altar was erected on this spot by Augustus, to commemorate the prophecy of the Cumæan Sibyl concerning the advent of Christ—which altar was inscribed "Ara Primogeniti Dei." Another, and more matter-of-fact, account is that the church was termed in the middle ages Sancta Maria in Aurocœlio. The "many greses" are 124 (or probably, in our author's time, 121) marble steps leading to the church, made out of the ruins of the Temple of Quirinus on the Quirinal Hill: this staircase was constructed in 1348. Francino does not mention the 2000 years' indulgence; but speaks of plenary remission on the festival of the Circumcision, and infinite other indulgences and privileges, especially on New-Year's day. The image of the Virgin painted by St. Luke represents her as she stood at the foot of the cross. The Friars Minor are still in the adjoining convent, which is the headquarters of the order of Reformed Franciscans, or Grey Friars.

Line 892 to 895, p. 172. "Seynt Mary Merle" would appear to be another verbal corruption, meaning *the Church of Santa Maria de' Miracoli*, so named from the many miracles here wrought: it stands

by the wall of the Porta del Popolo, and, in its present form, is a modern building, of the reign of Alexander VII. (1655–67). The 1000 years' indulgence is modified in Francino into plenary indulgence and remission of sins.

Line 896 to 906, p. 172–3. *The Church of St. Andrew* here referred to is probably the parish church dedicated to that saint, between the Porta del Popolo and the Capitol, connected with the Company of Clothiers named "di Sant' Uomo-bono:" there are at least four other churches of this saint in Rome. The graces accorded to persons here buried, and otherwise, are not elucidated by Francino.

Line 907 to 914, p. 173. Our poet has now vamped his holy wares, as far as his opportunities allow; and can only add that any quantity more of them remain behind,

> "And that I shall with all my myght
> There-off wryte bope day & nyght."

A formidable promise for any commentator: but, as it remains unfulfilled so far as our text is concerned, I can here conclude my imperfect illustrations of "the Stacyons of Rome."

W. M. Rossetti.

St. Pernelle. See her Life in the Vernon MS. (Bodleian Library), leaf 31 v^{s} *b*.
St. Agas; in the same MS., leaf 12 v^{s} *b*. 'Seint Agace, that gode maide, in Cisyle was ibore.'

POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, AND LOVE POEMS.

Hodson MS. 39, *on leaf* 3 (*A.D.* 1483).

Kyng Edward the iiij^th^.

(10 stanzas of 7 lines each, *ababbcc.*)

[There is a Religious Poem of 6 stanzas next it in the MS., but as this would make a break in the *Political Poems* if put after *Edward IV.* here, it is printed on p. 289, below.]

(1)

Where is Edw. IV.

¶ Wher is this Prynce that conquered his right 1
*With*in Inglond / master of all his foon),
who conquerd France and Scotland, and won Berwick?
And after Fraunce, be very force & myght
*With*out stroke / and afterward cam hoom), 4
Made Scotlond to yelde / and Berwyk wan) he from),
Rydyng a hontyng / hym silff to sporte & playe:
All men of Englond ar bounde for hym to praye.

(2)

¶ This most dred prince / that was vnder the son), 8
His fame was world-wide. He was the doughtiest man living.
Through all this wordle renewed was his name,
The dowthiest, the worthiest, *with*outen com*par*ison),
Ther was noon) siche / but ye reken) the same
Compassed the wordle / so spronge his name; 12
And as in bateH, the ffresshest I shall say:
All men of Englond ar bounde for hym to pray.

(3)

¶ Wher is he nowe, that man of noble men,
That, in his howsold, kepte the ryall rowte?
Ther is no place in all the wordle I ken,
but of the Substaunce he hath chosen owte.
Hit was a wordle to se hym ride aboute
Through-out his land; And that was day be day:
All men of Englond ar bounde for hym to pray.

He kept a royal household.

(4)

¶ O noble Edward, wher art thowe be-come,
Which full worthy I haue seen goyng in estate?
Edward the iiijth I mene, with the sonne,
The rose, the sonne-beme / which was full fortunate:
Noon erthly prince durst make *with* hym debate.
Art thowe agoo, and was here yestirday?
All men of Englond ar bound for the to pray.

He was our sun,

(5)

The well of Knyghthode, *with*outen any pere
Of all erthely prynces thowe were the lode-sterre!
Be-holde & rede; herkyn well and hyre!
In gestis, in romansis, in Cronicles nygh & ferre,
Well knowen it is / *per* can no man it deserre,
Pereless he was / and was here yestirday:
All men of Englond ar bounde for hym to pray.

the lodestar of princes,

peerless.

(6)

¶ Fy on this wordle! What may we wrecches say,
That nowe haue lost the lanterne & the light,
Oure kyng oure lorde, (alas and wele-a-wey!)
In e*u*ery felde full redy for oure right,
It was no nede / to pray hym for to fight;
Redy he was / that was here yestirday:
All men of Englond ar bounde for hym to pray.

[leaf 3, back]

We have lost him, our light, our lord.

(7)

¶ Me thynkith e*u*er this kyng sholde not be gon;
I see his lordis, I see his knyghtis all;
I see his plasis made of lyme and ston;
I see his *seruauntes* sittyng in the Hall,
And, walkyng among them, his Marshall.
What sholde I say? He was here yestirday:
All men of Englond ar bounde for hym to pray.

I see his knights,

his palaces,

his Marshal;

(8)

but he is gone. ¶ I am be-giled / for He is past and goon);
His men weep I mette his men wepyng in clothis blake;
Not oon nor tweyn: god wote, many oon,
and wail for him. Which daily waylith & sorowith for his sake
Hit to endite, hit makith my herte quake,
When I remembre he was here yestirday:
Alł men of Englond ar bounde for hym to pray.

(9)

Let us pray God to set him among His angels! ¶ Nowe pray we to god, that alł this wordle hath wrought,
Among his Aungelis / this prince may have a place;
And for his passion that vs so dere hath bought,
That, of his paynys he may haue his grace.
Nowe, gracious lord, remembre welł this case!
As wofułł synners, we calł to the, and say,
That we of Englond ar bounde for hym to pray.

(10)

¶ Ye wofułł men / that shalł this writyng rede,
And let us remember that he is dead, and that we must follow him. Remembre welł here is no dwellyng place.
Se howe this prince is from vs goon, and dede,
And we shalł, aftir hym, suë the trace:
Ther is no choise /. ther is noon other grace;
This knowe ye welł / he was here yestirday:
Alł men of Englond ar bounde for hym to pray.

Explicit /

Note for ORIGINAL SERIES 15,

POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS AND LOVE POEMS.

P. 123. *Falmouth*, which the MS. puts in Dorsetshire, is of course in Cornwall. Tho' this information is not needed by Englishmen, I ought to have given it for strangers.—F.

The Twelve Letters that shall save Merry England.

(Ab. 1465.)

[*Lambeth MS. No.* 306, *fol.* 134.]

(1)

[1]ERLY in a sommeristide
y sawe in london, as y wente, — A lady in Cheapside
A gentilwoman of chepe-side
workinge on a vest[i]ment.

(2)

She sette xij lett[e]rs on a Rowe, — told me that 12 letters
And saide, if *that* y myght it vnderstond,
Thorough þe grace of god, ye schule it knowe, — should save Merry England.
This lettres xij schall save mery Englond.

(3)

A litil while yf ye wille duelle,
And yeve avdenes vnto me,
what lettres they be y shall you telle, — I'll tell you what they were,
they were drawe oute of þe .A.b.c.

(4)

They were nether A. b. nor S.,[2]
Of any clarke y take wittnes,
Hit was R. w. And ij ees — R[5]. W. E. E. F. M. Y. S.,
F. M. ȝ.[3] and S.

(5)

Than stode y stille a litile Sesone,
And constred this lettres or y wente thens, — and they meant,
And Exspoundide theim after.myn owne wesdone
After the forme of Experience.

[1] There is a space left for a large E, but only a little e is written, as a guide to the capital-maker. [2] ł for C. [3] ȝ = y.

(6)

Three Richards, and one Edward.

iij ares for iij Richardes þat bene of noble fames;
A E. for Edward, men wote it is soo,
This ben the lettr[e]s of the iiij lordes names
The whiche all Englonde is myche bounden too.

(7)

Richard, Duke of York;

A .ȝ. for yorke that was manely & myghtfull,
The whiche Grewe be þe grace of god & grete reuelacion,
Raynyng with Rewles[1] resenable and Rightfull,
The whiche for oure sake hathe sofferde grete vex[a]cion.

(8)

[leaf 134, back] Edward, Earl of March; [Edward IV.]

An .M. for marche, treue in euer*i* titell & triall,
Growinge be eistricion, that worthi and wis is,
Concayued in wedlocke, & comen of blode rialle,
Ioyning vnto vertu, devode of vices.

(9)

Richard, Earl of Salisbury;

An S. for Salisbery, w*ith*out any avision,
Riall in his reynyng, and riche in his Rente,
Brynging a man to a good conclucion,
Called for his wisdome patris Sapiente.

(10)

and Richard, Earl of Warwick.

A Doble W. for Warwike, þat god be his gide,
Who is called w*ith* þe comens their childe & þer deffence,
The boldest vnder baner bateH to a-bide,
for þe righte of Englonde he dothe his deligence.

(11)

The Fetterlock (badge of Edward IV.),

An F. for þe fet*er*lock þ*at* is of grete Substance,
That hathe amendide many mat*er*s þorow his mediacion;
In yrlonde & in walles, in englonde and in fraunce,
He Reynyed w*ith* Rewelis of Riall Repetacion.

[1] A long f with a stroke through it stands here.

(12)

An R. for the Rose þat is frische and wol nat fade, — the White Rose (badge of the house of York),
Bothe þe rote & the stalke þat is of grete honoure,
from normandie vnto norway þe leues do springe,
from irlonde vnto Estlonde me reioise þat floure.

(13)

An E. for þe egile þat grete worship hath wone — the Eagle (badge of the Earl of Salisbury),
Thorowe þe spredinge of his wengis þat neuer begane to flee,
There was neuer birde brede vnder þe stone
More fortunable in a felde þan þat birde hath be.

(14)

An R. for þe Raged staf[1] þat no man may a-Skape, — and the Ragged Staff (badge of the Earl of Warwick).
from scotlonde to Calles, þerof they stonde in Awe,
he is a stafe of stedfastne[s], bothe erly & latte
To Chastes siche kaytifes as don ayenst þe lawe.

(15)

Nowe haue y declared you this lettr[e]s all xij — [leaf 135]
Accordyng to their condisciones whereuer þei ride or — And all these
nowe thei be declared echo lorde be him self, [goo[n];
Their entent and purpos groundeth all in oon, — strive together

(16)

That is, for to distroy tresson, & to mak a treue triall — to destroy treason,
Of theym that be-fawte & hurte vs all full sore,
And for þe welfare of Edward Rex moste riall, — for King Edward's weal.
That is þe verie purpos that we labure fore.

(17)

And nowe, my frendes in euery cost,
The grace and goodnes of þe holigost — The Holy Ghost keep you in Love,
Kepe you in sted[fa]ste charite,
And after this life, bryng you & me — and bring you to everlasting Joy!
vnto euer-lasting Ioie; amen, for charit[e]!

EXPLICIT.

[The poem on Women follows, which is printed in *The Wright's Chaste Wife*: 'Women, women, loue of women, make bare purs with some men.']

[1] (Warwik)
The Bere is bound that was so wild
Ffor he hath lost his *raggid staffe*.
Cotton Rolls, ii. 23, in Wright's *Pol. Songs*, v. ii. p. 222.

Edwardus, Dei Gratia.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 136.]

Edward, chosen knight of God,

[1]AA A, Edwardeus Dai gracia,
Sithe god hathe chose þe to be his knyȝt,
And posseside þe in thi right,

honour Him!

Thoue hime honour *with* al thi myght,
Edwardes, Dai gracia.

Oute of þe stoke þat longe lay dede[2]

He has made thee England's head,

God hathe causede the to sprynge & sprede,
And of al Englond to be the hede,
Edwardes, Dei gracia.

Sithe god hathe yeuen the, thorough his myȝte,
Owte of that stoke birede in sight

White Rose of York!

The floure to springe, a Rosse so white,
Edwardes, Dai gracia,

Thoue yeve hem lawde and praisinge,

Give praise to Him, then, virgin Knight!

Thove vergyne knight of whom we synge,
Vn-Deffiled sithe thy begynnyng,
Edwardes, Dai gracia.

God save thy contenewaunce,

Forward, and exalt thy crown!

And so to prospede to his plesance
That euer thyne Astate thou mowte enhaunce!
Edwardes, Dai gracia.

France is thine: and so is Spain.

Rex Anglie & francia, y Say,
Hit is thine owne, why saist þou nay?
And so is spayne, þat faire contrey,
Edwardis, Dai gracia.

[1] The big initial is wanting, tho' a small one is put, as in the last poem.

[2] MS. *lade day.*

Fy on slowtfuƚ contenewaunce — Fie on Sloth; delight in War!
Where conquest is a noble plesaunce,
And Regesterd in olde remem*b*erau*n*ce, 28
Edwardes, Day Gracia.

Wherefor, prince And kyng moste my3ti,
Remembere þe Subdeue of þi Regaly, — Remember to subdue thy realm,
Of Englonde, frawnce, & spayn) trewely, 32
Edwardes, Dai gracia. — Edward, King!

EXPLICIT.

[A Recipe "For brekyng owte of scabbes & bleynes" follows.]

[MS. Lambeth 306, fol. 132. The heavy letters mark the red of the MS.]

THE RECEYVYNG ÞF KYNG EDWARD THE IIIJTH AT BRYSTOWE.

First atte the comyng ynne atte temple gate there stode Wylliam co*n*quero*ur* w*ith* iij lordis, and these were his wordis

Weƚ-come, Edwarde, oure son) of hig̃ degre!
Many yeeris hast þou lakkyd owte of this londe:
I am thy fore fader, Wylliam of normandye,
To see thy welefare here thrug̃ goddys sonde.

Over the same gate stondyng a greet Gyaunt delyu*er*yng the keyes.

¶ The Receyuyng atte temple Crosse next folowyng.

There was seynt George on horsbakke vppon*e* a tent fyghtyng w*ith* a dragon*e*, And þe kyng & þe quene on hygh*e* in a castell*e*, And his doughter benethe w*ith* a lambe. And atte the sleyng of the dragon*e* ther was a greet melody of aungellys.

[*Follows:* A medycyne for the pestylence.]

For Jake Napes Sowle, Placebo and Dirige.

(A.D. 1450.)

[*MS. Lambeth* 306, *fol.* 51, *in John Stowe's hand.*]

HERE FOLOWYTHE A DYRGE MADE BY THE COMONS OF KENT IN THE TYME OF THER RYSYNGE WHEN JAKE CADE WAS THEYR CAPPITAYN.

(1)

In May, Jack Napes (the Duke of Suffolk) would go to sea.

¶ In the moneth of may whan gres growes[1] grene,
fragrans in there floures with A swet[2] savor,
Iake napis in[3] the see, A maryner for to bene,
with his clogge and his cheyne, to sell[4] more tresowr.

(2)

¶ suche A thynge[5] prykkyd hym, he axid[6] A confessowr:
nycolas of the towre seyd "I am redy here to se;"[7]
He was caught and beheaded. Sing his dirge! he was holde so hard, he passyd the same[8] howre;
for Iake napes sowle, placebo and dirige.

(3)

[leaf 51, back] ¶ who shall execute y^e^ fest of[9] solempnite?
Pray for him all bishops and clergy. bysshoppis and lords, as gret reson is,
Monkes, chanons, and prestis, *with* al y^e^[10] clergy,
prayeth for[11] hym that he may com to blys,

(4)

¶ And that[12] nevar such Anothar come aftar this!
Blessed be his killers! his intersectures,[13] blessid mot[14] they be,
and graunt them[15] to reygne *with* aungellis!
for[16] Iake napys sowle, placebo & dirige.

[1] MS. Cott. Vesp. B. xvi, leaf 1, back, *gresse* growes.
[2] Flag*rant* in her flowres *with* swete
[3] wold ou*er* [4] seke [5] Swyche a payn [6] asked
[7] Nicolas said 'I am redi | thi confessour to be'
[8] holden so | that he ne pasade that [9] his exequies. | W*ith* a
[10] ch .. pr .. & other [11] pray for this Dukes soule | pat it might [12] let
[13] inter*fectours*, [14] mighte [15] them for ther dede [16] and for

(5)

¶ "placebo," begynneth the bishop of hereforthe;[1] These sing: The Bishops of Hereford,
"dilexi," quod ye bisshop of chester, "for my Avaunser;"[2] Chester,
"hew michi,"[3] seyd salysbery, "this game gothe ferforthe;"[4] Salisbury,
"Ad dominum cum tribularer," seyth ye abbot of glocester. 20 the Abbot of Gloucester,

(6)

¶ "dominus custodit," thus seyþ ye bisshoppe[5] of Rouchestre. the Bishop of Rochester.
"leuaui oculos meos," seyþ frere stanbery, ["volaui."[6]] Friar Stanbery,
"Si iniquitates," seyth ye bysshope of worcestre; for Iake napis sowle, "de profundis clamavi." 24 the Bishop of Worcester,

(7)

¶ "Opera manium tuarum," seyth ye cardinall wysely, the Cardinal,
"hath wronge,[7] confitebor," for all Iake napis wis-
"Audiui vocem," seyd Ihesu crist[9] on hye. [dome,[8] and Jesus Christ.
[10]"Magnificat anima mea Dominum." 28

(8)

¶ Now to this dyryge most we nedys[11] come Let us all come joyfully, and sing Jack Napes's dirge.
this Ioyfull[12] tyme, to say brevely,[13]
ix spalmes (*sic*), ix[14] lessons, to say all & sum,[15]
for Iake napys sowlle, placebo & dirige. 32

(9)

¶ Executor[16] of this office, dirge for to synge, These shall join: The Bishop of St. Asaph,
shall begynne ye bisshope of seynt as.
"varba[17] mea Auribus," seythe the abbot of Redynge, the Abbot of Reading.
for all our hope and Ioy[18] is come to Allas. 36

[1] Herforde [2] Dilexi, for myn auauncement | saithe þe bisshop of Chestre
[3] me [4] this gothe to ferre forthe; [5] Abbot (*om.* thus)
[6] *volavi* is from MS. Cott. which omits 'meos' [7] that brought forthe.
[8] alle this Napes reason. [9] songe Allemightty god
[10] MS. Cott. prefixes 'And þerfore synge we' [11] we gon & [12] pascalle
[13] veryli. [14] Thre psalmes & thre [15] þat alle is and somme.
[16] Executors [17] Verba [18] Alle your ioye and hope

(10)

The Abbots of St. Albans and the Tower Hill,

¶ "Conv*er*tere[1] *domi*ne," for vs wantyth[2] grace,
thow[3] abbot of seynt albonys, full sorely synge ye:[4]
The abbot of the towre hyll, *with* his fate face,
tremelyth and quakythe,[5] for "*domi*ne, ne in furore."

(11)

Walter Lyard (Bishop of Norwich), the Abbess of St. Aldburgh,

¶ *Master* watyr lyard schall sey[6] "nequando."
the abbes of seynt alborghe,[7] "*domi*ne, *deus meus, in te speraui*;"
"Requiem et*er*nam, god graunte hem to,[8]

and the Bishop of St. David's,

to sey[9] A patar nostar," [saiþ[10]] the bysshop of seynt davi.

(12)

[leaf 52]

say a dirge for Adam Molens, Suffolk, and Sir R. Ros.

¶ For the sowles of thes wyse and wurthy,[11]
Adam Molens, suffolke, *sir* Robert Ros,[12] thes thre;
And specyally for Iake napis sowlle[13] *that* evar was sly,[14]
for his sowle, placebo & dirige.

(13)

Sing, too, somewhat Lord Say,

¶ "Rys vp, lord say, and[15] rede "*parce mihi domine*,
Nichil *enim sunt* dies mei," that shalt thou[16] singe;

the Bishop of Carlisle.

the bysshope of carlyyll seyth "credo videre[17]
all[18] fals traytors to come to evyll[19] endynge."

(14)

¶ Dwelle thou shalt[20] withe grete mornynge,
Rede[21] "tedet *anim*am mea*m* vite mee;"

[1] MS. Cott. is wrongly read by Mr. Wright, Com*m*itere
[2] yet *gra*unte vs [3] Saiþ [4] MS. Cott. omits *synge ye*.
[5] quakeþ & tremleþ [6] synge [7] Abbot of Westmynstre.
[8] them alle to come to. [9] þerto [10] From MS. Cott.
[11] soules þat wise were & mightty.
[12] Suffolk, Moleyns, and Roos. [13] in especial for Iac Napes
[14] wyly. [15] vp, Say [16] mei | þou shalt
[17] syng*is* Credo ful sore. [18] To suyche [19] come foule
[20] The baron of Dudley [21] Redethe

"Manus tue," danyell, thou shalt synge[1]
For Iake napis sowle, placebo & dirige.[2] 56

(15)

¶ "Qui lazarum resussitasti," Treuilyan shall singe; Trevilian,
Hungerford, "manus tue fecerunt me; Hungerford,
vby me abscondam, for dred this day?"
Iolin say, synge "dominus regit me." 60 John Say,

(16)

¶ "Nichyll mihi deerit," for owt *that* I can se;
"ad te domine levavi," Master somerset schall rede: Somerset,
Iolin penycoke, "delycta Iuventutis mee, John Penycoke,
Allas, whythar may I fle for dred?" 64

(17)

¶ "Dominus, illuminacio, help, for now is ned,"
seyth mayster wyll say, "I trow it wyll not be:"
"credo videre," sir thomas stanle, take hede; Sir Thomas Stanley,
for Iake napis sowle, placebo & dirige. 68

[1] Who but Danyel, qui lasarum shal synge

[2] . . Iac nape . . . The Cotton MS. ends shortly thus, on leaf 2, front:—

¶ Iohn Say redethe, "Manus tue fecerunt me."
"Libera me," syngethe Trevilian | warre the rere,
That thei do no more so. Requiescant in pace:
Thus prayes alle Englond | ferre & nerre.

¶ Where is Somersot | whi apers he not here
to synge | Dies ire & miserie?
God graunte Englond | alle in fere,
for thes traitours | to synge Placebo & Dirige.

¶ Meny mo per be behynde | pe sothe for to telle,
pat shall messes | oppon thes do synge.
I pray som man | do synge the belle,
pat pese forsaiden | may come to pe sacrynge.

¶ And pat in brief tyme | without more tarienge,
pat pis mosse may be ended | in suyche degre,
And pat alle Englond | ioyfulle may synge
pe commendacioun, with Placebo & Dirige.

(18)

Thomas Kent, ¶ "In memoria eterna," seyth Mayster Thomas Kent,
"now schall owre treson be cornicled for evar;"
Master Gerveyse, "patar nostar," seyd mayster Gerveyse, "we be all shent,
for so fals A company in englond was nevar." 72

(19)

the Abbot of Bermondsey, ¶ The abbot of barmundsey, full of lechery,
"Quantas habeo iniquitatys," take for thy lesson;
Gabull (?) of the Chancery, Gabull of the chancery begynyth "heu mihi!"
that is his preve bande, and detent of treson). 76

(20)

the Master of St. Lawrence, ¶ "Homo natus de muliere," seyth ye Mayster of sent lawrence,
"repletus multis miseriis," and *that* shall he wayll
of Iake napes sort that hath don gret offence,
and ever whill be lyvyd, cheffe of his counceyll. 80

(21)

[leaf 52, back] Stephen Shegge, ¶ "Ne recorderys," stephen shegge shall synge,
"quis mihi tribuat for wichecraft," seythe stace;
"Domine non secundum actum meum, for then shall I hynge;"
for Iake napys sowle, placebo & dirige. 84

(22)

Sir Thomas Hoo, John Hampton, ¶ "Expectans expectaui," seyth sir thomas hoo,
"complaceat tibi," begynneth Iohn Hampton;
"beatus qui intelligit, and dredit also,"
John Fortescue, seyth Iohn fortescu, "all this fals treson)." 88

(23)

¶ "sana, domine, oure wittes with reson,"
Lord Sudeley, the lorde sudeley devoutly prayth,
"quem ad modum," desiderat ye lord stowrton,
"sitiuit anima mea," for him lyeth. 92

(24)

¶ The lord ryvers all onely seythe, Lord Rivers,
"Requiem eternam) god grawnt vs to se;
A pater nostar ther must be in feyth,
for Iake napis sowle, placebo & dirige." 96

(25)

¶ "spiritus meus attenuabytur," blakney shall begyn, Blakeney,
"pecantem) me cotidie," seyth myners; Mynors,
"pelle me consumptus carnibus to the pynne,"
Robart horne, alderman, that shall be thy vers. 100 Alderman Horne,

(26)

¶ "Requiem eternam," for the respons,
Phylip Malpas, be thow redy to synge; Philip Malpas,
It wexyth derke, thou nedyst A scons;
com forth, Iude, for thou shalt in brynge." 104

(27)

¶ "Quare de uulua eduxisti,"
ser Thomas tudnam, that rede ye: Sir Thomas Tudnam, the Abbot of Westminster,
Abbot of westmystar, com), stond by
in thy myter & cope, & sey "libera me." 108

(28)

¶ A-rys vp thorp and cantelowe, & stond ye togeder, Thorpe and Cantelowe,
and synge 'dies illa, dies ire;'
pulford and hanley *that* drownyd *the* duke of glocestar, Pulford and Hanley.
as two traytors shall synge "ordentes[1] *anime*." 112

(29)

¶ And all trew comyns ther to be bolde Let all true commons pray that all false traitors may rest in peace.
to sey 'requiescant in pace,'
for all the fals traytors *that* engelond hath sold,
And for Iake napis sowlle, placebo & dirige. finis. 116

Amen)—writn owt of david norcyn his booke, by John stowe.

[1] MS. ordêtes. ? for *ardentes*.

Satirical Proclamation (? 1436).

(*MS. Cott. Vespas. B.* xvi. *Fol.* 5.)

I am King of all Kings,

TO alle you, I sende gretynge. Wot ye þat I am kyng of alle kynges, Lord of alle lordes, Souden

Steward of Hell,

of alle Surry, Emperour of Babilon, Steward of Helle,

Porter of Paradise,

Porter of Paradise, Constable of Ierusalem, Lord of Certoffis, þat is to say, lord of þe parties of þe world,

Cousin of Christ,

Cosyn to youre crist þat was nailed on þe rode. And if ye wol witen whi þat I am kynge of alle kynges, I lete you wite þat I haue vnder my lordship, of youre cristen kynges, xxxvij kynges crowned. And whi þat I

and none is so worthy as I.

am lord of alle lordes,—semyng to me, þer is none so worthi as I am. And whi I am Emperour of Babilon:

I wedded the daughter of the Emperor of Babylon,

I lete you wite þat I wedded þe Emperourys doughtter, which was Erle of Surry: Her fader died; wherfor I am Erle by her. And whi þat I am Stiward of

and govern all wicked spirits,

Helle: I lete you wite I haue alle gouernaunce of wicked mawmentries & wicked spirites. And whi I am

and keep the streams of Paradise.

Porter of Paradis: I lete you wite I am keper of þe Stremes of Paradis, whiche may no man come to but he haue my lordship, & gef me a gret tribut. And

I am Constable of Jerusalem and keep Port Joppa.

whi þat I am Constable of Ierusalem: I lete you wite. þer may no man come to Port Iaffe but he gef me a gret tribut. And whi þat I am floure of alle þe worle:

I have Christ's Cross,

I may wel sai I haue þat cristen men prayn fore, þat is, þe holi cros þat your lord my cosyn died on,

and am his Cousin.

which ye may not haue without me. And þat I am

I was a Christian

cristes cosyn: I let you wite, I was cristen made, in Englond born, & for certeyn poyntes of lollerdy I [ne]

but turned Saracen,

myȝt abide þer, & so I wende to Rome, & after to Rodes; & þer I was with Sarasens, & turne to her lawe or be

ded. And for my *cur*tesie I was put to þe Soudenys house, & was made vssher of halle; & þen died þe Souden & his heire, And I wedded his wiff. & so I was souden. & þen died my wiff; and I wedded þe Emp*erour*ys doughtt*er*, & was Emp*erour* bi here, & bycome Souden of Surry. but I sende gretyng to Henry kynge of Engl*and*, þe frenshe w*om*man sone. & so be þ*at* he wol wed my doughter, I wel becom cr*ist*en, & alle my meyne, And wol gef hy*m* iij Milions of gold, And delyu*er*e hym þe holy cros, w*ith* al þe Reliques in my kepyng; And I shal make hym Emp*erour* of xxxvij kynges cr*ist*en, þ*at* is, Anglond, Fraunce, Irland, Scotland, Denmark, norwey, portugale, Cicile, Sipres, Spayn, Swhen, Sastel, Orsorial, beme, hungry, Magon, Naples, Cschresy; And to stondo w*ith* hym agaynst alle Cristen kynges. Writen in þe yere of youre gret god, my cosyn. MCCCCxvj yere.

married the Souden's widow, and then the Emperor's daughter.

If Henry of England will wed my daughter, I will give him £3,000,000, and the Holy Cross, and make him Emperor of 37 Christian Kings, of whom I name 18.

Dated A.D. 1416.

[Mr. James Gairdner, of the Record Office, tells me that 'Henry kynge of England, þe frensh womman son,' can only mean Henry VI., born in 1421, son of Catherine, daughter of Charles VI. of France. Henry's marriage with Margaret of Anjou, suggested by the Earl of Suffolk in 1444, took place in 1445. Mr. Gairdner therefore thinks the date of 1416 (the third of Henry V.) a mistake of the copier of the MS. In this Mr. G. E. Cokayne agrees, and would fix the date at 1436, believing that "þe frensh womman son" would not have been used after her death, in 1438. But the difficulty is to settle what the Proclamation is intended to satirize. The possession of Jerusalem, Joppa, the Holy Rood, etc., the being Souden of Surre or Syria, and the like, point to the Sultan. The Porter of Paradise, the Cousin of Christ, the opposition to Lollardy, might have been thought to hint at the Pope, if the marriages (unless allegorical ones are alluded to) did not prevent that. Professor Brewer suggests Antichrist, that is, the representative of the Antichristian powers. The allusion to Lollardy may point to Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham's rising, for which he was executed Dec. 25, 1417. "Curiously enough, Henry III. was also King of England for some time during the lifetime of his mother, a French woman;

but of course the text could not apply to so early a date, besides that the taking away from the date is a greater sin than adding thereunto. I am inclined to think the whole thing a satire by the party of Cardinal Beaufort on the poverty of, and want of any real power in, René, Duke of Anjou, titular King of Jerusalem, Sicily, Naples, Aragon, Valence, etc., etc., who had succeeded his brother Louis in all these and many other high-sounding titles in 1434, and was probably at that time displaying them to the utmost advantage in hopes of getting something more solid by so doing—which came to pass in 1444 and 1445 by the betrothal and subsequent marriage of his daughter Margaret with King Henry. Jerusalem, etc., were considered by René as belonging to him. Remember, too, this was *before* the conquest of the Eastern Empire in 1453.[1] Of course René's marriages do not apply. He married twice, but his first wife did not die till 1453. I have not time to go into the subject fully. Other points ought to be looked into—viz., Henry VI. was in his 23rd year, wished by the Duke of Gloucester to marry a daughter of the Count of Armagnac. Who was he? Could he be meant? I do not think so, because at that time Catherine was dead, and probably Henry would not be spoken of as the son of the Frenchwoman, it being usual for English kings to marry French princesses, and every king (excepting Edward III.) having done so from John downwards, though some had English wives as well. In 1425 John Palæologus II. was Emperor of the East, till 1448. What sort of man was he? He had probably many titles and (titular) kingdoms, and little else. I have not time to pursue him, liking René better."—G. E. C.]

[1] Constantinople was taken May 29, 1453, by Mahomet II., and Constantine XIII. (Palæologus) slain, with whom ended the Eastern Empire.—*Haydn's Dict. of Dates.*

Lydgate's Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

[Written after A.D. 1421: see note to l. 234, p. 25.]

(92 *stanzas; 77 in sevens, ababbcc; and 15 in eights, abab,bcbc; with an Envoy "Don't despise your Neighbour.")*
From the Lansdowne MS. 699, in the British Museum, collated with the Harley MS. 2251 (leaf 277, &c.) and the Roxburghe Club reprint of the black-letter copy of the poem.

¶ Incipit Disputacio inter Equum, Aucam, & Ouem. [leaf 66, back]

A Disputation between a horse, a Sheepe and a Goose, for superioritie (*in a later hand*). [leaf 67]

(1)

COntrouersies / plëys & discordis
Atween personës / were it too or thre,
Sought' out the ground / bi witnessis of recordis:
This was the costom) / of antiquyte;
Iuges were sett / that hadde Auctor[i]te,
The cas conceyved / stondynge indifferent',
Attweene parties / to yeue A Iugëment'.

1' The old plan was

5 to settle disputes by Judges.

7

(2)

¶ Parties assemblid / of hiñ or lowe degre,
Weren admittid / to shewen in sentence,
Ground of here quarell / the lawë made hem fre
Without excepcioun / to come to Audience,
Bi the president / commaundid first' silence,
Fredam yove / the parties nat to spare
Bi rule of right' / ther grevès to declare.

8 Each party stated his case.

12

14

Line 1 *plcys* . .] plees and al discorde HR. 2 *Atween* . .] Betwene . . bien yit of it, Bitwene . . were R. 3 *witnessis* . .] witnesse of Recorde H, groundes be recordes R. 6 *cas*] cause H, caas R. 7 *Attweene*] Betweene HR. *A*] *om.* R. 8 *or*] and HR. 9 *Weren* . . *shewen*] They were . . shewe H, Weren . . shewen R. 10 *here quarell*] theyr quarels HR. 13 *yove*] yeven H, yeue R. 14 *rule*] title HR.

(3)

¶ Vpon this matere / shortly to conclude, 15
Nat yoore a-gon / as I rehersë shall,
I fond to purpos / A similitude
Ful craftily / depeyntid vpon a wall:
Tweyn sitt / in ther estat Roiall, 19
The hardy Leoun / famous in al rewmys,
Themperiall Egle / pershyng the sonnë bemys. 21

(4)

¶ These were the dreedful / Roiall Iugis tweyne, 22
In ther estatë / sittynge I took keepe,
That herde the parties / bi & bi compleyne,
The Hoors, the Goos / & eke the symple Sheepe.
The processe was nat / to profounde nor deepe, 26
Off that debat / but cóntryued of a fable:
Which of them was / to man most profitáble. 28

(5)

¶ Ech for his partie / proudly gan procede 29
Tenforce hym silf / bi record of scripture
In philosophie / as clerkis seen or rede,
The prerogatives / geven hem bi nature,
Which of these thre / to euery crëature 33
In re publica / availeth most to man.
For his partie / then first the hors began: 35

(6)

Equus ¶ "To procede breffly, & nat long to tarie, 36
First fro the trowthë / that I do nat erre,
What beste is found / at al so necessárie
As is the hors / bothë nyh & ferre,
Or so notáble / to man in pees & werre? 40

I lately saw a painting of a trial.

The Lion and Eagle were the Judges;

the disputants were the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

[leaf 67, back] Each party urged its claim to be the most useful to man.

The Horse askt what animal was so needful as he, in peace or war.

Line 16 *Nat*] Nought HR. 19 *sitt*] sette H, sittyng in estate R. 20 *Leoun . . rewmys*] Lyonne . . realmes H, The fierce lyon . . royames R. 21 *pershyng*] percynge H, percyng R. 22 *Roialle*] *om.* R. 23 *keepe*] goode kepe H, kepe R. 25 *& eke*] and eke H, & LR. 27 *that*] theyr HR. 28 *was / to man*] HR, to man was L. 30 *Tenforce*] To enforce H. 31 *In philosophie . . or*] By philosophres . . and HR. 32 *The . . goven*] This . . gyven H, The . . yeuen R. 34 *to*] a R. 36 *Equus*] The Horse H. *long to*] HR, *om.* L. 37 *First*] HR, *om.* L. *trowthe*] R, trowth LH. 38 *at al*] in al L, in alle thing R. 39 *bothe*] LR, bothe so H. 40 *in*] bothe in H.

Hors in cronyclis / wo-so looke a-rihtꝑ, *The Horse.*
Hav be savacion / to many a worthi knyhtꝑ. 42

(7)

¶ "Marcial prowessis in especïaH 43
God hath̄, bi hors / yovë to werreiour's—
Record of Alisandre / whoos hors BusifaH
Made hym tascapë / many sharp[ë] shours: Remember Alexander's horse Bucephalus,
The golden chare / of oldë conqueroures 47
Toward the tryumphe / for ther knyghtly deedis
Conveied were / with fourë whitë steedis. 49

(8)

¶ "Remembre of Ector / the Troian chaumpioun, 50
Whoos hors was callid / whilom Galathe; and Hector's horse Galathe,
Vpon whos bak he pleyèd the leoun,
And oftë sithë / made the Grekis flee.
The stede of Perseus / was callid the Pegasè, 54 and Perseus's steed Pegasus.
With̄ swift[ë] wengis, poetis seyn the same,
Was, for swifftnesse / callid 'the hors of Fame.' 56

(9)

¶ "Eques, ab 'equo' is seid of verray rihtꝑ, 57 [leaf 68]
And cheualere is saide of cheualrye: A knight gets his name from a Horse.
In Duche, a Rudder is a knyghtꝑ;
Aragon tunge / doth also specifie
Caualaro[1] / which, in that partie, 61
Is name of worshipe / & took bigynnynge
Off spooris of gold / & cheefly of rydynge. 63

Line 41 *looke*] redithe HR. 42 *Hav . . a*] Han saved many a ful H, Haue saved often many a R. 43 *prowessis*] prowesse HR. 44 *yove*] gyven H, yeue R. 45 *Recorde . .*] ¶ Bukoyfal equus Alexandri. Looke of Alisaunder . his hors Bukoyfal H. 46 *tascape*] escape from H, fro R. 47 *olde*] R, old LH. 48 *Toward . . for*] Towardis . . of H, Towarde for R. *ther*] *om.* R. 49 *were*] LH, hit was R. 50 *Remembre*] Now H. *of*] LH, *om.* R. 51 ¶ Galathe equus Hectoris H, in margin. 53 *ofte . . made*] oft . . he made H, Full ofte sithes he made R. 54 *stede of P.*] persaus stede . was callid H, stede . . cleped R. 55 *seyn*] reherse H. 56 *Fame*] LR, name H. 58 *cheualere*] LR, cheuallice H. 59 *Duche, a Rudder*] whiche a Rider . callid H, Duche a rider is calld R (Hexham gives both *Rudder* and *Rider* in his Dutch Dict.). 60 *Aragon . . doth*] LR, Arragoners don H. 61 *which in*] LR, thurghout al H. 62 *took . .*] so toke hys gynnynge H. *name*] LH, named R. 63 *of rydynge*] LR, Ridynge H.

[1] MS. Caualato, alterd to Caualaro, and with "Cavalero" in margin.

The Horse.

(10)

¶ "Thes Emperoures / thes princis & thes kynges, 64
Whan thei been armyd / in bright' plate & mayle,
How could kings fight without horses? Withouten hors / what were here mustrynges,
There brodë Baneres / & there riche apparaile,
To-fore ther Enmyes / to shew them in bataile? 68
Withouten hors / spere, swerde, no sheld
Mihte litel a-vailë / for to holde a feeld. 70

(11)

¶ "The hardy prikeris / vpon hors[ë] bak 71
Be sent to-forn / what ground is best to take,
In that ordynaunce, that ther be no lak
Bi providance / the feelde / whan thei shal make,
An hors wole weepë / for his maistir sake: 75
Chaucer put a brass Horse in his *Squire's Tale.* Chaunser remembrith / the swerd, the ryng, the glas,
Presented wern / vpon a stede of bras. 77

(12)

Zechariah saw 4 diversely-coloured horses. ¶ "Tween to hyllis / the prophete Zacarie 78
Sauñ steedis foure / the first of hem was red,
In charis foure / the feeld to magnyfie;
The secunde was blak / it is no dreed;
The thrydde was whighte / bodi, nek, & hed; 82
The fourthe was dyuers / & euerichon were strong;
And to knyght'hood / alle these colourës longe. 84

(13)

[leaf 68, back] These 4 horses typified Boldness, Soberness, ¶ "The red hors / was tokne of hardynesse, 85
Which Apperteneth / to euery hardy knyht';
The cole-blak hew / a sygne of sobirnesse,

Lines 65, 67 *&*] or H. 67 *&*] LH, or R. 69 *no*] or H, ne R. 70 *to holde*] LR, the conquest of H. 71 *The . . prikeris . . hors*] LR. These . . Rynners . . theyr hors H. 72 *Be . . toforne*] Bien . . afore H. 73 *In that*] In theyr HR. 74 *the . . shal*] how they the fielde shul HR. 75 with '¶ *secundum* Bartho*lomeum* de *proprietatibus rerum*' in margin. 76 *Chaunser . . ryng*] Chawer . . the swerd . rynge R, Chauncier . . the rynge the swerd H. 77 *Presented*] LR, Whiche presented H. 78 *to*] two HR. H has '¶ Montes erant &c. Zakarie .iij°.' in margin. 81 *it is no*] leevith withouten H. 83 *was . . were*] dyuers and eche of hem was H, diuerce of colours / wonder R. 85 *was*] LR, was there H. 87 *a*] LR, *om.* H.

The Horse.

Poraile oppressid / to helpe them in ther right';
The mylk-whiht' steede / that was so glad of siht', 89
Tokne that knyhtĥod / trewly shuld entende,
Holi chirche / & preesthod to deffende. 91

Defence of Holy Church,

(14)

¶ "The many-fold coloures / to speke in generaH, 92
Been sondry vertues / & condicïouns,
As the fower vertues / callid CardynaH
Longyng to knyhthod / tencrese ther hiĥ renouns,
In re publiça / callid the Chaumpiouns, 96
Treuthe to sustene / shewë hem siluen strong',
Bounde bi ther' ordre / to se no man have wrong'.

and the 4 Cardinal Virtues, &c.

(15)

¶ "Withouten hors / Iustis ne turney, att aH 99
May nat be holden, in werrë ne in pees;
Nor in palestre / nor pleyes marcïaH,
Yiff hors do faile / may come to non encres,
Nor no man sothly dar put hym silf in pres 103
Withouten hors / for short conclusïoun,
To atteyne the palme / of tryumphal guerdoun. 105

But for horses, no jousts or tournaments could be held.

(16)

¶ "Lower degrees / ther been of hors al-so, 106
Do grett profite / to euery comounte,
The plouĥ, thë cart / myhtë no thyng' doo
Withouten hors / dayly ye may see:
Tilthë were lost, ne werë hors parde; 110
The besi Marchant' / to his avauntage
Nar shippis & hors / coude make no cariage. 112

Without horses, no plough or cart could move.

Line 89 *of*] LR, a H. *mylk-whight . . so*] LH, white mylke . . was R. 90 *Tokne*] Toknyth HR. 91 *Holi . . preesthod*] The chirche and pristhode, Holi chirche maidens & wedewis holy H. 92 (in margin) ¶ Significant virtutes diuersas ad Miliciam pertinentes H. 93 *vertues*] vertuous 94 *As . . callid*] And . . clepid H. 95 *Longyng . . hihe*] Longen . . to encresen theyr H, longyng . . tencrece their R. 97 *shewe hem siluen*] they ay to shewe hem H, & shewe hem self R. 98 *to se no man*] HR, so no moor L. 99 *hors . . alle*] horses . Ioustes ne turnal H, horse iustes ne tournaill R. 100 *holden*] holde HR. 101 *nor*] no HR. 102 *do*] *om.* H. 103 *Nor*] Ne H. *sothly*] LR, *om.* H. *silf*] LH, *om.* R. 105 *palme of*] LR, *om.* H. 107 *Do . . to*] LR, To . . of H. 108 *myhte no thynge*] neyther myȝhte nat H, ne carte myght nought R. 109 *Withouten*] H, Without L, With oute R. 110 *ne were*] ner we H. *Tilthe*] LH, Tillyng R. *were*] LH, were we R. 111 *besi*] H, best L. 112 *Nar . . hors*] Ner . . horses H. *make*] LH, haue R.

(17)

[leaf 69] *The Horse.*

¶ "The shipe, bi liknesse / is clepid an hors of tree
(Ful notably / who can vndirstond,)
To leden men / & carien ouer see
As don these hors whan thei are come to lond:
The poor man / laditħ vpon a lond
His litel capil / his corn, his mele, to selle;
Whan it is grounde / hors carye it hom from melle.

Poor men use little horses for carrying corn.

(18)

¶ "In Wyntir seson / for to make bele cheere,
The hors is nedeful / wode & stuff to carie;
Wyn, frute, & oyle / to servë thorugħ the yeere
Is brought to vynteres / & to the appotecarie
Divers draggës / & many a letuarie,
Sondry bales / & shortly, al vitaille,
Off the cariágë / hors have the travaille.

Horses carry fuel, food, wine, &c.

(19)

¶ "Hey nor Otis / (playnly who list lerne,)
May from the feeldis / nor the medewis grene
To the garnere / nother to the berne,
Withouten hors / be caried, it is seene;
And to purpos / (I sei right as I meene)
Ther is no best / (to rekne as I be-gan)
So necessarie / as hors is on-to man.

Horses drag hay and oats to granaries.

(20)

¶ "August is a season / mery & glad,
Whan euery tre / with newë frut is lade,
With drauht of hors / the shevis ben hom lad:

In August, horses bring home the sheaves of corn.

Line 113 *bi*] in H, be R. *clepid*] LH, callid R. 115 *carien*] carye hem ouer the see HR. 116 *hors . . arc*] horsis they H, horse whan they R. 117 *vpon*] eke in H, eke ledith in R. 119 *hom . .*] from the mylle H. *from*] *om.* L. And whan it is grounden bringeth it fro ye melle R. 120 *bele*] the beal H, beal R. 121 *The hors is nedeful*] HR, Than is neede L. *stuff*] LH, turf R. 122 *vynteres*] the vynter H. *appotecarie*] potecarye HR. 126 *the . . have*] LR, cariage horsis han H. 127 *lerne*] to lierne H. 128 *feeldis nor*] fieldis . ne H, feldes nor (the medes) R. feeld nor L. 129 *To . . to*] Vnto . . to H, To . . to R, To . . fro L. 130 *Withouten*] H, Without L. 131 *to . . as*] vnto purpos . . herk what H, vnto pourpose I seye as R. 132 *began*] can H. *to*] LH, *om.* R.

That moneth past / the levis gynnë fade, *The Horse.*
Which made, in somer / a plesant' lusti shade:
What doon hors than / (to speke in wordis pleyn),
The secunde crop / thei carie home Roweyn.

(21)

¶ "Bi draught' of hors / fro riveres & fro wellis [leaf 69, back]
Bowges be brought' / to breweres for good ale; Horses also carry water, lead, stone, &c.
Leede, ston, & tymbre / cariage eek for bellis,
We brynge to chyrches / (of trouthe, this is no tale);
We lade cloth sakkis / & many a largë male,
And gladly someres / ar sent euyr to-forn
With gardeviaundis / how myht' we be for-born?

(22)

¶ "Ye prudent Iugis / the Egle & the leoun, Judges,
What I haue saide / doth wisly advertise;
Weieth this mater' / in your' discrecïoun,
Whedir Goos / or Sheepë (pleynly to devise) judge whether Goose or Sheep
Off ther naturë / may in any wise
(Iustly demyth / lat it nat be sparid,) can be compared to a Horse!
Vn-to an hors / be likned & comparid.

(23)

¶ "That I have told / is trouth, & no feynynge;
No wiht' of reson / may a-geyn replie,
Goos nor Gandir / nór no Grene goslynge, Let the Goose speak.
But if he entre / the boundis of Envie:
Lat hir come forth / & say for hir partie." *The Goose.*
¶ "Yis, trust me weel / for the[1] I wil nat spare, ¶ Auca.
Lik as I fele / my verdite to declare:

Line 137 *gynne*] begynne to H, gyn to R. 138 *plesant lusti*] LR, lusti plesaunt H. 139 *What . . than*] Than what don hors H. 140 *home Roweyne*] of Rowayne H, home of ryweyn R. 141 *fro . . & fro*] from . . from & H, fro . . & R. 143 *for*] of H, caryage of bellis R. 144 *We*] horsis H. *of*] LH, in R. 145 *lade*] leede H, lede R. 146 *ar . .*] ever be sent aforn H, be sent to forne R. 147 *we*] hors H, horse R. 150 *Weieth*] LR, Wey H. 152 *may*] LR, mowen H. 153 *demyth*] LH, deme ye R. 154 *&*] LR, or H. 155 *no feynynge*] LR, nat feyned H. 156 *may ageyn*] agenst it may HR. 157 *nór . . nor no*] ne . . ne HR. 158 *he*] they HR. 159 *hir . . hir*] theym . . theyr H, her . . her R. The Goose answers. 160 *Auca*] The Goose H. *trust me weel*] saide the goose H, Ghoos yes truste me wel R.

[1] MS. "the I" with I crost thro.

The Goose.

(24)

The Goose says: You, poor horse, are only on the ground:

¶ "Where-as thou hast / vnto thi pasture 162
But oo place / to make in, thi repair'
It is me graun*t*id / pleynly by nat*u*re

I am in land, water and air.

Tabide in thre' / lond, watir, & ayer',
Now a-mong floures & grevis that been fair', 166
Now bathe / in riveres / swy*mm*e in many a pond,
For stormes & shoure / as drie as on the lond. 168

(25)

[leaf 70]

¶ "To myn entent / mo thyngës ye may seen 169
As men exper*t*ë knowen / that been olde:

Wild geese flying high foretell snow and storms.

Whan wildë gees, hiñe / in the ayer vp fleen,
A pronostik / o snow & wedris colde
With her weenges / displayed & vnfolde. 173
Kalendis bryngë / pleynly for to seye
A-geyn wyntir / how men shal the*m* pur*u*eye. 175

(26)

Goose-grease is good for aches;

¶ "The grees of gandris / is good in medicyne, 176
With sundry gu*mm*ës / tempred for the gout',
Diveres achis taswáge / & to declyne
In the extremytes / drawe the malice out':

Goose-feathers for arrows.

Fetheres of goos / whan thei falle or mout, 180
To gadre he*m* vp / heerdis hem delite,
Selle hem to flatcheres / the grey *with* the whihte.

(27)

¶ "Men plukke stalkes / out of my weengis tweyn, 183
Some to portraye, so*mm*e to noote & write,

Line 162 *as . . vnto*] that . . lo vnto H. 163 *But . . in*] LR, Only but oon . . make H. 164 *It . . pleynly*] Yit is it to me I graunted H, Hit is graunted to me. 165 *Tabide . . watir*] To abide . . in water land H, To abide on water . . londe R. 166 *among . . been*] among . . grenys . . be R, on greues . amonge the floures H. 168 *&*] or H, storme or R. 169 *ye*] LR, eke ye H. 170 *men expert e*] R, men expert H, expert L. *wele*] H. 171 *in . . fleen*] LR, vp in . . flone H. 172, 173] H *and* R *transpose these lines*, H *leaves out* o, *has* frostis *for* wedris, *and* theyr *for* her. R has 'frosti.' 174 *Kalendis*] The kalendis H. 175 *Agayn . . shal*] Agenst . . shulde H. *shal them*] sholde R. 177 *tempred*] medled H. 178 *diveres . . taswage*] Sundry . . to swage H, Dyuerce . . to swagen R. 179 *thextr . . drawe*] the extremytees to drawe H, . . to drawe R. 180 *goos*] ghees R. *mout*] mowte HR. 182 *Selle hem*] LH, To selle to R. 183 *stalkes*] fethers H.

The Goose.

Whan Rethoriciens / han doon ther besy peyn
Fressh Epistolis / & lettris to endite.
With-out writyng / vaileth nat a myte; 187
For, yiff pennys / & writyng were a-way,
Off rémembraunce / we had lost the kay. 189

Goose-quills are used for drawing and writing.

(28)

¶ "Off Gees also / the deede is previd oft 190
In many a contre / and many a regioun,
To make pilwes / & Fether-beddis soft,
Of provident men / plukkid of the doun:
Thus, to make / a pleyn comparisoun, 194
As pilwes been to chaumbris ágreáble,
So is hard strauhe / litteer for the stable. 196

Goose's down makes pillows and feather-beds.

(29)

¶ "The fyme of gees / & greene gos[e]lyngis 197 [leaf 70, back]
Gadred in May / among the herbis soote
A-geyn brennyng, scaldyng / & many othir thynges,
Tempred with oile & Buttir doth gret boote
Tasswage the peyne / that perceth to the roote; 201
But hors[es] dunge / as refus al-way
Is good for forneyssis, temprid with clay. 203

Goose-turds are good for burns;

Horse-dung only for furnaces.

(30)

¶ "A dede hors / is but a fowle careyn, 204
The ayr Infectyng / it is so corrypable;
But a fatt goos / whan it is newe slayn,
In disshis of gold / a morsel ágreáble,
Is sewid vp / atte kyngis table, 208
Swymmyng on lyve / in watris cristallyn;
Tendre rostid / requeerith to have good wyn. 210

A dead Horse is good for nothing;

but a roast Goose is serv'd at a king's table.

Line 188 *yiff*] if that H, yf R. 189 *we had*] LH, than were R. 193 *provident*] providence H, prudence R. 194 *Thus . . pleyn*] Lo thus to make a H. 196 *strauhe / litter*] strawe to litter H, strawe lytter R. 197 *goselynges*] HR, goslyngis L. 198 *the herbis*] LR, these erbis H. 199 *Ageyne*] Agenst H. *many*] LH, *om.* R. 200 *&*] or H. 201 *that*] H, *om.* LR. 202 *hors . .*] horsdunge as refuse . is cast away HR. 203 *forneyssis . . with*] furneys . . with white H, furneis . . with R. 204 *dede*] HR, ded L. *is*] is ne H. 205 *it*] HR, *om.* La, corrupable H, coruptable R. 206 *newe*] R, new LH. 207 *morsel . .*] LH, mussell greable R. 208 *sewid vp atte*] served vp at the H, seruid vpon a R. 210 *Tendre . . good*] LH, Tenderly . . haue R.

The Goose.

(31)

¶ "Through al the lond / of Brutis Albion, 211
For fetherid Arwes / (as I rehersë can)
Goos is the best / (as in *compa*risoun,)
Except fetheris / of Pekok or of Swan):
Bi bowe & Arwis / sith the warr' began, 215
Have ynglysshmen / as it is red in story,
On her enmyes / had many gret victóry. 217

The best arrows are made with goose-feathers.

And with bow and arrow, Englishmen have won great victories.

(32)

¶ "Hors in the feeld / may mustre in *gr*et *pr*ide, 218
Whan thei of trum*pe*tis / here the blody sou*n*;
But whan an Arwe hath *per*ced thoruh his side,
To grou*n*d he goth / & cast his maistir dou*n*:
Entryng the feeld / he pleyeth the leou*n*; 222
What folwith aftir? / his cooreyn stynkith sore;
Sauf skyn & shoon / men leve of hym no more.

When an Arrow pierces a War-horse, down he goes,

rots; and only his skin and shoes are worth anything.

(33)

[leaf 71] ¶ "Mihty capteyns / & knyhtis in the feeld 225
Makë her wardis / & her ordynau*n*ce:
First, men of Armys / with pollax, spere & sheeld,
Sett in dew ordre / to have the gouernau*n*ce,
Which at Peiters / toke the kynge of Frau*n*ce. 229
Thank to the goos / mote be yove of riht,
Which in that feeld / so proudly took her flight.

Poitiers was won by the goose-featherd Bowmen.

The capture of the French king at Poitiers was due to the Goose—the arrows.

(34)

¶ "Slouth of my flight / for hasti necligence 232
Of *pr*esumcion / the goos was left bi-hynde,

Line 211 Side-note: ¶ auca petit Bachum, Mortua vina lacum. *Through*] Though La, Thurghe H, Thurgh R. 213 *as in*] LH, to make R. 214 *fetheris*] . . *or*] the fethers . . . & H, fethers . . & R. 215 *bowe . . warre*] LR, Bowes . . werris H. 216 *as it is red*] Remembrede is H, r. in R. 217 *her . . many*] theyr . . many a H, Of their many a R. 218 *Hors*] LR, Horsis H. *in*] LH, with R. 220 *an . . his*] LR, the . . the H. *thoruh*] LH, *om.* R. 222 *the*] the fiers H. 224 *men . . hym*] of hym profiteth H, ther leveth R. 225 *Mihty*] These H. 226 *Make her . . her*] Maken theyr . . theyr H, Make their . . their R. 228 *dew ordre*] the Renges H, ordre dewe R. 230 *mote be yove*] must be gyve H, most be youen R. 231 *that*] H, here La, the R. 233 *was*] LR, *om.* H.

Whan the famous / worthi duke of Clarence[1] — *The Goose.*

Rood on baiard / with his eynë blynde,— — When the Duke of Clarence left

Fliht' of my fetheris / was put out of mynde; — the Goose-arrows behind,

And, for he sett / of me, that day no fors, — his Horse was no good to him.

Ful litel or nouht' / availed hym his hors.

(35)

¶ "Bookis old / remembren in sentence

Som tyme whan Romë / bi his foon was take, — At a siege of Rome,

The Capitoilë kept / with gret deffence:

Noise of a Gandre / the Capteyn did awake;[2] — a Gander's noise saved the city;

Which thyng remembryd / thei sett vp for his sake,

In her' templis wondir wide & olde, — and a Golden Gander was set up

A largë gandre / forgid of fyn golde. — in the temples

(36)

¶ "His wakir noise / was their savacïoun

Bi which the Capteyn / ran vp to the wall:

Line 234 *worthi*] LH, & worthy R. 235 *eyne*] Ien H, eyen R. 236 *was put*] LR, that day H. 237 *of me that day*] LH, that day of me R. 238 *Ful . . nouht*] LH, So . . nought / what R. 239 *Bookis*] LR, The bookes H. 240 *Som tyme . . foon*] Whilom . . foomen H, Whilom . . foon R. 242 *did awake*] LH, dide wake R. 243 *thyng*] LH, *om.* R. *thei sett vp*] LR, *om.* H. 244 *here templis*] theyr temple . so H, their temples, *om.* wondir . R. 245 *large*] LR, grete H. *of*] LH, al of R. 246 *their*] they H, theire R, the L. 247 *ran vp to*] gate vpon H, ran vpon R.

[1] Thomas, Duke of Clarence (1388?—1421), second son of Henry IV., by his first wife, Mary de Bohun. . . After Henry V.'s marriage, he accompanied the king at his triumphal entry into Paris on Dec. 1, 1420. On Henry's departure for England at the end of Jan. 1421, Clarence was appointed Captain of Normandy and Lieutenant of France in the king's absence. Soon after, he started on a raid thro' Maine and Anjou, and advanced as far as Beaufort-en-Vallée, near the Loire. Meantime the Dauphin had collected his forces, and, being joind by a strong body of Scottish knights, reached Beaugé, in the English rear, on March 21. Clarence, on hearing the news, at once set out with his cavalry, not waiting for the main body of his army. He drove in the Scottish outposts, but was in his turn overwhelmed, and, together with many of the knights who accompanied him, was slain. His defeat was due to his own impatience, and his anxiety to win a victory which might compare with Agincourt. After his death the archers, under the Earl of Salisbury, came up and recovered the bodies of the slain (Cotton MS., Claud. A, viii., leaf 10 *a*). Clarence's body was carried back to England, and buried at Canterbury.—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, lvi., 158, 159.

[2] The Grey Lag-Goose is one of the most wary and knowing of birds, yet the word 'Goose,' as applied to men and women, is a term of ridicule, and this notwithstanding that the bird is credited with having saved Rome; neither can we forget that the Grey Goose feather winged the deadly cloth-yard shafts, which, on many a hard-fought field, against overwhelming odds, brought victory to the side of England.—1897, Dr. Henry O. Forbes in Butler's *British Birds*, iv. 58.

The Goose.

Thus, bi a Gandre / recurèd was the toun,
Callid of the world / Cite most Roiall,
Cite of Citees / that day most principall. 250

Was euyr hors / in bookis that ye can rede,
Pro re publica / that dide sich a deede? 252

(37)

[leaf 71, back] ¶ "In the book / of Chyvaler' de Sygne, [See the E.E.T.S. text]
The stori tellith / (as in sentement,)
Ther were childre / of the Roiall ligne
Born' with cheynes / which, whan' thei wern of rent,
Thei turned to Swannës / by enchantëment, 257
Took her' flight' / (the cronycle is ful cleer',)
And, as swannys / thé swomme in the Riveer'. 259

(38)

¶ "This story is ful Autentik / & old, 260
In frenssh compiled / often rad & seyn':
Of thilkë cheynes / was made a cuppe of gold
Which is yit kept / as sommë folkis seyn,
And bi descent / it longith (in certeyn',) 264
To the Herfordis / ye shal it fynde in dede
Ceriously / who list the storye reede. 266

(39)

¶ "And semblably / nat longë here-to-forn', 267
(I telle this talë / as for my partie)
Ther was a man', in Lumbárdy born',
To a goos turned / bi craft of sorcerye,
A-bood so seuene yeer' / (me list nat lye); 271

The French story is true.

The gold cup made of the chains now belongs to the Hertfords.

Not long ago a Lombard was sorcerized into a goose for 7 years.

Did a Horse ever do a deed like this?

of the most royal city of the world.

In the *Knight of the Swan* romance, when gold chains were torn off children, they turnd to Swans, and swam in the river.

Line 248 *recured*] rekouered HR. 249, 250] H *transposes these lines.* 249 *the . . most*] al the . . most excelent H, the world the cyte moste R. 251 *bookis*] LH, book R. 253 *of*] LH, named of R. 255 *childre*] children HR. 256 *whiche . . rent*] whan they were from hem went H, and whan they were of rent R. 257 *enchantement*] thenchauntement] H. 258 *cronycle*] LH, trouth R. 259 *as . . swomme*] right as . . swamme H, as . . swamme R. 261 *often . .*] ful oft radde and sene H, oft red and seyn R. 262 *thilke*] HR, the L. 263 *as somme folkis*] as that some folk H. 264 *in*] *om.* H. 265 *Herfordis . . it*] Warewyk . . so H, herfordes . . so R, And to the herfordis . yif ye H. 266 *Ceriously / who list*] Ceriously who so liste R. 267 *And . . here*] LR, Right . . ther H. 268 *as*] LR, here as H. *my*] HR, this L. 270 *turned*] Itorned H, y torned R. 271 *Abood*] Boode H, And so abode R. *lye*] H, to l. LR. for to l. H.

His writ fiH of / tho stood he vp a man), *The Goose.*
A-bood with the duke in seruyce of Melan. 273 He then turnd man, and serv'd the Duke of Milan.

(40)

¶ "And for he was / a man) of hiH degre, 274
Born) of good blood / & notable in substaunce,
His kynrede yeuyth a goos / for ther leveré, His kinsfolk bear a Goose on their livery.
The seide merveile / to put in rémembraunce.
Peise alle these thyngis / iustly in balaunce, 278
And lat the hors leven his boost & roos, The Horse can't compare with the
To be comparid / with gandir or with goos. 280 Goose.

(41)

¶ "Withynnë Rome / the Gandre was deified, 281 [leaf 72]
Set in ther' templis / of gret Affeccïoun In Rome the Gander was deified as the Saviour of the town.
Bi senatoures / of costom magnyfied
As cheeff protector / & saviour' of the toun:
Lat hors & sheepë / lay her' bost a-doun, 285
But yiff the Ram), with his brasen belle, Can the Ram make a better case
Can for the sheepe / any bettir story telle." 287 for the Sheep?

(42)

¶ The sheepe was symple / loth to make a-fray, 288 The Sheep is too meek to argue,
Lik a beste / disposid to meeknesse:
The sturdy Ram / aduócat' was that day: so the Ram is his Advocate.
Be-for the Iuges / Anon) he gan hym dresse,
With an exordie / in latyn, this texpresse: 292 *The Ram.*
"Veste purpurea / O Egle, & thou leoun, ¶ Ouis.
Induti sunt Arietes Ouium. 294

(43)

¶ "Off this notáble / RoiaH hiH scripture, 295 St. Augustine
The blessed Doctour Austyn, as I reede,

Line 272 *tho . . vp*] than . . forthe H, than . . vp R. 273 *Abood*] Dwellid H, And bode (in seruyce with the duke of melan) R. 275 *&*] LR, *om.* H. 276 *for*] LR, to H. 278 *these thyngis*] LH, tynges R. 280 *with . . with*] othir with to gandir or La, to gander or to H, To make comparison with gander or ghoos R. 283 *costom*] the toun R. 284 *saviour*] saver HR. *the*] her R. 285 *here*] theyr H, their R. 286 *Ram*] LR, Ram here H. 287 *any*] som HR. 288 ¶ The sheepe spekith *at side*] H, The ram speketh for the sheep R. 289 *Lik*] Ful liche H. 290 *aduocat*] his vocate H, his aduocate R. 291 *Be*] To HR. 292 *in*] of R. 293 *O Egle, & thou leoun ¶ Ouis*] vt rectores gregum HR. 295 *Roialle*] and H.

The Ram.

says the chaste sheep Mary

As by manere / a gostly fayr Figure
Off a chast sheepë / (thus he doth procede,)
Callid Maria, a maide / in thouht' & deede,

begat the Lamb Jesus,

Brouht' forth the lambe / lambe of most vertu,
The lambe of grace / which is callid Ihesu.

(44)

¶ "Austyn callith / this lambe, in his estat'
(Bi many-foldë / recorde of scripture,)

the Royal Lamb who lay down his life for man.

The roial lambe / of colour purpurat,
Which for mankynde / list passioun to endure,
Born of a maide / bi grace, a-geyn nature,
Whan he, bi mene / of hir humylite,
Took the meeke clothyng of our humanyte.

(45)

[leaf 72, back]

¶ "Born bi descent / to be bothe preest & kyng',
Kyng' bi successioun / fro Dauid doun bi line,
Of purpil red / was his Roial clothyng',

The Lamb of God,

This Agnus dei / born of a pure virgyne,
Which wessh a-wey / all venym superfyne

who died for man on Calvary.

On Calverie / whan he for man was ded,
With his pure blood / purpurat & red.

(46)

¶ "This Paschale lamb / withouten spot, al whiht',
Bi his passioun / in Bosra steyned red,
Which cam from Edom / lamb of most delite,
That yaff his bodi / to man in forme of bred

Was ever found in Scripture so solemn a figure of Horse or Goose as of the Paschal Lamb?

On sheerthursday / be-forn ar he was ded.
Was euyr founde / afore this in scripture,
Off hors or goos / so solempne a Figure?

Line 297 *As . . a*] H, Be manere gostly fayr La, Be a maner . . faire of R. 298 *chast . . doth*] meke shepe . thus doth he H, m. s. t. he doth R. 299 *Callid . . decde*] *om.* H. 300 *the . . of*] a lamb that was H, a lambe R. 301 *is callid*] namede is H, whos name was R. 302 and 296 *Austyn*] Augustyn R. *his*] *om.* R. 305 *to*] *om.* HR. 306 *ageyn*] agenst H, agayn R. 307 *bi*] bi the H, be R. 308 *Took the meeke*] List take the H, Toke the R. 310 *fro*] from H, fro R. 311 *purpil*] purpur H. (316 The Lambeth MS. 306 begins here.) 318 *lamb . . most*] this lamb . . grete H, this lambe of R. 320 *beforne ar*] to-fore or H, to-fore R. 321 *euyr . . this*] there euer founde HR.

(47)

The Ram.

¶ "This lamb was Crist / whicħ lyneal doun cam; 323 This Lamb was Christ,
Bi descent / conveide the peedegree descended from Abraham and
Fro the Patriarcħ / I-callid Abraham, Jesse,
Bi Isaac, Iacob / & so doun to Iesse,
Whicħ, bi the vertu / of his humylite, 327
List to be callid the blessed Lord Ihesu, and called for his meekness,
For his hiħ meekenesse / lamb of most vertu. 329 the Lamb.

(48)

¶ "And to reherse / worldly comoditees 330 Of worldly goods
In re publica make no comparison);
Ther is no best / which, in aħ degrees, none profits so the Common Weal
Nouther Tigre / Olifant, nor Gryffon)—
Al thyngës rekned / thoruħ euery region)— 334
Doth so gret profite / hors, nor goos, nor swan,
As doth the Sheepe, vn-to the ese of man). 336 as does the Sheep.

(49)

¶ "Lat be thi bost, thou / hors, & thi Iangelyng! 337 [leaf 73]
Ley doun thi trapures / forgid of plate & maile! Horse! let be thy pride.
Cast of thy brydyl / of gold so fresshe shynyng!
What may thi sadil / or boses the availe? What avail thy bosses?
This gostly lambe / hatħ doon a gret bataile; 341
Bi his meknesse / he offred vp for man), The Lamb has vanquished Satan.
Clad in pure purpil / venquysshid hath Satan). 343

(50)

¶ "The Goos may gagle / the hors may prike & praunce: The Goose may cackle, the Horse may prance,
Neither of hem / in prowes may atteyne
For to be set / or put in rémembraunce
A-geyn the lamb / thouħ thei ther-at disdeyne:
For comon profite / he passiħ bothë tweyne, 348 but, for the common profit,

Line 323 *lyneal*] lineally HR. *doun cam*] cam doun LH, cam R. 324 *Bi . . convaide*] LR, In . . conveyede . bi. *the*] LH, de R. 325 *Icallid*] callid loo H. 328 *Lord*] LH, *om.* R. 329 *hih meekenesse*] mekenesse . . the HR. 330 *to*] LH, for to R. 333 *nor*] ne HR. 335 *nor . . nor*] goos ne HR. 339 *brydyl*] sadil HR. 340 *sadil*] bridel HR. *boses*] bos LH, boces R. 342 *vp for*] LR, for H. 343 *venq . .*] LR, he venquyssede H. 344 *gagle*] cacle H, cakle R. *may*] *om.* R. 345 *prowes*] LH, procesee R. 347 *Ageyn*] LR, Agenst H. *ther-at*] LH, *om.* R.

The Ram.

they are nothing like the Lamb.

Weied & considred / thei be no thyng' liche
To hym in valew / be-tween poore & riche. 350

(51)

¶ " Off Brutis Albion / his wolle is cheeff richesse, 351
Wool is England's greatest wealth (excepting corn), In prys surmountyng / euery othir thyng'
Sauff Greyn & corn) : marchauntis al expresse,
Woolle is cheeff tresoure / in this lond growyng :
To Riche & poorë / this beeste fynt clothyng : 355
Alle Nacïouns / afferme vp to the fulle,
and none better is in the world. In al the world / ther is no bettir wolle. 357

(52)

¶ " Of sheepe al-so / comyth̄ pilet & eke fell, 358
From Sheep come fur and skins, Gadrid in thys lond / for a gret Marchaundise
Caried ovir see / where men may it seh̄ :
The wollë skynnys / makith̄ men to rise
enriching men— To gret richesse / in many sondry wise ; 362
The sheepe al-so / turnyth to gret profite,
furs black and white, To helpe of man / berith furris blak & white. 364

(53)

[leaf 73, back] garments and gloves against the cold, and parchment to write books on. ¶ " Ther is also / made of sheepis skyn), 365
Pilchis & glovis / to dryve awey the cold.
Ther-of also / is made good parchëmyn),
To write on bookes / in quaiers many fold ;
The Ram) of Colcos / bare a flees of gold ; 369
The flees of Gedeon / of deuh̄ délectáble
Was of Maria / a Figure ful notáble. 371

Line 349 *Weied . . liche*] Considre it wele . be-twene pore and riche H, Weye and considere betwene . . R. 350 *To . . riche*] To the lamb in valu . . they be nothynge liche H, To hym in . . . liche R. 351 *Brutis . . his*] LR, Inglande the wulle H. 355 *fynt*] fyndith H, fynde R. 356 *afferme*] affermen it HR. 357 *the . . is*] this . . nys H, the . . is R. 358 *pilet*] pelt H. Lm (Lambeth), pellet R. 359 *in . . a*] to gydre . for H, in . . for R. *Marchaundise*] in margin, later ; *tresoure* dotted under for omission, in text. 360 *ovir*] bi H, over the R. 361 *wolle . . makith*] wullen . . causen H, wulle . . causen R. 363 *turnyth*] tournynge H, tornyth R. 364 *furris blak*] LR, both blak H. 365 *of*] of the HR. 366, 368] as in HR ; La transposes these lines. 368 *on . . in*] on . . and HR, of . . & R. 370 *of . .*] with dewe delitable H, . . delectable R. 371 *ful notable*] LR, delectable H.

(54)

The Ram.

¶ " His fleessh is / natural restauracion);
As summe men seyn / aftir gret siknesse,
Rostid or sodyn / holsom is moton):
Wellid with growel / phisiciens expresse,
Ful nutritiff aftir a gret accesse.
The sheepe al-so / concludyng doutelees
Of his naturë / louyth rest & pes.

Mutton is also wholesome after sickness,

and its broth after great illness.

(55)

¶ " Of the sheepe / is cast a-way no thyng:
His horn for nokkis / to haftis goth the bone;
To the lond / gret profite doth his tirdelyng;
His talwe eke seruyth / for plaistres mo than on;
For harpë strynges / his roppis serue echone;
Of his hed / boilèd holle, with wolle & aH,
Ther comyth a gelle / an oynement ful RoiaH;

No part of the Sheep is lost; neither horns, bones, dung,

fat,

guts,

nor head, which, boild, makes a salve

(56)

¶ " For ache of bonys / & also for brosoure
It remedieth / & dooth men ese ful blyve;
Causith men starkid / bonys to recure;
Dede synnewis / restorith a-geyn to live.
Blak sheepis wolle / with fresh oil of olive—
These men of Armys / with charmys previd good,—
At a streight neede / thei can weel staunchë blood.

that cures aches,

and restores dead sinews to life.

Black Sheep's wool stanches blood.

(57)

¶ " But to the wolff / contrárie of nature
As seyn auctours / it is the humble best,
Louyth no débat / for which eche crëature,

[leaf 74] The Sheep, too, loveth Peace;

Line 373 *seyne*] LR, *om.* H. 374 *sodyn*] LR, soode . right H. 375 *Wellid*] Boyled H. 376 *accesse*] LR, sikenesse H. 377 *doutelees*] doutlees L, douteles R. 378 *louyth*] lovithe ay H. 379 *Of*] Of al H. 381 *To the*] The H, To R. *tirdelynge*] tyrtelyng R. 382 *eke*] *om.* R. 384 *his*] LH, whos R. *boiled holle*] boild La, boylede holle H. 385 *an oynement*] H, an oynemet La, oynement R. 386 *ache*] LH, the ache R. 387 *men*] H, *om.* LaR. *ful*] als H. 388 *starkid / bonys*] stark ioyntes H, of starke Ioyntes R. 389 *Dede . . live*] LaR, *om.* H. 390 *fresh*] *om.* R. *oil of*] oyle HR. 391 *previd*] LR, preve it H. 392 *a . . weel*] strayte nede . therwith H, . . . can wel R. 393 *But to*] Vnto HR. 394 *it . . humble*] is this symple H, is this humble R.

The Ram.

For his party / he woldë lyve in rest.
Where-fore, ye Iugis / I hold it for the best,
Rem publicam / ye must of rihtꝰ preferre,
Alwey consideryng / that pees is bet than werre.

wherefore, ye Judges, since Peace is better than War,

(58)

¶ "In this matere / breffly to conclude,
Pees to preferrë / as to my devis,
Bi many an old / previd symylitude,
Makith no delay / yeuyth to the sheepe the pris,
Of oon assent / sith that ye be wis:
Lat al this werre & striff / be sett a-side,
And vpon pees / dooth withꝫ the sheepe a-bide."

give the Sheep the prize,

and stop all war.

(59)

¶ "Nay," quod the hors / "your request is wronge,
Al thyngꝰ considerid / me were loth to erre:
The sheepe is causë / & hath be ful longe,
Of newë stryvës / & of mortal werre:
The circumstancis / me list nat to defferre:
Thi wolle was cause / & gret occasïoun
Whi the forsworn / and proude Duke of Burgoun

"No," says the Horse, "the Sheep is the cause of war.

For his wool the Duke of Burgundy

(60)

¶ "Cam befor Caleis / with Flemynges nat a fewe,
Which yaff the sakkis / & sarplerꝛes of the toun
To Gaunt & Brugis / his fredam for to shewe,
And of thi wolle / hihtꝰ hem pocessïoun;
But his boistous baistille / first was bete doun;
He vnethe / escapid with the liff:
What but thi wolle / was cause of al the striffꝰ?

attackt Calais;

Line 396 *he wolde*] R, the sheepe wolde H, he wol La. 398 *must*] shulde H, shold R. 399 *Alwey . . than*] . . better than R, Considerynge alwey . the peas is bette the H. 401 *my devis*] LaR, myn advise H. 402 *an*] *om.* R. 403 *Makith . . yeuyth*] Make . . yeue R. 404 *sith . . be*] LaR, sithen . . bien H. 405 *al this*] H, al La, alle R. 407 *youre*] LaR, for youre H. 409 *and*] LaR, and so H. 410 *stryves*] HR, striff La. 411 *to*] *om.* H. 413 *the . . and*] H, that the proude LaR. 415 *sakkis . . of*] LaR, sarpluce . and sakkis in H. 417 *And . . hem*] Of thy wullis theyr gaf theym H, Of . . he hyght hem R. 418 *But*] *om.* HR. 419 *He*] Hym self HR. 420 *wolle*] wulles R. *the*] this HR.

(61)

The Ram.

¶ "Wher richesse is / of wollë & sich good, 421 [leaf 74, back]
Men drawë thidir / that be rekëles,
As Soudïoures / that braynles been, & wood,
To gete baggagë / put hem silf in prees.
Thou Causist werre / and seist thu louest pees; 425
And yiff ther were / no werrë nor bataille,
Lityll or nouht / gret horsis shuld availe." 427

and where wool is plenty, there reckless men gather to plunder.

Without war, too, great Horses would be no good."

(62. *The Goose*)

The Goose.

¶ "No," q*uod* the Goos / "nór my Fetharis white, 428
Withoutë werre / shuld do non Avauntáge,
Nor hookid Arwis / profite but a lite.
To mete oure enmyes / magre ther visage,
And from oure foomen / save vs from damáge, 432
Fliht' of my Fetheris / despite of sheepe echon,
Shal vs defende / a-geyn' our' mortal foon'." 434

"Nor white feathers," says the Goose,

"nor arrows,

which, despite of Sheep, shall save us from our foes."

(63)

The Horse.

¶ "Sothe," q*uod* the hors / "as in my inward siht', 435
Withouten werre / (be-forn' as I yow told),
We may nat save / nor keepë wele our' right',
Our garisonës / nor oure castelis old.
But here this sheepë / rowkyng in his fold, 439
Set litiH stoor / of sword or Arwis keene,
Whan he, in pees, may pasture on the greene. 441

"Without war," says the Horse, "we cannot keep our rights,

but for these the Sheep cares not, if he can feed on the green.

(64)

¶ "Yiff it so stood / that neuer werrë were, 442
Lost were the craft / of thesë Armoreres.
What shuld availë / pollax, sword or spere,

The Armourers' craft would also be gone,

Line 421 *Wher . . wolle*] . . . wulles R, There riches is of wullis H. 422 *that be*] whiche bien H. *rekeles*] recheles R, rekles La. 424 *put*] LaH, they put R. *silf*] LR, forth H. 425 *Thou . . and*] Thus causest thou werre & R, Causist werre LaH. *seist thu*] seystow H. 426 *yiff . . nor*] gyve . . nother H, yf . . ne R. 427 *horsis*] H, hors La, horse R. 428 *quod*] said R. 430 *hookid*] LaR, sharpe H. 431 *enmyes*] ennyes La, enemyes HR. 432 *foomen*] H, enmyes to La, them to R. 433 *despite*] LaR, faute H. 435 *Sothe*] R, Sithe H, Bothe La. 436 *Withouten*] H, Without La, With oute R. *beforne*] to-fore H, afore R. 437 *save*] LaR, sawen H. *wele*] HR, *om.* La. 439 *rowkyng*] H, vukyng La, ruckyng R. 441 *in pes may*] LaR, may in pease H. 442 *Yiff . . stood*] If it so were H. *neuer*] H, no LaR. 443 *these*] *om.* R.

The Horse.

daggers, bows, and crossbows;

Or these daggarës / wrouht' bi coteleres,
Bowës, crosbowës / arwis of fletcheres? 446
These instrumentis / for the werre all wrouht',
Yif werrë stynt / they shuldë serue of nouht'. 448

(65)

[leaf 75]

Knighthood would not flourish,

and no man of Arms gain fortune.

¶ "Her occupacioun / shold have non encres; 449
Knyhthod nat flouren shuld / in his estat';
In euery contre / yiff ther' werë pees,
No man of armys shold be fortunat':
I preve that pees / is grond of all debat, 453
For on five spookis / lik as on a wheel,
Turnyth al the world / who can considre weel. 455

(66)

Further, riches are the cause of Pride.

Pride causes wars,

¶ "Gyn first at pees / which causith most richesse,
& riches is / the originall of pride:
Pride causith / for lak of Rihtwisnesse,
Werre between Rewmys / look on euery side,
Hertis contrarye / in pees can nat A-bide: 460

wars produce poverty,

Thus, fynally / (whoo can considre & see,)
Werre is cheff ground & cause of pouerte. 462

(67)

and when men have lost their treasure,

¶ "Pouert' bi werrë / brouht' to disencrese, 463
For lak of tresoure / than he can no more,
Sauff only this / he crieth aftir pees,
And, compleyneth / on the warris sore:
He seith, 'bi werris / he hath goodis lore, 467
Can no recure / but grutchyng & disdeyn,'
And seith he wold right fayn / have pees a-geyn.

(68)

then they cry out for Peace."

¶ "Thus pride & richesse / to cónclude in a clause, 470
Betwene thextremytes / of pes & pouertee,

Line 446 *of*] R, or La, of the H. 447 *These . . all*] The . . al H, All these Inst . . for the werre La, Alle . . is R. 448 *stynt*] were stint HR. *they shulde*] shuld La. 449 *Her*] Theyr H, Their R. 450 *nat . . shuld*] ne shuld . ilaure H, shold not floure R. 454 *on . . on*] in . . spekis . . as is R. 455 *can considre*] considereth R. 456 *most*] al H, *om.* R. 460 *can*] wil R. 466 *on*] LaR, vpon H. 467 *goodis*] his goodis HR. 469 *And, right*] H, *om.* La. *he*] LaH, the world R. *fayn*] lief H. 471 *Betwene*] LaR, *om.* H. (Scan 'thextremytes' as 1 foot).

The Horse.

Off aH debatis / & werrë, be cheeff cause;
And, sith wollis bryngith in greet plente
Wher thei habou*n*de / (as folk exp*er*t may se),
Than) may I seyn / (yiff men wole takyn keepe,)
Were is brouht' in / al only bi the sheepe.

(69)

The Ram.

¶ "Here is a gentil reson of an hors! ¶ Ouis
I trowë he be fallen / in a dotáge,
Which, of madnesse / bi wollë set no fors,
Falsly affermeth / it doth no*n* ávau*n*táge,
Vertuous plente / may do no damáge:
Sheepe berith his wolle / I told so whan I gan),
Nat for hy*m*-silf, but for p*r*ofit of man).

[leaf 75, back] "Is the Horse mad," says the Sheep, "to say that Wool does no good?

(70)

The Sheep causes no wars.

¶ "Divers comoditees that comen of the sheepe
Causë no werris / what men Iangle or muse,
As in her' gilt / ¶ ye Iuges, takith keepe
What that I sei / her Innocence texcuse!
Of Coveitise / men may falsly mysvse
Her' bëenfatis / & wrongly hem attwite
Of such occasiou*n*s / where he is nat to wite.

Men wrongly blame their benefactors.

(71)

Is the Sheep to blame because men shear him and fight for his wool?

¶ "What is the sheepe / to blamë in your' sight'
Whan) she is shoorn) / & of hir flessh made bare,
Thouh folk of malice / for hir wollis fiht'
Causelees to stryve / foolis wil nat spare:
Where pees restith / thér is al weelfare;

Line 472 *debatis*] La R, delayes H. 473 *sith*] thy H, saith R. 475 *yiff*] yif that H, yf R. 477 *Ouis*] ¶ The Ram spekyth H, The shepe answereth R. 478 *trowe . . a*] trowe . . into som R, leeve he be fal . in grete H. 479 *wolle*] wullis H. *no*] HR, so La. 480 *affermeth*] affermyng HR. 482 *wolle*] flees HR. *so*] *om.* R. 482, 483 H has in margin: ¶ Non sibi, sed Reliquis, Aries sua vellera portat. 483 *Nat*] Nought H, Not R. 484 *Divers*] LaR, *om.* H (scan 'comoditees' as 1 foot). 486 *her . . takith*] her take ye R, his . . taken H. 487 *texcuse*] LaR, to excuse H. 488 *mysvse*] vse H, muse R. 489 *Her . . attwite*] LaR, His . . bewite H. 490 *occasiouns . . he*] lewdenesse . . he H, occasions . . she R. 492 *she . . flessh*] he . . his flees H, she . . her flees R. 493 *hir wollis*] his wulle H, his wollis La, her wulles R. 494 *stryve*] LaR, deryve H. 495 *Where*] Where that H.

The Ram.

The Sheep loves peace, give judgment for him."

And sith the sheepe / louyth̄ pes of Innocence,
Yeuyth̄ to his party / diffynytiff sentence." 497

(72)

The Judges.

The Judges, the Eagle and Lion,

¶ The Roial Egle / the leon' of assent, 498
Al thyng considerid / rehersid heere-to-forn'
Of al̄ these thre / bi good avisëment,
Of hors, of goos, of Ram, with his gret horn',

saw that none of the Three could be lost to the state,

Saul̄ in re publica / myht' nat be for-born', 502
Bi short sentence / tavoydë al discorde,
Cast a meene / to sett hem at a-corde. 504

(73)

[leaf 76] and therefore gave sentence, that neither should dispute,

¶ This was the meene / tavoidë first the stryves, 505
And al old Rancour / with̄ her hertis glade;
Vse her' yiftës / & her' prerogatives
To that same eende / for which̄ that thei were made,
Ware, with̄ presumpcioun / her bakkis be nat lade,

but each fulfil his own function;

Vndevided / with̄ hert(ë), wiH & thouht' 510
To doon her' office / as nature hath̄ hem wrouht'.

(74)

the Horse to work, the Goose to swim, the Sheep to graze and merry make,

¶ The hors, bi kynde, to lyvë in travayle, 512
Goos, with his gooslynges / to swymme in the lake,
The Sheepe, whoos wollë / doth so myche availe,
In hir pasturë grese / & mery make;
Her' comparisouns / bi on assent for-sake, 516

as God intended.

Al-wey remembryng / how god & nature,
To a good ende / made euery creature. 518

Line 497 *Yeuyth . . party*] Yeue ye for his parte R. *to his party*] for his part H. (72) The lyon & egle yeuyng Iugement R. 498 *the leon of*] and the lyon of one R. 499 *toforn*] aforn H, beforn R. 501 *of Ram . . gret*] and Ram with croked' H, and ghoos / and the ram with his R. 502 *nat*] noun R. *forborne*] LaR, forsworn H. 503 *tavoyde*] to avoyde H, to voyden R. 504 *Cast*] They cast H. 505 *tavoide first*] to awoyde al HR. *the*] her R. *stryves*] H, strif La, her striues R. 506 *al . . her*] of olde grucchynge with theyr H,R (less 'of'). 507 *Vse . . here*] To vse they gyftes and theyr H, Vse these ghyftes & thise R. 508 *same*] H, *om.* LaR. *for*] to R, *om.* La. *that*] *om.* H. 509 *Ware*] H, War La. *her*] theyr HR. 510 *Vndevided with*] al . vndevided . in Vndeuoyded in R. 512 *lyve*] lyuen R. 513 *Goos . .*] The ghoos . . his La. *to*] R, *om.* LaH. *his . . swymme*] their goselynges to. 514 *wolle / doth*] wullis . don H, wulles doth R. 515 *hir . . grese*] his . . gresen H, his . . grese R. 516 *Her*] *om.* H, Their R ('-parisouns' is 1 foot). 517 *Alwey . . &*] LaR, Remembrynge hem how god & eke H. 518 *To*] LaR, Til H.

(75)

¶ That noon of hem, to othir / shuld do no wrong; 519 None who are
The ravenous wolf / the sely lambe toppresse;
And thouh oon bé / more than an othir strong, strong should oppress the weak.
To the febler / do no froward duresse.
Al extorcioun / is groundid on falsnesse; 523
Wiħ is no lawe / whethir it be wrong or riht:
Treuthe is put doun / the feeble is put to fliht.

(76)

¶ Odious of old / been aħ comparisouns, 526 Comparisons are odious;
And of comparisons / is gendrid hatereede;
Aħ folk be nat / of lik condicïouns,
Nor lik disposid / of thouht, wil, or deede;
But this fable / whicħ that ye now reede, 530
Contreuëd was / that who that hath grettest part let him who has most of virtue's gifts share them with his friends,
Off vertuous yiftis / shold with his freend depart.

(77)

¶ Thus aħ vertues / alloone hath nat oo man: 533 [leaf 76, back]
That oon lakkiħ / god hath yove a-nothir: one supplying another's lack,
That thou canst nat / parcas a-nothir can:
So entircomon / as brothir doth with brothir;
And if charite / gouerne weele the tothir, 537
And in oo clausë / speke in wordis pleyn, and no man disdaining any other.
That no man shold / of othir ha disdeyn.[1] 539

Line 519 *of hem*] H, *om.* LaR. *no*] *om.* La. 520 *wolf*] HR, *om.* La. 521 *And thouh*] Although La. 522 *no froward*] LaR, none hard H. 524 *no*] now R., 525 *put*] leyd R. 526 *comparisouns*] HR, coparisouns La. 527 *comparisons . .*] hem engendred bien fowle hateredis H. *gendrid*] engendrid R. 528 *lik*] oon H, And alle . . lyke of R. 529 *or deede*] or dedis H, & dede R. 530 *But . .*] For whiche cause this fable that ye rede R, For whiche this fable. whiche that ye redis H. 531 *that who that*] who that H, who R. 532 *freend depart*] LaR, friendis part H. 533 *Thus*] As thus R. *alloone . . oo*] LaR, oon have no lyveng H. 534 *god*] nature HR. 535 *parcas*] LaR, parchaunce H. 536 *So . .*] Entercomen therfore R. *doth with*] LaR, with his H. 537 *And if . . tothir*] If . . Roother H, Yf . . rother R. 538 *And in oo clause*] Al in oon vessel . . to H. 539 *of othir ha*] have . . of othir H.

[1] Below, a later hand has written "Amor uincit omnia." The Roxb. Club reprint of 1822 has no envoy, but says, "Thus endeth the hors, the ghoos, and the sheep."

¶ The Auctour makith a Lenvoie vpon alle the mateere be-fore said.

(78)

Understand the ¶ Off this fable / conceivith the sentence; 540
At good leiser / doth the mateer see,
Which inporteth gret intelligence
Moral of this Fable: Yiff ye list take / the moralite
Profitable to euery comounte, 544
Which includith in many sondry wise,
Don't despise your Neighbour! No man shuld / of hih nor lowe degre,
For no prerogatiff / his neighbore to despise. 547

(79)

Tho you're strong, ¶ Som man is strong / hardi as a leoun 548
To byndë Beeris / or Booris to oppresse,
Wher-as anothir / hath gret discrecïoun:
holy, Som man hooly / liveth in parfitnesse, 551
or rich, A-nothir besi / to gadre gret richesse;
But with al this / tak heed of this emprise,
don't despise your neighbour! No man presume / so hih his hornes dresse,
For no prerogatiff / his neihbour to despise. 555

(80)

[leaf 77] ¶ Trappures of gold / ordeyned were for steedis; 556
Of sheep's wool Sheepe in the pasture / gresen with mekënesse,
Yit of ther wollis / be woven richë weedis,
are made soft pillows and feather-beds. Of smothë doun / maad pilwis for softnesse, 559
Fethirbeddis to sleepe, whan men dresse
Toward Aurora / ageyn til thei arrise:
Don't despise your neighbour! Rolle vp this problem / thynk what it doth expresse:
For no prerogatiffe / thi neihbour nat despise. 563

(81)

¶ The inward meenyng / to-forn as it is told, 564
The hors is tokne / of Marcïal noblesse

The Auctour . .] ¶ The moralite of the hors, the goose, and the sheepe, translated by Dan Iohn Lidgate, H, in margin. Line 540 *the*] this H. 544 *comounte*] comunalte H. 546 *nor*] or H. 547 *to despise*] despise La, to dispise H. 548–555] H omits. 557 *the . . gresen*] theyr . . to grace H. 558 *be woven*] bien wonder H. 560 *whan men*] on whan men hem H. 561 *ageyn*] H. a gey La. 562 *what it*] it H. 564 *meenyng / to forne*] meanes . aforn H.

With his hi belle / & bocis brood of gold.
Estat of Tirantis / the poraile doth oppresse; 567 Tyrants oppress the poor.
The woolff in ffoldis / to sheepë doth duresse,
Rukkyng in ffoldis / for dreed dar net arryse,
Ye that han power / be war in your hiñesse, Don't despise your dependants!
For no prerogatiff, your sogettis to despise. 571

(82)

¶ As pronostatik / clerkis bare witnesse; 572
Both ware of phebus / that erly cast his liht,
Of reyn, of stormis / of myste or of derknesse
Shal aftir folwe / longe or it be nyht, 575
Signe of gret wyntir / whan wild gees tak her fliht
Lik as nature / hir stoundis can devise:
Lat hiñ nor lowe / presumen of his myht,
For no prerogatiff / his neihbour to despise. 579

After sun, come storm and cold. Don't despise your neighbour!

(83)

¶ Of mony strange vncouth simylitude, 580 By Esop's Fables of animals,
Poetis of old / fablis haue contryvid,
Of sheepe, of hors / of Gees, of bestis rude,
Bi which ther wittis / were secretly apprevid, 583 tyrants were reproved.
Vndir covert / tyrauntis eeke reprevid,
Ther oppressiouns & malis to chastise
Bi exanplis / of resoun to be mevid,
For no prerogatiff / poore folk to despise. 587

Don't despise the poor!

(84)

¶ Fortunës cours / dyuersly is dressid 588 [leaf 77, back]
Bi liknessis / of many othir tale;
Man, best, & fowle / & fisshis been oppressid
In ther nature / bi female or bi male: 591
Of grettest fissh / devourid been the smale,
Which in nature / is a ful straungë guyse,

In Nature, the great eat the small.

Line 566 *belle*] bellis H. 568 *ffoldis . . doth*] fieldis the sheepe doth grete H. 569 *dreede*] feer H. 572 *As pronostatik*] H; A pronostik La. 573 *cast*] castith H. 574 *of stormis / of*] storme or H. 576 *wild . . her*] wielde . . theyr H. 577] H. leaves out. 578 *Lat*] Nat H. 582 *of bestis*] and bestis H. 583 *wittis were*] witte was H. 584 *covert*] covert termes H. 586 *exanplis of reason*] example of reason . goodely H. 587 *poore folk*] the poraile H. 589 *liknessis . . othir*] liknes of many another H. 590 *Man*] Men H. 592 *grettest*] grete H (H transposes lines 591, 592).

The Cuckoo kills the Nightingale.

To seen a kokkow / mordre a Nityngale,
An Innocent bird / of hattreede to despise.

(85)

¶ With this processe / who that be wroht or wood,
Thynges contrarie / be founde in euery kynde:
The Churl hates the Gentleman. A cherl of berthë / hatith gentil blood:
It were a monstre / a-geyn nature, as I fynde,
That a gret mastyff should a leoun bynde;
It's bad when Beggars rise, and despise their neighbours. A parlious Clymbyng / whan beggeres vp arise
To hiñ estat—merk this in your mynde—
Bi fals prerogatives / ther neihbours to despise.

(86)

The climbing-up of Fools ¶ Fals supplantyng / clymbyng vp of foolis,
Vnto chairës / of wordly dygnyte,
Lak of discrecioun sett Iobbardis vpon stoolis,
ruins a land. Whicñ hath distroied many a comounte;
Marcolf to sitt / in Salamon-is see;
What folwith aftir? / nor resoun nor Iustise,
They despise their neighbours. Vn-Iust promocioun / & parcialite,
Bi fals prerogativis / the neihboures to despise.

(87)

What's the difference between poor and rich when both die? ¶ Tweene riche & poore / what is the difference,
When deth approchyth / in any crëature,
Sauff a gay tumbë / ffresñ of ápparence?
The riche is shet / with coloures & picture
To hide his careyn / stuffid with fowle ordure;
The poore liñ lowe / aftir the comoun guyse,
Let this teach you not to despise your neighbour. To techyn al proude / of resoun & nature,
For no prerogatiff / ther neihbour to despise.

(88)

[leaf 78] ¶ Ther was a kyngë / whilom as I rede,
As is remembrid / of ful yore a-gon,

Line 597 *contrarie*] outrage H. 601 *parlious*] perilous H. 604 *vp*] om. H. 606 *Lak*] Looke H. 608 *Marcolf . . Salamon-is*] Marchol . . Salamons H. 609 *nor . . nor*] no . . no H. 610 *Vniust*] Iniuste H. 612 *Tweene*] Atwene H. 613 *any*] euery H. 615 *shet*] shitte H. 618 *proude*] prowde men H. 621 *of*] of not H.

Which cast away / croune[1] & purpil weede, [1 ? MS.]
Bi causë that he / knew nat bon fro bon,
Of poore nor riche / hy*m* sempte thei were al on,
Refusid his crōūnë / gan) to aduertise
Pryncis buried / in gold nor p*re*cious ston,
Shuld, of no pompe / ther suggettis nat despise.

A King once gave up his Purple because he held rich and poor equal.

(89)

¶ This thyng was doon / in Alisandris tyme,
Bothë autentik / & historiaH;
Bood nat til nyht' / left' his estat at pryme;
His purpil mantil / his garnement RoiaH,
Texemplifië / in especiaH
To Imp*er*ial power' / what perel is to rise:
Who clymbith hihest / most dredful is his faH.
Beeth war, ye p*r*incis / your' sogetis to despise.

This was in Alexander's time.

Princes, be sure not to despise your subjects!

(90)

¶ Hih & low / wer maad of oo mateer';
Of erthe we cam / to erthe we shal a-geyn);
Thees emp*er*ours / with diadémys cleer',
With ther' victóries / & triu*m*phes in certeyn),
In charis of gold / lat hem nat disdeyn),
Thouh thei, eche day / of newe hem silf disguyse.
Fortune is fals / hir sonne is meynte *with* reyn):
Beth ware, ye pryncis / your' suggettis to despise.

From earth, all came; to earth, all shall go.

Princes! don't despise your subjects!

(91)

¶ Hed & feete / been necessary bothe;
Feet beryn vp aH / & hedis shal p*r*ovide;
Hors, Sheep, & Gees / whi shuld thei bei wrothe,
For ther' comoditees / tabreyden vpon pride?
Nature, his giftis / doth dyversly devide,

Why should Horse, Sheep and Goose quarrel? Nature distributes his gifts diversly.

Line 622 *croune & purpil*] crowne and purpier H. 623 *bon . .*] boon from boon H. 624 *nor*] ne H. 625 *crounne*] corowne and H. 626 *gold nor*] glasse and H. 627 *nat*] to H. 628 *Alisandris*] Alisaunder H. 631 *garnement*] garnementis H. 632 *Texemplifie*] To exemeplifie H. 633 *perel . . rise*] H; powere . . arise La. 635 *Beeth . . to*] Eche man be ware . his neyghburgh H. 636 *mateere*] nature H. 638 H. leaves out. 640 *nat*] have no H. 643 *Beth*] Be H. 645 *beryn*] bere H. 647 *ta . . vpon*] to abrayden vp H. 648 *his*] theyr

He lasts well, who doesn't despise his neighbour.

Whoos power' lastith / from Cartage into Fryse:
He lastith weel / that wisly can a-byde,
For any prerogatiff / his neihbour' to dispise. 651

¶ Conclusio. (92)

[leaf 78, back] Nature has set each beast and fowl its special task;

¶ To beast & foule / Nature hath set a lawe, 652
Ordeyned steedis / in lustis for the knyht;
In carte & plouh / stekkis for to drawe,
Sheepe in the pasture / to gresë day & nyht, 655
Gees to swymme / a-mong' to take ther fliht;

each man too: so det no one despise his neighbour.

Of god & kynde / to takë ther ffraunchise,
Yeuyng' exaumplë / that no maner wiht',
For no prerogatiff / his neihbour' shal dispise. 659

Explicit.

¶ Incipit quedam compilacio de Regibus Anglie.

[leaf 79] ¶ William conqueror.

THis myhti William / Duke of Normandie,
As bookis old[ë] / makë mencïoun, &c.

Line 649 *Fryse*] prise H. 654 *stokkis*] horsis H. 655 *gresc*] grase H. 657 *to take*] taken al H.

Rats Away.

[MS. Rawl. C. 228, fol. 113, fly-leaf. The writing on this page is very illegible.]

I comawnde alle þe ratons þat are here abowte,
þat non dwelle in þis place *with*-inne ne *with*owte,
thorgh þe *ver*tu of ihesu *crist* þat mary bare abowte,
þat alle c[re]aturs owyn for to lowte,
& thorgh þe *ver*tu of mark, mathew, luke, an ion,—
alle foure awangelys corden into on,—
thorgh þe vertu of sent ȝeretrude, *þat* mayde clene,
god *gra*unte *þat* grace
þat [non] raton dwelle in þe place
þat her nanis[1] were nemeled in;
& thorgh þe *ver*tu of sent kasi
þat holy man
þat pr*a*yed to god almyty, for skafhes[2]
þat þei deden
hys medyn
be dayes & be nyȝt,
god bad hem flen & gon out of eu*er*y manesse syȝt.
d*omin*us deus sabaot, emanuel, þe gret gods name,
I be-tweche þes place from ratones & from alle o*þer* schame!
god saue þis place fro alle o*þer* wykked wytes
bo*þe* be dayes & be nytes! & in no*min*e p*at*ris & filii, &c.

I order no rats to dwell here,
by virtue of Christ,
and the Four Evangelists,
St. Gertrude
[1 namis?]
and St. Kasi.
[2 for *skathes*.]
By the Lord God of Sabaoth, Emanuel, I clear this place from rats, and all other shame.

[FOLLOWS: S 8. GOOD MEDICEYN *POUR* LE DROPESY, &c.]

Twelve Points for Purchasers of Land to Look to.

[*Fol.* 203, *col.* 1, *MS. Lambeth* 306.]

Who-so wylle be ware of purchassyng,
Consydre theese poyntes folowyng:—

See that your land is free

.1. Fyrst, se that the lande be cleere,
.2. And the tytle of the sellere,
.3. That it stonde in no dawngeer

from women's dower,

Of no womans doweere;
.4. And whethir the lande be bonde or free,
.5. And the leese or releese of the feoffe.
.6. Se that the seller be of age,

and from mortgage and entail.

.7. And whethir it be in any morgage;
.8. Looke if ther-of a tayle be fownde,
.9. And whethir it stonde in any statute bownde;

Look to the quit-rent,

.10. Consydre what *ser*uyce longyth ther-to,
.11. And the quyterent that there-of owte shall goo:

and have a conveyance in fee.

.12. And yf thou may in any wyse
Make thy chartyr on warantyse
To thyne heyres & assygnes all-so,
This shall a wyse purchasser doo:

In ten years your land will bring back your purchase-money.

And yn tenne yere, if ye wyse bee,
ye shall a-geyne youre syluer see.

Like thy Audience, so utter thy Language.

TWO VERSIONS.

1. MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4. 12, leaf 82.

2. Harl. MS. 2255, leaf 1.

Lyke thyn Audience, so vttyr thy Langage.

(BY LYDGATE.)

[*MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh.* 4. 12, *leaf* 82.]

(1)

I CounseH, what-so-euer thow be
Off polycye, forsight, and prudence,
If thou wilt live in peace, .Yf yow wilt lyffe in pease and vnite,
Conforme thiself and thynk on *this* sentence,
Whersoeuer thow hold[1] residence;
Among woluys be woluysch of corage;
like thine audience utter thy language. A leoun *with* leonnys; a lambe, for Innocence;
lyke[2] thyn audience, so vttyr thy langage.

(2)

¶ The vnicorne is cawght *with* maydyns song,
By disposicion, record of scripture;
With cormorants, make thy neck long; *with* cormerantes make thy nekke[3] long
In pondys depe thy pray to recouere;[4]
among foxes, be foxish. Among foxys be foxische of nature;
Among rauenours[5] thynk for ávantage;
with empty hand men may no hawkes lure,
And like thyn audience, so vttyr thy langage.

(3)

With holy men, talk holiness; ¶ *With* holy men speke[6] of holynesse,
And *with* a glotyn be delicate of thy fare;[7]
With drownkyn men, do surfettes by excesse,
And among wasters, no spendyng that þou spare;

A. = Addit. MS. 34,360. [1] That . . holdist A. [2] And lyke A. [3] nekke A, nek L. [4] prayes to recure A. [5] Raveyers A. [6] trete A. [7] welfare A.

Lyke the Audience, so vttir thy language.

(*Harl MS.* 2255, *leaf* 1. 15 *Stanzas of eights abab bcbc.*)

Consulo, quisquis eris / qui pacis federa queris,
Consonus esto lupis / cum quibus esse cupis.

(1)

I Conseyl, what-so-euyr thou be
Off policye / forsight and prudence,
Yiff thou wilt lyve in pees and vnite,
Conforme thy sylff / and thynk on this sentence
Wher-so-evere / thou hoold residence.
Among woluys / be woluyssñ of corage,
Leoun with leouns / a lamb for Innocence,
Lyke the audience / so vttir thy language.

(2)

¶ The Vnycorn / is cauñt with maydenys song
By dispocicioun / récord of scripture;
With Cormerawntys / make thy nekkë long,
In pondys deepe, thy prayës to recure;
Among ffoxis / be ffoxissñ of nature;
Among ravynours / thynk, for avauntage,
With empty hand / men may noon haukys lure;
And lyke the audience / so vttir thy language.

(3)

¶ With hooly men / spekë of hoolynesse;
And with a glotoun / be delicat of thy ffare;
With dronkë men / do surfetys by excesse;
And among wastours, no spendyng that thou spare;

With wodcokkes, lerne for to dare; 21

with pillagers sharpen thy knife.

And sharp thy knyfe *with* pilowrs for pilage;
like the market, so praysë thy chafare;[1]
And like thyn audience, so vttyr thy langage. 24

(4)

¶ *With* an ottyr, spare ryuer none, ne ponde; 25

With ferrets, rob rabbit burrows;

with hem that fyrrettyth, robbe conyng herthys;[2]
A blode-hounde, *with* bowe and arow in honde,
Mawgre the wache of fosters and parkerrys. 28

[leaf 82, back] with thy fellows, spare not thy life.

like thy felishyp, spare no dawngers,
For lyfe ne dethe, thy lyfe to[3] putt in morgage
Among knythys, squyrys, chanownys, monkes, frerys,
like thy audience, so[4] vttyr thy langage. 32

(5)

Remember Daniel's case,

¶ Daniel lay,[5] a prophet full notable 33
Of god, *preser*uyd in prison *with* lyouns;
Where god list spare, a tygre is not ven*g*eable,
No cruel best,[6] berys, nor grifonys; 36

and fear not to be in caves with dragons.

And yf[7] thow be in cavys *with* dragownys,
Remembre how Abacuk browght þe potage
So ferre to danyel, thorow many regionys;
As case requirith,[8] so vttyr thy langage. 40

(6)

With wise men, talk of Wisdom;

¶ *With* wise men talke of sapience, 41
with philosophers speke of philosophye;
with schipmen, sailyng, that haf exp*e*rience,
In trobly sëys[9] how they schall hem guye; 44

with poets, of poetry; but be not presumptuous.

And *with* poetys talk of poetry;
Be not *pre*sumptuose of chere ne of[10] visage,
But where thow cu*m*myst in any cu*m*pany,
like thyn audience,[11] so vttyr thy langage. 48

[1] ware A. [2] feret . . kunnynggers A. [3] to *om.* A. [4] so A, *om.* T. [5] callid A. [6] Nor no cruel bestis [7] though [8] Thus like thyn audience [9] sees A. [10] of, *om.* A. [11] as case requyrith A.

With woodëcokkys / lernë for to dare;
And Sharpe thy knyff / with pilours, for piláge:
Lyke the markét / so preysë thy chaffare;
And lyke the audience / so vttre thy languáge.

(4)

¶ With an **Otir** / spare Ryveer noon, nor pond[e]; [leaf 1, back]
With them that forett / robbë conyngerys,—
A bloodhound, with bowe & arwe in hond[e],—
Mawgre the wach̄ / of[e] fosterys and parkerys.
Lyke thy felaship / sparë no daungerys
For lyff nor deth̄ / thy lyff put in morgáge
Mong knyhtës, squyers / chanouns, monkës, fryers:
Like the Audience / vttir thy languáge.

(5)

¶ Danyel lay / a prophete ful notáble,
Of[e] god preservyd / in prysoun with lyouns:
Where god lyst spare / a Tygre is nat vengáble,
No cruel beestys / **Berys** nor **Gryffouns**;
And yif[e] thu be in Cavys with dragouns,
Remembre how **Abácuk** / brought the potage
So ferre to **Danyel** / to many regïouns:
As caas requerith / so vttre thy languáge.

(6)

¶ With wysëmen / talkë of[e] Sapience;
With philisóphres / speke of[e] philosophie;
With shipmen seyleng / that haue experience
In troubly sëis / how thay shal hem guye;
And with **Poëtys** / talke of[e] **Poetrye**;
Be nat to presumptuous[1] / of cheer nor of viság̃e,
But where thou comest in ony companye,
Like the audience, so vttir thy languáge.

[1] 'presumptuous' stands for one foot.

(7)

¶ Thys lityH ditty concludyth in menyng, 49
Who that cast hym thys reule for to kepe,
In everything conform to thy company, Mot conforme hym like in eu*e*ry thyng,
Where he shall byde, vnto the[1] felyshype: 52
with wachemen wake, *with* sloggy folke*s*[2] slepe
with wode men wode, *with* frentyke men[3] sauage;
and like thine audience uttor thy language. Renne *with* bestys, *with* wyldë[4] wormys crepe,
And like the[5] audience, vttyr thy[6] langage. 56

(8)

¶ Among aH these, I counseH the[7] take hede 57
Where thow abydyst or rest[8] in any place.
[leaf 83] In chefe, loue god, and *with* þi loue haf drede,
But love God, and fear to trespass against Him. And be fereful, agayne hym to trespace: 60
with vertuose folk[9] encresë shaH þi grace;
And viciose men[10] arn cause of gret damage;
In eu*e*ry feliship so for þi self purchace
Where ve*r*tu regnyth, there[11] vttyr thi langage. 64

(9)

Be content with little. ¶ Be payed[12] *with* liteH, content *with* suffisance; 65
Clyme not to hygh, thus byddyth[13] socrates,
Glad pouert is of tresours[14] most substance;
And Catoñ seyth, is[15] none so gret encrese 68
Peace is of more worth than money. Of worldly tresowre, as for to lyve in pease,
Which among ve*r*tues hath þe vasselage;
Diogenes told Alexander I takë record of[16] diogenes,
which to Alysaunde*r* had thys langage:— 72

(10)

¶ Hys palace was a lytyl poore tonne, 73
Which on a whelë he gan *with* hym cary,[17]
to get from between him and the sun. Bad thys empe*r*owre 'ryde out of hys sonne,'
which[18] demyd hymself richar than kyng dary; 76

[1] Thy A. [2] men A. [3] men A, *om.* C.
[4] wyld C, wielde A. [5] thyn A. [6] hys C, so vtter thy A.
[7] Among . . the A, Mong . . ȝit C. [8] Restis A. [9] man A.
[10] folk A. [11] so A. [12] pleased A. [13] saith A. [14] of tresoure is A.
[15] there is A. [16] to recorde . the philosofre Diogenes A.
[17] with hym he dide A. [18] MS. wihch

(7)

¶ This litel ditee / concludith in menyng, 49 [leaf 2]
Who that cast hym / this rewlë for to kepe,
Not conforme hym / lyke in euery thyng
Wher he shal byde / vnto the felashipe: 52
With wachmen, wake / with sloggy folk*is*, sleepe;
With woodmen, wood / *with* frentyk folk, savage;
Renne with beestys / with wildë wormys creepe,
And like the audience / vttir thy language. 56

(8)

¶ Mong allë thes / I counceyl yit take heed *Verba translatoris*
Wher thu abydest / or reste in any place:
In cheef, loue god / and with thy love ha dreed,
And be feerful / a-geyn hym to trespace: 60
With vertuous men / encrecë shall thy grace;
And vicious folk / arn cause of gret damage;
In euery Felaship / so for thy silf purchace:
Wher vertu regnyth / thu vttir thy language. 64

(9)

¶ Be paied with litel / content with suffisaunce; 65
Clymbe nat to hih / thus biddith Socrates:
Glad pouert / is of tresowres most substaunce;
And Catoun seith / is noon so greet encres 68
Off wordly tresoure / as for to live in pees,
Which, among vertues / hath the Vasselage,
I takë record / of Diogenees,
Which to Alisaundre / had this language:— 72

(10)

¶ His paleys / was a litel poorë tonne, 73 [leaf 2, back]
Which, on a wheel / with hym he gan carye;
Bad this Emperour / ride out of his sonne,
Which dempt hym-sylf / richer than kyng Darye,

kept *with* hys vesaile from wyndes[1] *con*trary, 77
Where-in he maad daily hys passage;

He cared not for princes,

Thys philosophre *with* *pr*inces list not[2] tary,
Ne in theire[3] *pr*esence to vttyr noo langage. 80

(11)

¶ A-twene theis tweyn a gret *com*parisoñ: 81
kyng alysaund*er*, he co*n*querryd aH;

though he lay in a tub;

Dyogenes lay in a smaH dongeon,[4]
In sondre wedyrs which[5] turnyd as baH; 84

and soon Fortune gave Alexander a fall.

Fortune to Alisaund*er* gaf a sodayne faH;
The philosophre despised hys coig*n*age,
he thowght ve*r*tu was more imperiaH,
Than hys aquayntance *with* aH[6] hys prowd
langage. 88

(12)[7]

[leaf 83, back] Antony and Paul despised riches,

¶ Antonye and poule despised aH richesse 89
lyuyd in desert of wilfuH pouert;

while Cæsar and Pompey brought cruelty about.

Cesar and pompey of martiaH wodnesse,
By theyr enuyose co*m*passyd cruelte, 92
Twene germany and affrik was gret en*m*yte;
Noo co*m*per*i*son twene good grayne and forage;
Prayse eue*r*y thyng like to hys degre,
And like þ^e audience, so vttyr þ^i langage. 95

(13)

I saw a picture armed with virtues,

¶ I founde a liknesse depict vpon a waH, 97
Armyd in ve*r*tues, as I walkyd vp and downe,
The hede of thre, fuH solempne and roiall,
Intellect*us*, mem*o*rye, and resoune; 100

with eyes and ears of discretion, mouth and tongue avoiding detraction,

with eyne[8] and erys of clere discrec*c*ion,
Mowth and tongge avoydyng aH[9] outrage,
A-gayne the vice of fals detracc*i*on,
To do no surfett in word ne in[10] langage; 104

[1] vessel . from wynde most A. [2] the prince . list nat to A. [3] Not in his A. [4] tonne A. [5] Like s. w. A. [6] his grete riches . for al A. [7] This st. left out by A. [8] yen A. [9] to-avoyde al A. [10] in A, *om.* C.

Kept with his vessel / fro wyndis moost contrarye, 77
Wherin he madë / daily his passáge.
This philisóphre / with pryncys lyst nat tarye,
Nor, in ther' presence / to vttre no languáge. 80

(11)

¶ Attwen thes tweyne / a greet comparysoun: 81
Kyng **Alisaundir'** / he conquéryd al;
Diogenes / lay in a smal dongoun,
Lyke sondry wedrys / which turnyd as a bal. 84
Fortune to **Alisaundir'** / gaff' a sodeyn Fal;
The philisophre / disposed his coignage;
He thoulit vertu / was moor Imperrial
Than his acqueyntaunce / with al his proud languáge. 88

(12)

¶ Antonye and **Poule** / dispisid al richesse; 89
Lyved in desert / of wilful poverte.
Cesar and **Pompey** / of' marcïal woodnesse,
By ther' Envïous / compassyd cruelte; 92
Twen **Germanye** / and **Affryk** / was gret Enmyte.
No comparisoun / twen good greyn and Foráge;
Preise euery thyng / like to his degre,
And, lyke the Audience / so vttir thy languáge. 96

(13)

¶ I fond a lyknesse / depict vpon a wal, 97
Armed in vertues / as I walk vp and doun:
The hed of' thre / ful solempne and Roial,
Intellectus / **Memórye** / and **Resoun**, 100
With eyen / and Erys / of' cleer' discrecïoun:
Mouth and tonge, avoiden al outráge
A-geyn the vice / of' fals detraccïoun,
To do no Surfet / in woord nor in languáge. 104

(14)

hand and arms ¶ Handys[1] and armys *with* thys discrecion,
Where[2] so man haf[3] force or febilnesse;
giving help, Treuly to mene in hys affeccion;
following Righteousness, For[4] ffraude or fauour, to folow ryghtwisnesse;
Entrailys, inward deuocion *with* mekenesse.
far surpassing Pygmalion's image. Passyng pigmalion, which grauyd hys ymage,
Prayd to venus, of louers chef goddesse,
To grant it lyfe and qwiknesse of langage.

(15)

May Christ make such an image in our conscience ¶ Off hole entent pray we to crist ihesu,
To qwik[5] a figure in owre conscience:
Reason as hede, *with* membres of vertu
A-forne rehersyd breuely in sentence,
Vndir support of hys magnificence.
Crist list so[6] gouerne owre worldly pilgremage,
that to His content we may utter our language. Twene[7] vice and vertu to set a difference,
To hys plesaunce to vttyr owre[8] langage.

EXPLICIT.

[1] Handis A, Hand' C. [2] Whether A. [3] had A.
[4] from A. [5] quykene A. [6] so list A. [7] Atwene A.
[8] his A.

(14)

¶ Hand and armys / with this discrecioun,
Wher'-so man hauë / force or Febilnesse,
Trewly to meene / in his affecciõun,
For fraude or favour' / to folwe riȝtwisnesse,
Entrailes inward / devocioun with meeknesse
Passyng Pigmalioun[1] / which graued his ymáge,
Prayd to Venus / of' lovers / cheef' goddesse,
To graunt it lyff' / and quyknesse of' languáge.

(15)

¶ Of' hool entent / pray we to Crist ihesu
To quyke a figure / in our' conscience:
Reson as hed / with membris of' vertu
A-forn rehersyd / breefly in sentence,
Vndir support / of' his magnificence.
Crist so lyst governe / our' wordly pilgrymáge
Tween vice and vertu / to sette a difference,
To his plesaunce / to vttren our languáge.

Explicit.

[1] 'Pigmalioun' stands for one measure.

[The next Balade of Lydgate's against false Bakers and Millers is put in to fill the blank page at the back of this, tho' it's only a fragment. It happens to be the last leaf of this Harl. MS. 2255, and so, just handy.]

Put thieving Millers and Bakers in the Pillory.

[*Harl. MS.* 2255, *leaf* 137 *and last.*]

[*Harleian Catalog* ii. 594, on MS. 2255, art. 45. The conclusion of some Ditty (not now easily to be found out) in three Stanzas . . . These Stanzas plainly set forth the Punishment inflicted upon thievish Millers and Bakers, by putting them not only into the Tumbrell, as of old, but into Wooden Bastile, as Hudibras says, by which, in this place is not to be understood the Stocks, but a Superior and more Conspicuous Machine, called the Pillory.]

(1)

Put out the rogue's head.

¶ Put out his hed / lyst nat for to dare, 1
But lyke a man / vpon that tour to a-byde,

Shy eggs at him,

For Cast of eggys / wil not Oonys spare,
Tyl he be quaylled / body, bak, and syde; 4

and gild his head.

His heed endooryd / and, of verray pryde,

Put out his arms: the holes are wide.

Put out his Armys / shewith abrood his face,
The fenestrallys / be made for hym so wyde,
Cleymyth to been / a capteyn of that place. 8

(2)

This bastile belongs to false Bakers.

¶ The bastyle longith / of verray dewë ryght, 9
To fals bakerys / it is trewe herytage,
Severall to them / this knoweth euery wyght,
Be kynde assyngned / for their sittyng stage, 12
Wheer they may freely / shewe out ther visage
Whan they take oonys / there possessioun,
Owthir in youthë / or in myddyl age:

Don't take 'em out of it.

Men doon hem wrong / yif they take hym doun.

(3)

Let Millers and Bakers form a Guild,

¶ Let mellerys and bakerys / gadre hem a gilde, 17
And alle of Assent / make a fraternite;

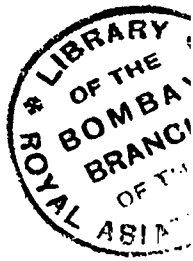
and build a Chapel under the Pillory.

Vndir the pillory / a litil Chapell bylde,
The place amorteyse / and purchase liberte 20
For allë thoo / that of ther noumbre be,
What-evir it coost / afftir that they wende,
They may cleyme / be Iust auctorite,

There they should be hangd.

Vpon that bastile / to make an ende. 24

Explicit, quod Lydgate /



(86) Proverbys of Howsholde-kepyng.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *fol.* 64; ? ab. 1530 A.D.]

THE DOCTRYNALL *PRINCYPLIS* & *PROVERBYS* YCONOMIE, OR HOWSOLDE KEPYNG, SENT FROM SAYNT BERNARDE, VNTO RAYMONDE, LORDE OF AMBROSE CASTELLE.

(1) Attende that if thy charg*is* of thy houce & thi Rent*is* be egall, A soden chavnce may sone distroye the of yt.

(2) A Ruynoys houce is the state of a negligent man.

(3) The neglygens of a Ruler ys compared vnto a gret fyre bry*nnyng* vp-an a houce.

(4) Peyse wisely the besynes & the purpose of them wich a*m*mynyst*er* thy goodes.

(5) To hym that is in the wey of poverte, & not fully power, it is lesse shame to spare, than vtterly to fawle.

(6) It is wysdome, ofte to se thin owne goodis, how they bene dysposid.

(7) Chargeabyl mariag*is* cawse hurte *with*oute wurshype.

(8) Charge or expense for chyvalrye is wurshypfull.

(9) Charge for helpyng of frendys is resonabyl.

(10) Charge for helpyng of wasters ys but losse.

(11) Consyder the mete & the drynke of thy bestys, for though they hungyr, they aske not.

(12) Feede thi howce *with* groce, & not *with* delycate meete.

(13) The glotone onethis chaungyth hym before his deth.

(14) Glotony of a vyle neglygent m*an* is but corruptio*un*.

(15) Glotony of a besy m*an* is to hym a solace.

(16) Feede thy howce at pry[*n*]cipalle festes, plentevosly, but not delycatly.

(17) Make a plee betwyx glotony and thy pursse. Nevyrthelesse be ware to which of thise two thow be advocate, or what sentens thou geue betwyx them, for glotony hath effectuaH wytnes.

(18) The pursse aH-so *p*rovith evidently for hyr, be cofrys & celerys wastynge.

(19) Thow demyst a-mysse a-gens glotonye, whan covetyse bynd'ith or knyttith thy pursse.

(20) Covetyse shaH nevyr deme ryght be-twyx glotonye & the pursse, For [1] covetyse is distroyer of hym selfe.

(21) Covetise is not ellys, but evyr in powre lyving, and evyr to be a-ferde of poverte.

(22) The covytous man lyvith ryght wysli in him selfe, in that he lesith not, but kepith to othirs advayle. Bettyr it is, to kepe for othir, than to leese in hym selfe.

(23) In Plente of corne, desyre no derth; for he that lovith it, is a dystroyer of power men.

(24) Sel thi corne at a lowe price, & not whan yt may not [be] bought of powre men: Not oonly to thy neyghbours, but allso to thyne enmyse, for litel pryce; for ofte the enmy is easelyer venquysied *with* *ser*uice than *with* stroke of swerde.

(25) Pride ageynste frende or neyghboure, is as a bath where men feer the thondyr strooke.

(26) Be ware of straungers while thou haste an enmye, & se weH to his wayes.

(27) Debylite of an enmye is no sure peace, but truce for a seasoñ.

(28) Iffe thou suppoce the sure whiH thou haste an enmye, thow puttyst thi sellfe in peryH.

(29) Be not curyous to wete or knowe what thin suspect women do. Thow shalte nevyr be curyd if thowe oonys knowe the cryme of thyne owne true wyfe.

(30) In heryng of othir mens wyfes, thow shalte aswage the sorwe of thyn owne.

(31) A nobyH and a wurshipfuH hert nevyr askyth of womens dedys.

(32) Thowe shalte bettyr chastise a shrode wyfe *with* myrthe, then *with* strokes or smytyng.

[1] leaf 64, col. 2.

(33) An olde commyn woman, if the lawe woulde suffyr, shulde be buryed quyke.

(34) A costefull clothe is tokyn of poverte.

(35) A sity garment is yrkesome to neybors.

(36) Pleace *with* thi dedys rathir than *with* thy clothis.

(37) A woman havyng clothis, & evir desyryng mo, lakkyth stedefastnes.

(38) Holde hym thy bettir frende, [1]that rather geuith his goodys, than hym whiche offerth the his persoone.

(39) Holde not [him] thy Frende that praysith the, present.

(40) Yiff thow cowncel thy frende, folowe reason, & not his plesure.

(41) Sey not to thy frende "do thus," but "me thynkyth thow mytyste do thus"; For yf ought fall a-mysse, thowe mayste soner be blamyd, than shuldyst be thanckyde yf thy councel avaylede.

Nota. Se what folowth to them that love mynstrels.

(42) A man that Intendyth to mynstrels, shall soone be weddyd to poverte, & his sonne shall hyte derisioun.

(43) Iff mynstrels pleace the, feyne as thow herde them, but thynke vppone a-nother.

(44) He that lawith at a mynstrels worde, gevith to hym a wedde.

(45) Rebukyng mynstrels ben well wurthy dethe.

(46) Instrumentis of mynstrelsy seldome doth pleace god.

---

(47) Put from the a proude servaunte, as hym that shulde be thy enemye.

(48) Allso repelle that seruavnte that vsith to blaundysh the.

(49) Wythstande the seruaunte that praysith the, for ellys he thynkyth the for to deceyve.

(50) Loue that servaunte as thy childe, that sone is ashamyde.

(51) Yf thou wilte bylde, let necessite induce the ther-to, and not luste of howsynge.

(52) Covetyse of byldyng, in bildyng is not lessid.

(53) Inordynat[2] bilding causith hasty sale of placys.

[1] leaf 64, back. [2] MS. In inordynat.

(54) A performyd towre & a baare cofyr make, ovyr late, the greate bilder wyse.

(55) Sel thyne howce to hym [1]that wyH geue moste.

(56) Bettir it is to suffyr greate hungyr than sale of patrymonye.

(57) Selle no parte of thyne heritage vnto thy bettyr, but for lesse pryce selle yt to thy subiecte.

(58) What is vsure, but venyme of patrymonye, and a lawfuH thefe that tellyth ys entent.

(59) By right nought with felawshippe of thyne bettyr.

(60) Suffyr patiently thy power felowshippe, & coople the not to the strawnger.

(61) Evyr-lastyng god oonely ys sobyr yn plente & scarsnes of wynes.

(62) Drunkeshippe doyth ryght nought evynly, but whan yt ovyrthroughith.

(63) Yf thow felyst stronge wynes, fle felyshippe: seke slepe rathir than talkyng.

(64) The drunke man with wordys accusith his owne excesse.

(65) It besemyth not a yonge man to be A tasteoure of wynes.

(66) Fle & estchue A leche that is drunkelewe.

Nota. (67) Be ware of that leche which by the woulde take experyens howe he myght hele a-nothir.

(68) Smale whelpes, leeve to ladyse & clerkys. [See *Wyclif*, E.E.T.S., 1880, p. 12.]

(69) Waker howndes been profitable.

(70) Howndes of venery coste more then they aveyle.

(71) Make not thy sonne, stuarde of thy goodys.

(72) Say not in thy selfe, 'what a-vaylith aH doctryne, yf fortune lyste not to favoure?' I haue seene folys leevyng contyngence, accuse them-selfe infortunat, of whom the wyse man seledom complaynith.

(73) Wyse laboure & myshappe seldom mete to-gyder, but yet sluggednes & myshappe be seldome dyssevyrde.

(74) The slugge lokyth to be holpe [2]of god that commawndyth men to waake in the worlde.

(75) Peyse the eese of thyne expence *with* the laboure of thy getynge.

[1] leaf 64, back, col. 2. [2] leaf 65.

(76) Commytte thyne age [to] thy god rather than to thy sonne.

(77) In dysposyng thy legatys [*sic*], pay firste thy servanntis.

Nota. (78) Commytte not thi soule to swych as loue thy persone, but rather to them which loue her owne sowles.

(79) Dispose thi goodys or sykenes take the.

(80) He that is a seruaunt to sykenes, may no testament make.

(81) Free, theerfore, & in helthꝫ, make thowe thy testament.

(82) Here what thi chyldern wyꝺ doo aftyr thy dethꝫ. Peraventure thei seke departysion of ther heritage.

(83) If thi chylderne bene gentilmeñ, it ys bettyr they be dyvydid in the worlde, then her heritage shulde be deuydide.

(84) Yff thi childryn be laborers, let them do as th[e]i wyꝺ.

(85) Yf thei be merchauntes, dyvision of heritage is bettyr than commvnion, that the infortune of oone hurte not the other.

(86) Iff the mothir of them seke to be maride, she doth folyly, and, woulde god, in-to the bewailyng of her, for her trespas, she myght be weddid to a yonge mane, For suche oone shulde sone caste her a-way & consume her goodes, and so oone cuppe of sorowe shulde be comvne to them bothe.

[*Follows:* The list of Books proscribd on the 1st Sunday of Advent, 1531, p. 62.]

The Height of Christ, our Lady, &c.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *fol.* 203, *col.* 2.]

THE LONGITUDE OF MEN FOLOWYNG.

Moyses .xiij. fote & viij ynches & dimidium.

Cryste .vj. fote & iij ynches.

Our lady .vj. fote & viij ynches.

Crystoferus .xvij. fote & viij ynches.

Kyng Alysaunder .iiij. fote & v ynches.

Colbronde .xvij. fote & ij ynches & dimidium.

Syr Gy .x. fote. iij ynches & dimidium.

Seynt thomas of Caunterbery .vij. fote saue a ynche.

Long Mores, a man of yrelonde borne, & seruaunt to kyng Edward the iiijth .vj. fote & x. ynches & dimidium.

[Printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, v. 1, p. 200, with Ey for Gy, and "half" for the contraction *di.*]

List of 30 Books Proscribed in 1551.

[*MS. Lambeth*, 306, *fol.* 65, *col.* 2.]

Memorandum, the firste sonday of Advent in the yere of *our* lorde M^{l} fyue hundreth & xxxith, these Bokes folowyng^{e} were opynly, at poules crosse, by the autorite of my lorde of london vnder his Autentycal seale, by the doctor that that day *pre*chide, prohibite, and straytely co*m*maunded of no maner of man to be vsed, bought, nor solde, nor to be red, vnder payne of suspencio*un*, and a greter payne, as more large apperyth in for-sayde autoryte.

The first boke ys this,

.1. The disputacioñ betwixte the fathyr and the soñ.
.2. The Supplicacioñ of beggars. [Extra Series XIII., E. E. T. Soc., 1871.]
.3. The Revelatioñ of^{e} Antechriste.
.4. Liber q*ui* de voti & novicio deo inscr*i*bit*ur*.
.5. Pre Precaciones.
.6. Economica christiana.
.7. The burying of the masse *in* english, yn ryme.
.8. An Expositioñ in-to the vijth chapt*er* to the Corinthians.
.9. The Matrimony of Tyndal*e*.
.10. A. B. C. ayenst the Clergye.
.11. Ortulus anime, in Englissh̄.
.12. A Boke a-yenst saynt Thomas of Caunterbury.
.13. A Boke made by freer Roye ayenst the sevyn sacrament*is*.
.14. An Answere of Tyndal vnto s*ir* Thomas Mores Dyaloge, yn englisħ.
.15. A Disputacion of Purgatorye, made by Iohn Fryth̄.
.16. The Firste boke of Moyses called Genesis.
.17. A p*rol*oge in the ij^{de} boke of moyses, called Exodus.

.18. A prologe in thyrde boke of Moyses, called Leviticus.
.19. A prologe in the iiijth boke of Moyses, called Nvmeri. [leaf 65, bk.]
.20. A prologe in the vth boke of Moyses, called Detronomye.
.21. The Practyse of Prelates.
.22. The Newe testament in englissh, *with* a Introductiõ to the Epistle to the Romaynes.
.23. The Parable of the wyked mammonde.
.24. The Obediens of A Chrysteñ man.
.25. A boke of thorpe or of Johñ Oldecasteℍ.
.26. The Some of Scripture.
.27. The Prymer in Englissh.
.28. The Psalter in Englissh.
.29. A Dyalog betwixt the gentylman and the plowmañ.
.30. Ionas In Englissh. And aℍ other suspect bokes, bothe in Englissh and in laten, as weℍ now printed or that here-after shaℍ be printed, and not here afore namyd.

A Tale of Ryght Nought.

[*Egerton MS.* 1995.]

There was a man that hadde nought;
There come theuys & robbed hym, & toke nought:
He ranne owte, and cryde nought.
Why shoulde he crye? he leste nought.
Here ys a tale of ryght nought.

A Medicine to Restore Nature in a Man.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 65, *back*, *col.* 2.]

Put three Chickens in a coop.

Take iij Chekyns or .iiij. as ye lyke, & put them in a coope to feede, as I shall teche you. Fyrste take a

Soak some wheat,

quantyte of whete, & put yt in clene watyr, & then

collect snails with shells,

gadyr a good quantyte of Snayles that beer howses on them, & put them therto as they be, shelles & all; and yf ye canne fynde no soche snayles, thanne take

or black slugs, and boil them with the wheat;

blak snayles, and so thanne boyle all these to-gyder, the whete & the snayles in water, *with* the shelles of them that haue shelles; & for lakke of them that haue shelles, boyle the blakke snayles. And whan it is

then take out the wheat,

well boylid to-gedyr, *then* take oute the whete by hymselfe, & the watyr by hym-selfe, & caste awey the shelles

and feed the Chickens with it and bread, and the snail-water.

& the corruptyon of the snaylles; And *with* that whete fede the checons, and *with* brede a-monge, And let them drynke of the watyr, & of none other watyr.

Eat a chicken every two days.

And when ye be dysposyd, ete a Chekyñ, one day rostyd, And ij dayes after, a-nother, & so contynue as ye fynde yt doth you good.

*Pro*batum est.

[*Ibid.*]

For to Dystroy a Wrang Nayle, otherwyse callyd a Corne.

Take wylde tansey, and grynde yt, and make yt neshe, & ley it therto, and it wyl bryng yt owght.

Of the Seats of the Passions.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *fol.* 118, *at foot.*]

The bones in a man ben in nombre .ij C. xvij. The veynes ben .iij. C. lxv. The tethe in *per*fyte Age .xxxij. The mynde is in the Brayne. The vndyrstondyng in the fronte. The Ire in the gawle. Auaryce in the kydney. Loue in the harte. Brethyng in the lownges. Gladnes in the splene. Thought in the harte. Blode in the body. Hope in the sowle. The mynde in the spyrit. The harte in the mynde. The Feyth in the harte. And cryst in the feyth̄. And whylth it norysshī the body, it is cawlyd *Anima*, the sowle. This worde *Anima* hath many significacions, for when it is in contemplacyoñ, it is sayde a spyrit, **Spiritus**. And when it savyrth̄, it is saide Reson or wytte, **Anim*us***. And when it felith, it is sayde felyng, **sensus**. And when it vnderstondyth, it is callyd mynde, **Mens**. And when it demyth, it is called **Reson, Racio**. And when it cõsentyth, it is callyd **wylle, Voluntas**. And when it recordyth̄, it is sayde **mynde, Memoria**.

Men have 217 bones, 365 veins, 32 teeth.

The Mind is in the spirit.

Anima means spirit, wit, feeling, mind, reason, will, memory.

A Greeting on New Year's Morning.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 136, *back.*]

(1)

This New Year's morn, for good-hap I send you my heart,

Iuellis pricious cane y none fynde to seH to sende you, my Souerein, þis newe yeres morowe,
wher-for, [for] lucke and good hansseH,
my hert y sende you, & seynt Iohn to borowe,
that an C yeres *with*outon) aduer*s*sit[e] & Sorowe
ye mowe live: y pray to god þat ye so moote,
And of all your Dessires, to sende you hastely bot.

and wishes that you may live 100 yeare.

(2)

Take this poor gift, dear one, graciously,

Beseching you, Dere heret, as Enterly as y cane,
to take en gre this poure gifte Onely for my sake,

(all friends give gifts on New Year's Day,)

as is the custome, & hath ben ma[*n*]y a Day,
Oo frend to a-nother yeve and take.
Riche is it nat, grete boste of to make,
Saue an hert is reme[*m*]bratyf to you in eu*e*ri stounde

for my heart always remembers you;

the whiche p*e*risschide ones, yet grene is þe wonde.

(3)

it is yours, not mine,

That it be youres, trewely it is my liste;
my possesioon and my parte þer-of y denye;

and as towcheing to þis olde worlde called 'hadywiste,'

Vnto my lives ende ful y Deffie.

as Palamon's was Emely's.

palaman gafe his herte to emely;
He fuched it no better, ne repentide it les
thanne y do of this gifte, god y take to witnes.

(4)

my purpos hathe ben longe my hert thus to chast,
And til this yeres day y ne durst for schame.
men sei that no thinge is so free as gyfte,
And to take it ayene y were fulle to blame ; Never will I take it again.
But as in that deffaute y wille not lese my name,
So that y yeue ones be yeve for euermore,
For this hath loue and trouth y-lerned me þe lore,
Euermore without chaung for euer
til body and soule parte and disseuere. til body and soul dissever.

To my Heart's Joy.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 137.]

(1)

My heart's Joy!

My hertes Ioie, all myn hole plesaunce,
whiche that y sarue, and schall do faithfully
with treue Entente and humble obseruaunce
you for to please in that y cane treuely,
besechinge youe, this litil biH and y
may hertely, with som plesaunce & drede,
be Recomaundide moste specially
vnto you, the floure of goodely-hede.

May this verse and I

find favour with you, the Flower of Beauty.

(2)

And yf ye liste to haue knoweliche of my part,
I am in hel, god thankeđ mote he be,
as of body, bute treuely nat in herte,
nor nat schaH be til tyme y may you see;
but thynketh that y as trewely will be he
that for youre Ease schaH do my pouer & myȝte,
And schaH be your Deffence in all aduerssite
As thoug̃ that y were dayly in your sight.

Though well in body, I am ill in heart

till I see you.

(3)

I write no more to you, for lacke of space,
but y beseche the holy trin[i]te
you kepe and save, be sopporte of his grace,
and be youre Deffence in aH aduerssite.
go, litil bill, and say thoue were with me,
this same day at myne vp-Ryssinge,
where that y be-sought god of merci
tho to haue my Souerein in his kepeing.

I pray the Trinity to keep you in all adversity,

(4)

for I am only yours,

As wyssely god me save
as y am onely yours,
what payne so euer y haue
And will be at all owres.

and will be at all hours.

To my Lady Dear.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 138.]

(1)

Frische flour of womanly nature,
  ye be full gentill and goodly one to se,
And all so stedfaste as any criatur
  that is lyuynge in any degre,
  fullfyled with all benyngnete,
    And an Exsample of all worthynes,
  And they that to you haue nessesite
    be gracious euer thorough your gentilnes.

1 Fresh flower, fair to see,

5 fulfilled with all benignity,

8

(2)

But y am so bowndon, y may nat stert,
  to you complayning in this manere,
Besechinge you euer with myn enterly hert,
  And humbly also y you Requer,
  As that bethe onely withowten pere
    of goodely-hede and of assuraunce,
  y that am yours, whethe[r] ye be fare or ner,
    Reffuse me nat oute of your Réme[m]braunce.

9 to you am I bound.

I pray you

13

put me not out of your Remembrance.

16

(3)

Concedire, ladi dere, of your pete,
  the highe complaynt of my desses,
my gref and myn aduerssite!
  ye be my bote þat may me best plesse;
  schewe me your meke sprite in my desses,
    for other louer haue y none,
  And euer y well be Redy youe for to plesse,
    neuer none to haue bute you alone.

17 [leaf 138, back] Consider my distress,

21 and show your sweet soul to me.

I am yours alone,

24

(4)

never to part till Death.

None but you, lady and maistras,
fro whos herte with lyue myn may no disseuer,
so faste it is lokyn in þe locke of stedfastnes
that in your seruice it schall abide for euer.

Cure me of my pains.

ye wete well my woo ye may recouere;
my paynes to Rellis may non bute yee,
my lyfe And deth lithe in you euer,
Right as it plesithe you to save or to flee.

I care but to please you.

lothe to offende! so y may my lady pleas,
welcome payne, And Fie one esse!

[On the next folio (139), "Her begynneth the Retenewe of the dowty kynge k Edwarde the thirde, and howe he went to the sege of Callis with his Oste," etc.]

Unto my Lady, the Flower of Womanhood.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 137, *back*.]

(1)

That pasaunt Goodnes, the Rote of all vertue, 1
  whiche Rotide is in youre femynete,
whos stepes glade to Ensue. . All are glad to follow you, the Flower of Beauty.
  ys euer̃i woman in their degre!
  And sethe that ye are floure of bewte, 5
    Constreyned y am, magre myn hede,
    hartely to loue youre womanhede. 7

(2)

Your sade, Demewre, appert, goueronance 8 Your staid soft speech
  Of eliquens prengnavnt sauns coloure,
So it Renyth in my Rememberaunce runs so in my mind
  that dayly, nyghtly, tyde, tyme, and owre,
  hit is my will to purches youre fauoure, 12 that would to Christ I might attain your grace.
    whiche, wilde to Crist I myght atteyn,
    As ye of all floures Are my Souerayn. 14

(3)

Whan Reste And slepe y shulde haue noxiall, 15 All night
  As Requereth bothe nature and kynde,
than trobled are my wittes all, my wits are troubled by your Beauty.
  so sodeynly Renyth in my mynde
  your grete bewte! me thynketh than y fynde 19
    you as gripyng in myn armes twey; I seem to grip you in my arms,
    Bute whan y wake, ye Are away. 21 but you are gone.

(4)

Entirmet this with woo And gladnes, 22
bothe Ioye and sorowe in woo memorall,
I seem to see your likeness, but it is fancy: for than me thynkithe y see your' likenes:
Hit is nat so, it is fantasticall;
the whiche my herte with þe swarde mortall 26
and I shall die. that nothinge is, saue uery Dethe,
my wette is thynne, so schortithe my breth. 28

(5)

[leaf 138] Nowe, lady myn, in whomë Vertus Alle 29
But, lady mine, ar Ioined, and also comprehendide,
as ye of al women y call moste principall,
think on my grief lette my gref in youre herte be entenderde,
remember my love; And also my veri treue loue Rememberde, 33
love me again, as God and Nature will. And, for my treve loue, ayene me to loue,
As welethe nature, and god that setithe Above. 35

(6)

Go, verse, and tell her Go litill bill, with all humblis, 36
vnto my lady, of womanhede þe floure,
how Troiles anew lies in distress— and saie hire howe newe troiles lithe in distre;
All onely for hire sake, and in mortall langoure; 39
And if sche wot nat whoo it is, bute stonde in erore,
her old love, loving her alone. Say it is hire olde louer[1] þat loueth hire so trewe,
hire louynge a-lone, not schanginge for no newe. 42

EXPLICIT.

[1] The word looks like *loli* in the MS., but *u*, with the contraction for *er*, is written the same way at the end of *disseuer* (p. 70, l. 26), showing that *louer* is the right reading here.

Bewte will Shewe, thow Hornys be Away.

(A LITELLE SHORT DITEY AGAYNE HORNES.)

(9 stanzas of eights, *abab, bcbc.*)

[*MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh.* 4. 12, *leaf* 84 *a, collated with Harleian* 2255, *leaf* 6.]

(1)

Of god and kynd *pro*cedyth aH beaulte; 1 All true beauty is natural.
Crafte may shew a foreñ apparence,
But nature ay must haf þ^e^ sou*er*aynte.
Thyng countirfetyd[1] hath non éxistence; Counterfeits have no real existence,
Twene gold and gossom*er* is gret difference; 5
Trewë metaH requirith non alay;
vnto purpóse by clere exp*er*ience,
Bewtey wiH shewe, thow hornys be[2] away. 8 and beauty needs no horns.

(2)

¶ Riche attyrys of gold and [of] perry, 9 Gold and precious stones, carbuncles, and rubies, shine by their own light.
Charbunclys, rubeys of most excellence,
Shew in derknes lyght, whereso[3] þey be
By their natural heuenly influence;
Doblett*es* of glasse yeue a gret euidence, 13 Glass counterfeits can be detected.
Thyng countirfet wyl failen[4] at assay;
On thys mater, con*cl*udyng in[5] sentence,
Bewte wyH shew, thow hornes be[6] away. 16

(3)

¶ Aleyn remembryght,[7] hys có*m*playnt who[8] list see, 17 Remember how Aleyn tells us that he beheld Nature arrayed in a kerchief only,
In hys boke of famose elpquence;
Cladd aH in flowris, and blossu*m*mys[9] of a tre,
he saw Nature in hyr most excellence,

[1] countirfet H. [2] wer H. [3] wher so H., whersou*er* C. [4] faylen H., faile C. [5] in H., no C. [6] were H. [7] remembryth H. [8] who H., whoso C. [9] blosmys H.

Vpon hyr hede a kerchef of valence, 21
None othyr riches of countyrfet aray;
to prove that Beauty will show though horns be away. Texemplifye by kyndly prouidence,
Bewte wyH shew thow hornys be[1] away. 24

(4)

Famous old poets wrote of queen ¶ Famose poëtys of antiquite 25
In Grece and Troy, renowmyd[2] of prudence,
Helen, Penelope, Polyxena, Wrote of qwene Helene, and Penolope,
Of Policene *with* hyr chast innocence;
and Lucretia. ffor wyfys trew caH Lucrece to *p*resence; 29
That they were fayre, ther can no *man* say nay,
kynd wroght hem *with* so gret[e] diligence,
Their beauty needed no horns to show it off. Theyr bewte cowde shew,[3] thow hornys were cast away. 32

(5)

[leaf 84, back] ¶ Clerkës record by gret auctorite, 33
Horns were given to beasts for defence, hornys wer gyffe to bestis for diffence,
but women should not be so prone to resist. A thyng contráry to feminite,
To be mad sturdy of résistence;
Yet arch-wives dare to retain them, against their conscience. But archwyfès,[4] eger in ther violence, 37
fferse as a[5] tigre forto make affray,
They haf despite, and agayne *con*scïence,
list not, of pride, theyre hornys cast away. 40

(6) Lenvoye (H. *om.* C.)

Noble princess, let not this short ditty displease you. ¶ Noble princesse,[6] thys litell short ditey, 41
Rudely *com*pilyd, lat it be none offence
To 3owre womanly mercifuH pyte,
Thow it be radd in 3owr' audience.
Weigh everything with just heed, Payse eu*e*ry[7] thyng in 3owre iust áduertence. 45
So it be no displesance to 3owre pay,
and set the fashion of casting horns aside. Vndir support of 3owr' pacïence,
Yeueth example hornes to cast away. 48

[1] wer H. [2] remowmyd C., renoumyd H. [3] bewte couthe H. [4] arche wyves H. [5] a *om.* H. [6] pryncessys H. [7] Peysed ech H.

(7)

¶ Grettest of *ver*tues is humilite,
As Salamon sayth, soñ of Sapience,
Most was accepted[1] to the deite.
Take hede here-of, gefe[2] to thys word cred*en*ce,
How Maria, who had a *pree*minen*ce*[3]
Aboue aH women, in Bedlem whan she lay,
At Cristis byrth, no cloth of gret dispence,
She weryd a keu*er*che; hornys were cast away.

Solomon says, humility is the greatest of virtues.

Observe too how Mary, when she lay at Bethlehem, wore no rich clothing, and bare on her head only a kerchief, and no horns.

(8)

¶ Of byrthë[4] she was hyghest of degre,
To whom aH angell*es* did obedience,
Of Dauid*es* lyne, which sprong out of Iesse,
In whom aH *ver*teu is,[5] by iust co*n*uenience
Made stable in god by gostly co*n*fidence.
This rose of Jerico, ther growith non such in May;
Pure in spirite, p*ar*fite in pacïence,
In whom aH hornys of pride were put away.

She was one to whom angels did obeisance;

a rose of price, such as grows not in May; and all horns of pride she put away from her.

(9)

¶ Moder of Ihesu, *myrrour* of chastite,
In word nor thowght that neu*er* did offence;
Trew examplire[6] of *vir*ginite,
Hede-spryng and weH of p*ar*fite co*n*tinence!
Was neu*er* clerk, by retoryk or[7] science,
Cowde aH hyr verteus réherse to þis day.
Noble princesse,[8] of meke beniuolence,
By example[9] of hyr, ȝowre hornys cast away.

[leaf 85]

Mother of Jesu, true pattern of virginity!

No clerk can rehearse her virtues.

Noble princess, take example by her, and cast your horns away.

¶ Explicit.

[1] acceptyd H., accept C. [2] yeuyth H. [3] premynence H. [4] birthe H., byrth C. [5] vertues H. [6] Trewe exemplaire H. [7] nor H. [8] Pryncessys H. [9] Bexample H.

["This Ballad," says Mr. Halliwell (who printed it in his edition of Lydgate's *Minor Poems*, pt 46-9), "has been printed by Sir Harris Nicolas, and in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*. The present version is from MS. Oxon. Laud. D. 31, N. 683, Bernard, 798; other copies are in MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86; MS. Bibl. Coll. Jes. Cantab. Q. r. 8, fol. 27; MS. Harl. 2255; MS. Voss. Lugd. 359; and the first four stanzas in MS. Harl. 2251." It was reprinted in the Percy Society's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, 1849, with a woodcut of a woman in a horned bonnet on p. 52.]

The Parliament of Love.

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. 1. 6, leaf 51. Handwriting of the 15th century.]

What so euyr I syng or sey,
My wyH is good too preyse here weH.

Draw near, ye that will learn of love.

Now ȝee that wuH of loue lere,
I counseH yow þat ȝe cum nere;
To teH yow now is myne entent,

Love lately made a parliament, and summoned all the ladies to it.

Houth loue made late his parleament,
And sent for ladyes of euery londe,
Both mayde, and wyfe þat had housbonde,
Wythe gentyH wymmen of lower degre,
and marchauntz wyfes grete plente,
Wythe maidenes eke þat where theym vndre,
Of wyche there were a rygthe grete numbre.

[leaf 51, back] All lovers, too, were summoned.

And aH tho men þat louers were
They had there charge for too be there,
And when they were assembled aH,
(yf I the werre sothe sey schaH),
with-in a casteH feyre ande stronge,
And as y lokyd them amonge,

A great company of gentlewomen sang a ballad instead of the mass,

I sawe a ryȝth grete cumpany
of gentiH-wummen that were there by,
The whyche, as the custum was,
Songe a balad stede of the masse
For goode spede of thes folkys aH
þat where assemblede in the haH;

and, if you like to hear it, the ballad was this.

and yf ȝe lyst ley too yowre ere,
Rygh[t] thys they songe, as ȝee schaH heyre.

"O God of love! send down thy grace, that all

"O god of loue! wyche lorde hart and souereyne,
Send downe thy grace a-monge thys louerys aH,

Soo þat þey may too thy mercy ateyne.
At thys parlament most in AsspeciaH;
as þou art oure Iuge, so be egaH
Too euery wygth þat louyth feythefully,
And aftyr hys dyssert grante hym mercy!"

And whan this songe was songe and done,
Then went these ladyes euerysclione
Vn-too A schambyr where they scholde
Take theire places, yong and olde,
like as þat they where of astate
For teschene aH maner debate.
There sawe I first the goddesse of loue
In here see sitte, rigth ferre aboue,
And many othyr þat ther where.
yitt for too teH whom y sawe there,
It passit now rigth ferre my wytte;
But, among aH, I sawe one sitte
whiche was the feyryst creature
þat euer was furnyd by nature;
and here beaute now too dyscryvye
Ther can noo mannes vyttes alywe.
yett as ferre as y can or may
Of[1] here beaute sum-what too say,
I wiH applye my wittes aH;
For here I am & euyr schaH
Too speke of schape and semelynesse,
Off stature & of goodlynesse;
here sydes longe with myddyH smale,
here face weH coulord and not pale,
WitH white and rode ryth weH mesuryd;
And ther-too schee was well emyred,
And stode in euery mannes grace,
This goodly yong and fresche of face;
and too speke of condicion,
Coude noo man fynde in noo region

lovers in this parliament may succeed as they deserve!"

[leaf 52]
Then all the ladies took their places for the debate.

Venus sat in her seat far above.

One lady I especially noticed,

whose beauty no man's wit can describe.

But I must try and describe her if I can.

Her sides were long, her middle small, her face well-coloured,

[leaf 52, back]
and every man admired her.

[1] MS. Oof.

There was none so gentle, courteous,
One of soo grete gentillnesse,
Of curtaise and lowlynesse,
Of chere, of port, and dalyaunce,
agreeable,
And mastres eke of aH pleasaunce;
AH-soo weHe of secretenesse,
and true.
The werray merroure of stedfastnesse.
Gay she was, and danced and sang,
Of onest merth sche cowde rith mosche,
Too daunce and synge and othre suche;
Soo well assuryd in here hert,
and no ill word escaped her lips. On her I set my heart,
That none il worde from here scholde stert.
And thus on here y set my mynde,
And left aH othre thyng by-hynde
As touchyng too these louers aH,
whysche on here causes fast kan caH.
and for too teH theire aH cu*m*playntes,
In sothe too me the matire queynte is;
For as too hem i toke none hede.
But in myne nowne[1] causes[2] to prosede,
and withdrew into a corner
I drowe me by [my] sylf allone,
And into a corner gan too gone,
And there I satte me downe a while,
to compose a 'litle songe' to [leaf 53] my lady fair,
A litle biH for too compile
Vn-too thys lady wych was soo faire,
and in her doyng soo debonaire.
which was to this effect,—
And if ye list too hyre & rede,
Theffect of whych was thus in dede:—

[*The little Song.*]

"Sovereign Prince of all gentleness, whom I have ever truly served,
" O souereyn[3] prince of aH gentillnesse,
Too whom I haue and euyr-more schaH bee
Trewe seruant with aH man*er* humblenesse;
whatever trial comes, you shall ever find me true.
What peyne I haue or what aduersyte,
yett ȝee schaH euyr fynde suche feyth on me
þat I schaH doo that may be your plesaunce,
If god of his g*r*ace list me so a-vaunce.

[1] *Sic* in MS. [2] *Sic* in MS. Read 'cause.'
[3] MS. souenereyn.

"And yow I pray, as lowly as I can,
Too take my seruice if hyt myth yow please;
And if ȝee list too reward thus yowre man,
Than mygth hee say he were in hertis easee;
For by my trouth y wulde not yow displease
For aH the goode þat euer I hadde or schaH,
By my goode wille, what euer me be-faH.

I pray you humbly, accept my service, and if you please to reward me, then my heart will be at ease.

"And if I haue seide any[1] thynge amysse
Too pardoñ me I yow be-sech and pray;
For as wischli as euer y cum too blisse,
My will is goode what euer y write or say."
Go, thow litle songe, thow hast a blisfuH day;
For sche þat is the floure of wommanhode
At her oown leyser schaH the syng and rede.

Pardon anything I have said amiss, for indeed my will is good." Go, happy song, the Flower of Womanhood shall sing and read you.

[1] MS. my.

[*La Belle Dame sans Merci*, p. 80. See on this, Prof. Skeat's Introduction, Text, and Notes, in his pseudo-Chaucerian pieces, vol. vii. (1897) of his edition of Chaucer's Works, pages li.-lv., 300—326, 517—520, and H. Gröhler's earlier notice of Sir Richard Ros in *Englische Studien*, x. 206, and his dissertation "Ueber Richard Ros' mittelenglische ubersetzung des gedichtes von Alain Chartier, La Belle Dame sans Mercy," Breslau, 1886. Nichols, in his county history of Leicestershire, ii. 37, says that the Sir Richard Ros, who was presumably the poet, was born in 1429, and is known to have been alive in 1450, when he was 21 years old. The date of his englishing is probably about 1460. As the family of Roos or Ros were lords of Hamlake and Belvoir in N.E. Leicestershire, not far from Grantham in Lincolnshire, and Bourne, whence Robert of Brunne gets his name, Prof. Skeat (p. liii.) says there was something of a Northern element in Sir Richard's language, as shown by his ryme *longès* with *songès* in ll. 53–5, and his use of the Northern possessive pronoun *their*. This leaves little doubt that the Trinity manuscript's *awn* (ll. 455, 475, 608) for *own*—which Prof. Skeat adopts, no doubt from Thynne—is Sir Richard's own form of the word. The Harleian text of the poem, which I printed in our first issue of the *Polit., Rel. and Love Poems*, was copied from a MS. of which the leaves had been misplaced, as I found when comparing it with Chartier's French, at Prof. Skeat's request, on Jan. 21, 1895. He had none of the editions of Chartier, ab. 1490, 1526, 1527, 1617, etc., at Cambridge.]

La Belle Dame sans Merci

englisht by Sir Richard Ros from the French of Alain Chartier.[1]

[*MS. Ff.* 1. 6, *University Library, Cambridge* (U), *leaf* 117.]

[Collated with MS. R. 3. 19, Trin. Coll., Camb. (T), and Harleian 372, leaf 61 (H).]

Prologe [*by Sir R. Ros, in* 4 *stanzas of Sevens, ababbcc.*]

(1)

Half in a dream

Halfe in a dreme, not fully well a-waked,
The golden slepe me wrapt vndir his wyng

I rose,

yet nat[2] for-thy I rose,[3] *and* welny naked,

and suddenly remembered

All sodenly my-selfë Rémembryng
Of a matér, leuyng all othir thyng

that I was bound

Which I schuld do, *with*outen more delay,
ffor hem[4] þe which[5] I durst nat dysobbey.

(2)

to translate the

My charge was þis,[6] to *tran*slat by *and* by,
(All thyng foryif[7]), as part of my penaunce,

Belle Dame sanz Mercy, that Aleyn (Chartier), Secretary to the King of France, wrote.

A boke callëd "la belle dame sans mercy,"
which maister Alayn made, of Rémembraunce,
Chefe secretary *with* the kyng of fraunce.

I stood a while

And here-vpon, a while I[8] stode musynge,
And in my-selfe gretly ymagynynge

(3)

What wyse I schuld *per*fourme þis said *pro*cesse,

considering my want of skill, and, on the other hand, the strait command laid on me:

Consideryng, by gode a-vysëment,
Myn vnkonnyng *and* my gret[9] symplesse,
And ayeynward, þe streyt *com*maundëment
which þat I hade; *and* þus, in myn entent,
I wasse vexid, *and* turnyd vp *and* doun;
yet att the last, as In conclusyoun,[10]

[1] Œuvres de M. Alain Chartier, 1617, p. 502. The heading in H is "La Belle Dame sanz Mercy, translated out of French by *Sir* Richard Ros." [2] UH not, *om.* T. [3] arose UH. [4] hyr T, them H. [5] UT, to whom H. [6] UH, thus T. [7] foryeuyn T, forgiven H. [8] I UH, *om.* T. [9] UT, *om.* H. [10] HT, conclusy U.

(4)

I cast my clothës on, *and* went my way,— 22 [leaf 117, back] so I put on my clothes, and walkt to a lovely green valley, full of flowers, fair to see.
This forsaid charge hauyng in rémembr*aunce*,—
Til I cam to[1] a lusty grene valey
fful of floures; to se, a grete plesaunce;
And so, bolded[2] w*ith* þair benyng suffraunce 26 And, by them made bold,
That Rede[3] þis boke, touchyng þis[4] said matere,
Thus I bygan,[5] iff h*it* please yow to here: 28 I begin.

(5. *The Poem, in* 50 *stanzas of eights, ababbcbc.*)

Not long ago, Rydyng an[6] esy paas,[7] 29 Not long ago
I fill in þought, of ioy full desperat,
W*ith* gret disease *and* payn, so þat I was I was the most unfortunate of lovers,
Of all louérs þe most vnfortunat,
Sith by[8] his dart most cruell, full of haat, 33
þe[9] dethe hath[10] take my lady *and* maystres, Death having slain my Lady.
And left me sole, thus[11] disc*om*fort *and* mate,
Sore languischynge, *and* in way of distresse. 36

(6)

Then said I þus: h*it* falleth me to cesse, 37 Then I said I must stop making ditties,
Eyþer to ryme, or dytes for to make;
And I, seurly,[12] to make a fulle p*ro*messe
To laughe no more, but wepe in clothës blake. must laugh no more, but weep;
My ioyfull tyme, alas! now is h*it*[13] slake, 41 my joyful time is gone.
ffor in my selfe I fele no maner ease;
lat hit by[14] wryten, siche fortune I take,
which neyther me, nor doth non óther,[15] please.

[1] UT, into H. [2] UH, voldyd T. [3] UH, to Rede T.
[4] UT, the H. [5] begynne H. [6] UH, on a T.
[7] N'agueres cheuauchant pensoye,
Comme homme triste & douloreux,
Au dueil où il faut que je soye
Le plus dolant des amoureux;
Puis que, par son dart rigoureux,
La mort me tolli ma Maistresse,
Et me laisse seul langoureux
En la conduiste de tristesse.
Œuvres de M. Alain Chartier, 1617, p. 502.
[8] UT, with H. [9] UH, *om.* T. [10] UH, Det hath fro me T.
[11] UH, thys T. [12] UH, yet therw*ith* T. [13] UH, hit is T.
[14] be H, by U (by is an allowable spelling, but apt to confuse a reader). [15] UH, non other doth T.

(7)

[leaf 118] If I were obliged to write a joyful thing mine eyes would not know what it meant.

Iffe hit wer so,[1] my will or myn entent
wer cõstreynëd a ioyfull thyng to wryte,
my penne couth neuer hauë[2] knolege what hit ment;
To speke þerof, my tunge hathe no delyte;
And with my mouth, iffe I laugh myche or lyte,
Myn yne schuld make a countynaunce vntrue;
Myn hert also wold haue þerof despyte;
the wepyng terës haue so large issue.

(8)

I sympathize with sad lovers.

Thes seke louers, I leue þat to hem longes,
whiche lede þair[3] lyfe in hope of állegeaunce,[4]
þat is to say, to make balade[5] or songes,
Euerych of hem, as þei fele her[6] grevaunce;

She who was my joy and my delight,

ffor sche þat wasse my ioy *and* my plesaunce,—
whos soule, I pray god of his mercy saue,—

has all my heart with her in the grave.

Sche hath myn wyle, my hertës ordeynaunce,
which lithe with hir vnder her toumbe in[7] graue.

(9)

Henceforth I hold my peace.

ffro þis tym forthe, tyme is to hold my pees;
It weryth[8] me þis mater for to trete;

Let other lovers strive, my day is gone.

lat other louers put hem selfe in prees;
Thair sesoun is; my tym is now[9] for-yete;

Time has unlocked my treasure house;

ffortune, by[10] strenght, þe forser hath[11] vnschete,
Wher-in wasse sparde[12] all my worldely[13] Rychesse,
And all þe goodys which þat I haue gete,
In my best tyme of youth *and* lustynesse.

(10)

[leaf 118, back] I cared not whether I did ill or well.

Loue hath me kept vndir his gouernaunce:
Iffe I mysdid, god graunt me for-yifnesse!

[1] UH, so that T. [2] neuer have U, haue no T, haue H, with 'neuer know' in margin. [Neuer = ne'er.] [3] her HT. [4] Fr. *allegement*. [5] UH, baladys T. [6] theyr T, þer H. [7] in H, y T, & U. Which lyeth here, within this tombe ygrave. Skeat, from 3 MSS. [8] werieth H. [9] UH, nygh T. [10] UT, with H. [11] UH, hath the forser T. [12] H, *margin: text* spradde; sperryd T, spred U. [13] H, wordely U.

Iffe I did well, yit felt[1] I no plesaunce;
hit caused neither ioy nor[2] hevynesse;
ffor when sche dydë, þat wasse[3] my maistresse, 73 When my mistress died, all my welfare ceased.
All my[4] welfare then made[5] þe sam purchasse;
þe deth hath set my boundis, of wytnesse,[6]
which for no thyng myn hert schall neuer passe.

(11)

In þis gret þought, sore trowbled in my mynde, 77 Thus in great trouble I rode alone,
Allon þus rode I[7] all þe morow tyde,
Tyll, at þe last, hit happed me to fynde
The place wher-In I cast me to a-byde,[8]
when þat I had no ferþer for[9] to ryde. 81
And as I went, my loggyng to purvey,
Ryght sone I herd, but lytell me be-syde, but soon I heard minstrels playing in a garden.
In a gardyn, wher mynstrells gan to play. 84

(12)

With þat anon I went me bakkermore;[10] 85 I drew back,
My selfe *and* I, me þought we wer Inow;
But tweyn,[11] þat wer my frendis her-byfore,[12] but two old friends saw me,
had me espiëd, *and* I wot[13] not how.
Thai cam for me: aweyward I me drow, 89
Sum-what by force, sum-what by þair request,
That in no wyse I couthe[14] my selfe rescow, and made me come in and
But[15] nede I must cum In, *and* se þe fest. 92 see the Feast.

(13)

At my commyng, the ladyse euerychon 93 [leaf 119] The Ladies bade me welcome,
Bade me welcom, god wot, ryght gentilly,
And made me chere, euerych by on *and* on,
[16]A gret dele better þen I wasse worthy;
[16]And, of þair grace, schewd me gret courtesy 97 and showed me great courtesy,

[1] UH, fele T. [2] UH, causeth no but T.
[3] whyche was T, that was H, þat wasse all U.
[4] HT, My gode U. [5] UT, made then H.
La mort m'assist illec la bourne. [7] H, I rode T, rode & U.
[8] UT, I purposid me to hide H. [9] UT, forth H.
[10] Si me retray. [11] UH, y. T. [12] UH, tofore T.
[13] UH, wyst T. [14] UH, cowde T. [15] HT, bud U.
[16] These lines transferred in Trinity MS.

that I might not mourn.

with good disport, by cause I schuld not morne.[1]
That day I bode[2] still in þair cumpany,
which wasse to me a *grac*yous soiourne.

(14)

Tables were spread;

The boordës wér spred in ryght[3] lytell space;
The ladyse sat, eche aȝ hem semyd best.

the servants were pickt men,

were[4] non þat dide *ser*uyse[5] *with*-In þat place,
But chosen men, ryght of þe goodlyest;
And sum þer were, *par*aunter[6] most[7] freschest,

and I saw judges, sitting solemn, regarding no one.

That saw þair Iuges syttyng full demure,
*with*out semblant, oþer[8] to most or lest,
Not *with* standyng[9] þai had hem vnd*ur* cure.

(15)

One there was who lookt as if entranced,

Among all oder, on I gan aspye,
which in gret thought full often cam *and* went,
As on[10] þat had bene rauysched vttirlye,
In his langage not gretly dylygent;
Hys countynaunce he kept *with* gret *tur*ement,
But his desir far passed his resou*n*,

his eye seeking his Love at every turn.

ffor euer his yie[11] went after his entent
ffull many a tyme, when h*it* wasse no sesou*n*.

(16)

[leaf 119, back]

To make gud chere, ryght[12] sore hym selfe he payned.[13]
And outwardly[14] he feyned gret gladnesse;

They made him sing,

To syng also, by force he wasse co*n*strayned,
ffor no plesaunce, but[15] verrey schamfastnesse;

but the tone of his sadness came unsought into his voice.

ffor the compleynt of his most hevynesse
Cam to his voyce alway *with*-out request,
lyke as þe sown of byrdës doth expresse,[16]
when þai syng lowd, in fryth or in[17] forést.

[1] UH, mone T. [2] UH, abode T. [3] UH, full T.
[4] were H, wher U, Ther were T. [5] UT, þat serued H.
[6] parauenture H. [7] more T, *om.* H. [8] UH, eyþer T.
[9] UH, But not . . T. [10] UT, man H. [11] ey T, yce H.
[12] UH, full T. [13] he peyned H, payned U, he feynyd T.
[14] UT, outeward H. [15] UH, for T. [16] UH, doutles T.
[17] in UT, *om.* H.

(17)

Othir þer wer þat seruëd in the halle,
But non lyke hym, as after[1] myn avyse;
ffor he wase pale, *and* sumwhat lene *with*-all;
his speche also tremlyd[2] in ferefull wyse;
And eu*er* allon, but when he dyde seruyse.
All blake he ware, *and* no deuyse but playn;
Me þought by hym, as my wyt couth[3] suffyse,
hys hert wasse no thynge[4] in his awn demayn.

He was pale and lean, his speech faltered,

and I saw his heart was not his own.

(18)

To feste hem all, he did his dilygence;
And wel he couth,[5] ryght as h*it* semyd me;
But euermor when he wasse in p*re*sence,
his chere wasse do,[6] it wold non other[7] be:
his scolemaystres[8] hade siche autoryte,
That, all the while he stode[9] still in þ[e] place,
Speke couth[10] he nat; but vpon her beaute
he lokyd still, *with* Ryght[11] a pytous face.

His mistress had such power over him that he could not speak, but only gaze on her beauty.

(19)

With þat, his hede he t*ur*ned attë[12] laste,
ffor to biholde þe ladies eu*er*ychon;
But eu*er* in one he sette his ye[13] stedfaste
On hir, þe which his þought was most[14] vppon;
And of his yen,[15] the shot[16] y knewe anon,
Which federid was *with* right humble requestis.
Then to my self y seyd, 'by god allon,
Sich on was y, or that y[17] sawe þese gestes.'

[leaf 120]

Others he might turn to, but she drew back his eyes.

(20)

Out of the prees he went full esily,
To make stabill his heuy contynaunce;

He went out to recover his countenance,

[1] hym . . H, hym for soth to T, as after U.
[2] UH, he spake also tremblyng T. [3] UH, wyll cowde T.
[4] UH, then not T. [5] couthe H, cowde T. [6] UH, done T.
[7] UH, no bettyr T. [8] scole-maister UH, scolemaystres T.
[9] UH, that while he bode T. [10] coude H, cowde T.
[11] UH, ryght with T. [12] at the T. [13] ey T. [14] UH, euer T.
[15] yen H, eyen T. [16] UT, sightc H, [Fr. *trait*].
[17] or y that y U, I that there H, I or euer y T.

And wite ye wele, he sighëd tenderly
ffor his sorowes *and* wofull rémembr*aun*ce.
Then in hym self he made his ordyn*aun*ce,
and then brought in a dish. And forth-*with*-all cam to bryng in the mes;
But, for to Iuge his[1] moste rewfull semblaunce,
God wot it was a petous entremes.

(21)

After dinner, dancing began, After dynér, anone they hem avaunsed
To daunce aboute, these[2] folkës eu*er*ychon;
and this sad lover danced with others, And forth-*with*-all þis heuy lover[3] daunced,
Sum*t*yme w*ith* tweyne, *and* sum tyme but w*ith* on:
Vnto hem all, his chere was after[4] on,
Now here, now there, as fill by áuenture;
but always drew to his Love, But eu*er* among,[5] he drow to hir allon,
Which he most dredde,[6] of lyuyng crëature.

(22)

[leaf 120, back] To myn avise, god[7] was his p*ur*uiaunce
When he hir chase[8] to his maystres allone,
to try whether her heart was as fair as her person. If þat hir herte were sette to his plesaunce
As moche as was hir beauteous p*er*sone;
ffor who þat eu*er* setteth[9] his trust vppon
Þe réporte of thair yen, w*ith*outen[10] more,
he myght be dede, and grauen vnder a[11] stone,
Or eu*er* she[12] shuld, his hertis ease restore.

(23)

In that, nothing was wanting; In hir faylëd no thyng, þat y couthe[13] gesse[14]
O wyse nor other,[15] pryue nor apert;[16]
A garnyson[17] sche was of all goodnesse,[18]
To make a frounter[19] for a louers herte;

[1] UH, But to beholde with T. [2] UH, the T.
[3] louer HT, *om.* U. [4] UH, euer T. [5] among HT, anone U.
[6] UH, louyd T. [7] good H. [8] UH, chose T.
[9] sett H, wyll set T. [10] UH, such oon then w*ith*out T.
[11] *om.* HT. [12] UT, he H. [13] as I koude H, þat I cowde T.
[14] En la dance ne failloit riens
Ne plus auent ne plus arriere
[15] On vice ner othir H, In any wyse nether T.
[16] or perte H, ne perte T. [17] UH, gramyson T.
[18] UH, goodlynesse T.
[19] Fr. *frontiere*, front rank (make an attack on).—Skeat.

Right ȝonge and fressh, a woman full couert; 177 she was young, fresh, and well at her ease.
Assured wele[1] hir port, *and* eke hir chere,
Wele[2] atte hir ease, *with*outen wo or smert,
All vndirnethe the standart of daungere. 180

(24)

To se the fest, it weryd me full sore; 181
ffor hevy ioye dothe the herte sore[3] *trau*aylle.
Out of the prees y me *with*drow therfore, I withdrew from the press, and sat down behind a screen of leaves so thick that no one could see me.
And sette me down allon, behynde a trayll
ffull of leuès, to se, a gret *mer*vayll: 185
with grene wythies ybounden[4] wundirly;
The leues were so thik, *with*outen fayll,
That thoroughout myght no man me[5] aspye. 188

(25)

To his lady he cam full curteysely, 189 [leaf 121]
Whan he[6] þought tyme to daunce *with* hir a trace; The lady and her lover came and rested in an arbour, all alone,
Sith in an herber made full plesauntly
Thei rested them, fro thens but lytill space;
Nigh hem were non, a certeyn of compace,[7] 193
But onely they, as fer as y couthe se;
And safe[8] the trayll, there y[9] hadde chose my place, with the leaf-screen between them and me.
Ther was nomore betuyxt hem tweyne[10] *and* me.

(26)

I herde þ^e^ louer sighyng wondir sore; 197 The Lover sighed,
ffor ay þe ner, þe sorer it hym sought;[11]
his[12] inward payn he couthe[13] not kepe in store,
Nor[14] for to speke, so hardy was he nought; but could not speak at first,
his leche was nere, þe gretter was his þought; 201
he mused sore, to conquere his desire,
ffor noman may to more pen*aun*ce be brought,
þen in his hete to bryng hym to þe fire. 204

[1] UH, wele *with* T. [2] UH, went T.
[3] sore the herte T, soore the hurte H. [4] UH, ybounde full T.
[5] UH, man T. [6] UH, he hy*m* T. [7] UH, certeyn space T.
[8] saue HT. [9] UH, there as T. [10] UH, ij. T.
[11] UH, thought T. [12] UH, whos T. [13] UH, cowde T.
[14] ne HT.

(27)

þe herte began to swelle *with*yn his chest,
So sore streynëd for anguysh and for payn,
That all to pecis almost it to-brest,
When bothe at ones, so sore it did constrayn;
Desire was bold, but shame it gan[1] refrayn;
þe ton[2] was large, the tother[3] was full cloos;
No lytyll charge was leyd on hym,[4] certeyn,
To kepe such ware,[5] *and* haue so many foos.

so anguisht was his heart,

and his longing so restraind by shame.

(28)

[leaf 121, back]

fful often tyme to speke, hym self he payned,[6]
But shamefastnes *and* drede seid eu*er* 'nay;'
yit atte the last, so sore he was constreyned,
When he full longe hadde putte it in delay;
To his lady, right thus then gan he[7] say
With dredfull voys, wepyng, halfe in a rage,
"ffor me was p*ur*ueied an vnhappy[8] day
Whan y first hadde a sight of youre vysage!

But at last he addrest the Lady,

"Black the day that I first saw you!

(29)

My pain nearly kills me,

"I suffre peyn, god wot, full hote[9] burnyng,
To cause my dethe, all for my trew s*er*uice;
And y se wele, ye reche[10] therof nothyng,
Nor take non hede of it in no kyns[11] wyse;
But when y speke, after my best avise,[12]
ye set it at[13] nought, but make therof a game;
And though y sue[14] so grete an entirprise,
It peireth[15] not yo*ur* wurship nor yo*ur* fame.

and you take no heed of it,

but make game of me.

(30)

"Alas! what shuld be to you preiudice,
yf þ*at* a man do loue you faythefully,
To yo*ur*[16] wurship, eschuyng eu*er*y vice?
So am y youres, and will be[17] verely;

Yet I am wholly yours,

[1] can H, dyd T. [2] UH, That oon T. [3] UH, that other T. [4] UH, on hym was leyd T. [5] werre H. [6] UH, feynyd T. [7] UH, he gan to, T. [8] UH, happy T. [9] UH, sore T. [10] UH, rek T. [11] UH, therof hede in no man*er* T. [12] UH, deuyse T. [13] *om.* HT. [14] UH, shew T. [15] UH, apeireth T. [16] UH, eu*er*y T. [17] UH, shalbe T.

I chalange nought[1] of right, and resoun why,
ffor y am hole submyt to youre seruyse;
Right as ye lyste it be, right[2] so will y,
To bynde my selfe, where y was[3] in fraunchise.

(31)

" þough it be so,[4] þat y cannot deserue
To haue youre grace, but alwey leue[5] in drede;
yit suffre me you fór to loue and serue
*with*out magrè[6] of youre most goodlyhede;
Bothe feyth and trouth y yeue[7] *your* womanhede,
And my *ser*uise, *with*out ayen-callyng;
Loue hathe me bounde, *with*outë wage or mede,
To be *your* man, and leue all othir thyng." 244

and in your service.

[leaf 122]

Suffer me to love you,

for love binds me to be your man alone."

(32) LA DAME.

When this lady hadde herde all his[8] langage,
She yaf[9] answere full softe and démurely,
*With*out chaungyng of Colo*ur* or corage,
Nothyng in haste, but mesurabëly:
" Me thynketh, sir, yo*ur* þought is[10] grete foly.
pu*r*pose ye not your labo*ur* for to sees?
ffor thynketh[11] not, whils þat ye leue and[12] y,
In this[13] matier to sette youre hert in pees."[14] 252

The Lady answerd,

quietly,

"You are very foolish, for I shall never love you."

(33) LAMANT.

" þer may non make þ^e pees, but only ye,
Which ar the ground *and* cause[15] of all this war;
ffor *with* youre yen þ^e letters writen be,
By which y am defied[16] and put a-fer,
youre ples*aun*t looke, my very lodësterre,
was made heraud of thilke same[17] diffiaunce

The Lover said, "You alone can give me peace.

Your eyes and pleasant look made me put all my trust in you."

[1] UH, shall nat T. [2] euyn H, *om.* T. [3] UH, am T.
[4] be so I cannot H, so be þat I can hit nat T.
[5] ay to lyve H, alwey lyue T, alwey to leue U.
[6] mauger H, mawgre T. [7] yeue T, to gif H, ye U.
[8] UT, this H. [9] yaf hym U, *om.* hym HT.
[10] your hert is T, ye doo fulle H. [11] thynk ye, HT.
[12] ye . . and HT, I . . an U. [13] UH, your T. [14] UH, ese T.
[15] cause and grounde HT. [16] UH, deferryd T.
[17] thilke same H, þe same U, thys saunce T.

which vtterly behight me to forbar[1]
Mi feythefull trust, *and* all my affiaunce." 260

(34) LA DAME.

[leaf 122, back] "To leue in wo, he hathe gret fantasie, 261
And of his hert also hathe sliper hold,
That, only for byholdyng of an ye,[2]
Cannot abide in pees, as resoun wolde.
Other, or me,[3] yf ye liste to biholde, 265
Oure yen[4] ar made to loke: why shuld we spare?
I take no kepe, nether of yong ne olde;
who feleth smert,[5] y consayll hym by[6] ware." 268

"A man must have a great fancy for woe who is put out by a look.

Our eyes are made for looking. Why shouldn't we use them?"

(35) LAMANT.

"If it be so,[7] one hurt an other sore, 269
In his defaut þat feleth the[8] greuaunce,
Of very right a man may do no more;
yit resoun wuld it were in rémembraunce.
And, sith fortune nat only (by his chaunce) 273
háthe caused me to suffre all this payn,
But your beaute, with all þe sircumstaunce,
Whi list you[9] haue me in so grete disdeyn?" 276

"But since you have caused me so much pain, why don't you keep this in mind?

Why do you hold me in such disdain?"

(36) LA DAME.

"To your persone ne haue y non[10] disdeyn, 277
Nor neuer hadde, truly; nor nought[11] will haue,
Nor right gret loue, nor hatrede, in certeyn;
Nor[12] youre consayll to knowe, (so god me saue!)
If such beleue[13] be in your mynde y-graue,[14] 281
þat lytell thyng may do you gret plesaunce,
you to begyle, or make[15] you for to rave,
I will not cause non[16] such éncomberaunce." 284

"I neither disdain,

nor love you, nor hate you.

Pray understand that I don't want to trouble you."

(37) LAMANT.

[leaf 123] "What euer hit be þat hath me[17] þis purchácyde, 285
Wenyng hath noght deseyued me,[18] sertayne;

[1] forbarre (loodsterre, aferre, werre) H. [2] yee H, ey T. [3] UH, ne T. [4] yeen H, eyen T. [5] UH, seketh harme T. [6] be H. [7] UH, so be T. [8] the HT, no U. [9] ye HT. [10] UH, *om.* T. [11] ner neuere H, ne neuer T. [12] UH, Ne T. [13] UH, conseyte T. [14] UH, graue T. [15] UH, mok T. [16] noon H, no T. [17] UT, me hath H. [18] UH, *om.* T.

But feruent loue so sore me hath I-chasede,[1] "Ah, but I love you fervently,
That I,[2] vnware, am casten[3] in your chayne;
And sith so is, as[4] fortune lyste[5] ordayne,
All my welfare is in your handys falle, all my welfare is in your hands: and I had better die."
Inn éschewyng of more myschévous payne;
Who sunnest dieth, his care is leste of alle."

(38) LA DAME.

"Þis[6] sykenesse is ryght[7] esy to endure, "Your illness won't trouble you much: few people die of that.
But few peple hit causeth for to dye;
But what þei meane, I know hit[8] verrey sure,
Of mor comfórt to draw the remedye.
Sych be þer now,[9] playnyng full pytouslye,
That fele[10] (gode wote) not alþer[11]-grettyst payne;
And[12] iffe so be, loue hurtes[13] so grevously, If it were real, why, one had better be ill than two."
lesse harme hit were, wone sorouful, þen twayn."[14]

(39) LAMANT.

"Alas, madame! iffe þat hit[15] myght you please, "No, surely; better put two in ease than destroy the one who suffers.
mych better wer,[16] by way of gentyllesse,
Of won sory,[17] to make twayne[18] well at ease,
Then hyme to stryе[19] that lyueth in destresse.
ffor my desyr is noþer mor ne lesse,
But my seruysse to[20] do, for your plesaunce,
In éschewyng al maner doublenesse, Make two joys instead of one pain."
To make too Joys insted of won[21] grevaunce."

(40) LA DAME.

"Of loue I seke noþer plesaunce nore[22] ease, [leaf 123, back]
Nor Ryght gret loue,[23] nor[24] ryght gret affyaunce. "But I don't want any trouble about love,
þough ye be seke, hit dothe me no thyng please; and don't care whether you're ill or happy.
Also, I take none hede to your plesaunce.

[1] UH, hath me enbrasyd T. [2] UH, *om.* T. [3] UH, cast T.
[4] UH, hyt ys that T. [5] UH, lyste so T. [6] UH, The T.
[7] UH, full T. [8] it H, *om.* T. [9] nought H, lew T.
[10] UH, faylen T. [11] UH, all the T. [12] Are UT.
[13] hurte H, hurt T. [14] tweyne HT, wayn U. [15] UT, I H.
[16] UH, hyt were bettyr T. [17] UT, sorwe H ('sory' *in margin*).
[18] UH, ij. T. [19] stroye H, dystroy T. [20] UH, I T.
[21] oo HT. [22] UT, ne H. [23] Nor gret desire HT.
[24] UH, ne T.

Chese who-so wyle, þair hertys to a-vaunce, 313
I am free, and am not going to put myself under any man's rule."
ffre am I now, *and* fre wyll I endure;
To be Rulyd by mannys gou*er*naunce,
ffor erthly gode, nay! that I you ensure." 316

(41) LAMANT.

"Love makes ladies
"Loue, which þat[1] ioy *and* sorow doth depart, 317
hath set þe[2] ladyes out of all ser*u*age,
And largëly doth gr*a*unt hem, for þair[3] part,
lords and rulers,
Lordschip and rule of eu*e*ry man*er* age.
The pore ser*u*a*u*nt noght hath of[4] ávauntage 321
But what he may get only of p*ur*cháce;
and their lovers only homagers."
And he þat ones to loue dothe his omáge,
ffull often[5] tyme, der boght is the rechace."[6] 324

(42) LA DAME.

"Ladies are not such fools as to be taken in by pretty speeches.
"Ladyes beth not so symple (þus I mene), 325
So dulle of wyte, so sotyd[7] of folye,
That, for word*es* which said ben of[8] þe splene,
In fayr langáge, paynted ful plesantlye,
Which ye *and* mo[9] holde scolys of[10] dailye,[11] 329
To make hem all[12] grete wondyrs to suppose;
They can turn their heads, and shut their ears."
But sone thei cane, away her hedes[13] wrye,
And to fayr speche, lyghtly þair yerës close." 332

(43) LAMANT.

[leaf 121]
"Þer is no man þat iangulith bysily 333
"The mere talker speaks not like the man laden with woe,
And sette[14] his hert *and* all his mynd þer*f*or,
þat be reason may playn so pytously
As he þat hath myche hevynesse in store.
Whose hede is hole,[15] *and* saith þat hit is[16] sore, 337
his fayned chere is hard[17] to kepe in mewe;

[1] UT, *om.* H. [2] UH, yow T. [3] þar H, youre T.
[4] UH, hath noon T. [5] ofte H, oft T.
[6] UT, dere his richesse boughte has H. O. Fr. *rachatz*; Mod. Fr. *rachat*, redemption, ransom.—Skeat. '*Rachapt*, a redemption, redeeming, rebuying, recovery of a thing sold, by paying that for which it was sold.'—Cotgrave.
[7] sottid H, dotyd T. [8] UT are, *om.* H. [9] UH, me T.
[10] UT, scoolys holden H. [11] dulye U, dieulye *margin*, daily H.
[12] UT, of H. [13] UT, þer hedys away H. [14] UT, settith H.
[15] UH, nat sore T. [16] UT, is nat T. [17] UH, herde T.

But thoght, which[1] is vnfaynëd euermore,
The wordës previth[2] as the warkës sewe."[3] 340

whose words are proved by deeds."

(44) LA DAME.

"Loue is sotyle, *and* hath a grete awayte,[4] 341
Scharpe in worchyng, in gabbyng gret plesance,
And cane hyme venge of[5] siche as, by deceyte,
Wold fele *and* know[6] his secrete gouernance;
And makyth hem to abey[7] his ordynance 345
By cherfull wayes,[8] as In hem[9] is supposed,
But when þei[10] fallen in-to[11] répentance,
Then, in a rage, þeir councele is disclosed." 348

"Love delights in lying."

(45) LAMANT.

"Sith, for-as-mych as gode and eke natur 349
hathe loue avaunced[12] to so hye degre,
Mych scharper is the poynte, þis[13] am I sure,
yete[14] greueth mor the faute, wher-euer hit be.
Who hath no colde, of hete hathe no deyntye; 353
þe tone for þe toder, axed is expresse;
And of plesaunce knothe non[15] þe sertayntye,
Bot hit be[16] wonen with thought *and* hevynesse."

"None know the sweets of Love but those who have sufferd its pains."

(46) LA DAME.

"As for plesaunce, hit is not alway wone:[17] 357
That you[18] is swete, me thynketh[19] a bytter payne;
ye may not me constrayn, nor yet ryght none,
After your lust to loue,[20] þat is bot vayne.
To chalange[21] loue by ryght, was neuer[22] sayne, 361
But hert assent, by-fore bonde or promyse;
ffor strenght nor force may not ataine, sertayne,
A wylle þat stant enfeffyd in[23] franchyse." 364

[leaf 124, back]

"But you cannot make me love what you like.

No force can bind a will that's free."

[1] UH, that T. [2] preven H, present T.
[3] shew T, sewe *margin*, shew H.
[4] UT, abaite H, *margin* awayte. [5] UH, on T.
[6] UT, knowe & fele H. [7] obeye H. [8] weies H, wyse T.
[9] UT, hym H. [10] UT, þat þei H. [11] UH, vnto T.
[12] Skeat MSS. avaunced loue. [13] UH, thus T.
[14] UT, hit H. [15] noon H, not UT. [16] be H, *om.* UT.
[17] on (one) H. [18] UH, to you T. [19] thynketh HT, thynke U.
[20] UH, lyue T. [21] UH, shall T. [22] UH, men T.
[23] in HT, on U.

(47) LAMANT.

"Lady, I only seek to show you my distress;

"Ryght fayr lady, god mot[1] I never please,
Iffe I seche o*per* ryght, as in *þis* case,
But for to schew you playnly my disease,

and I wait your grace.

And yo*ur* mercy to[2] abyde, *and* eke yo*ur* grace.
Iffe I purpóse yo*ur* hono*ur* to deffáce,
Or ever dide, gode *and* fortune me schende,
And that I never ryghtwysly[3] purcháce
On only ioy, vn-to my lyvës ende!"

If I ever sought to stain your honour, may God punish me."

(48) LA DAME.

"You men that swear oaths so fast,

"ye and o*per*, that sweere such othës faste,
And so condempne *and* cursen to and fro,

know they last only till the words are uttered.

ffull sykerly, ye wene yo*ur* othës laste
No lengur then the wordës beth[4] ago;
And gode, *and* eke his sayntës, laugh[5] also.
In siche sweryng *þer* is no stedfastnesse;

If poor wretches trust them, they'll weep for it."

And *þes* wreches *þat* haue ful trust *þer*-to,
After, *þai* wepe *and* waylen in destresse."

(49) LAMANT.

[leaf 125]

"he hath no corage of a man, truly,

"The man who would dishonour woman's reputation is not worthy to live."

That sechith plesaunce, worschip to despyse;
Nor to be callyd forth, is not worthy
The erthe to toche the ayre in no-skynn*es*[6] wyse.
A trusty harte, a mouth *with*out fayntyse,
Thes ben the strenght of eue*ry* man of name;
And who *þat* laith[7] his faith for lytel p*rice*,
he lesith bothe his worschip *and* his fame."

(50) LA DAME.

"A curr's heart and a courteous tongue do not agree, though hypocrisy may make them seem to."

"A currysche hert,[8] a mouthe[9] *þat* is courteys,
ffull wel ye wote, *þei* be[10] not ácordynge;
yet faynëd chere ryght sone may *þeim*[11] apeyse,
Wher of malece is sete al her[12] worchynge:

[1] UT, myghte H. [2] UT, *om.* H. [3] rightwisly H.
[4] UH, byn T. [5] UH, dysplesyn T.
[6] UH, ne the . . . no kyns T. [7] latith H, lesyth T.
[8] Fr. Villain cueur. [9] UH, among T. [10] UH, these byn T.
[11] UH, they may T. [12] there H, theyr T.

ffull fals semblant þei bere, *and* trew semynge;[1] 393
þaire name, þaire fame, þair tongës be bot[2] fayned;
Worschip in heme is put in fórgetynge,[3]
Noght répentyd, nor in no wyse co*m*playned." 396

(51) LAMANT.

" Who thynketh ylle, no good may hyme be-fale: 397
Gode, of his grace, grawnt yche mon his desert!
But, for his loue, among yo*ur*[4] thoughtës alle, "For God's love think on the pain and woe I suffer;
As thenke opon my wofull sorous[5] smert;
ffor, of my payne, whedre[6] yo*ur* tendre hert, 401
Of swete pytë, be noght *þer-with* a-grevyde,
And iffe yo*ur* grace to me wer[7] discouért, be gracious to me, and I shall soon be cured."
Then, be yo*ur* meane, sone[8] schuld I be releuyde."

(52) LA DAME.

" A lyghtsome hart, a folye of plesaunce, 405 [leaf 125, back]
Ar myche better, the lasse whyle þei abyde;
Thei make you thynk,[9] *and* bryng you in[10] a traunce;
But þat sykenes will sone be remedyde. "Your illness will soon be over; put this nonsense on one side.
Respyte yo*ur* thought, *and* put all þis a-syde;[11] 409
ffull goode disportës werith[12] men al daye;
To helpe nor hurt, my wille is not aplyde; I neither care to help nor hurt you."
Who trouthe[13] me not, I[14] let hit pase awaye."

(53) LAMANT.

" Who hath a byrde, a faukyn or a hounde, 413 "If a bird or a dog loves a man, he cherishes it,
That folowith hyme for loue in eue*ry* place,
he cherische[15] hyme, *and* kepith hym[16] ful sounde;
Out[17] of his syght he wol hym[18] note enchace. and doesn't drive it away;
And I, þat sette my wyttës, in this case, 417 but me, who love you above all others,
On you allon, wi*th*outen any chaunge,
Am[19] put vnder, myche forþer out of grace, you set less by than you do by strangers."
And lese set[20] by, þen oþer þat be straunge." 420

[1] UT, meuyng H (semyng *in margin*). [2] UT, not H (but *in margin*).
[3] forgetyng T, foryeting H, for etynge U. [4] UH, hys T. [5] sorowe H.
[6] UT, where H. [7] UT, be H. [8] UH, *om.* T. [9] thyng U, thynk H.
[10] UH, into T. [11] UT, on side T. [12] weriethe H.
[13] trowith H, troweth T. [14] HT, *erasure in* U.
[15] cherisithe H, cherysseth T. [16] UT, *om.* L. [17] UH, But T.
[18] hym UT, *om.* H. [19] UT, And H (Am *in margin*).
[20] UT, sette lesse H.

(54) LA DAME.

"Though I am pleasant to other men I shan't be so to you.

" Though I make chere to eu*e*ry man a-boute,
ffor my worschip, *and* of myn awne fraunchyse,
To you I nylle do so, w*ith*outen doute,
In éschwyng all man*er* p*re*iudyse.

Love will have his own way and do as he likes."

ffor, wett you well,[1] loue is so[2] lytle wyse,
And in be-leue so lyghtly wyll[3] be broght,
That he taketh, al at his awne devyse,
Of thyng (god wot) þat s*er*ueth hym of noght."

(55) LAMANT.

[leaf 126]

"Why should I, for my true service, lose the favour you show to strangers?

" Iffe I, by loue *and* by my trew s*er*uyse,
lese the good chere þat straungers haue alway,
Wher-of schuld[4] s*er*ue my trouth in any wyse
les þen to heme[5] þat come *and* go alday,
Which hold[6] of you no thyng, þat is no[7] nay?
Also in you is loste, to my semynge,

Surely, love for love is only fair."

All courtesy, which of[8] Resou*n* will[9] say,
That loue by[10] loue were lawfull dés*er*uynge."

(56) LA DAME.

"Ladies' favour will not be bound by any prayers,

" Courtesye is allied wondir nere
To[11] worschip, which hyme louyth tendurly;[12]
And he will not be bound, for no prayere
Nor for no[13] yifte, I say you verely,

but distributes its gifts as it will."

But his good chere depart ful largëly
Wher hyme lykéth, as his conseit wil falle:
Guerdou*n* constraynt, a yifte done thankefully,
Thes twayn[14] may not a-cord, nor neu*er* schale."

(57) LAMANT.

"I ask no reward,

" As for guerdou*n*, I seche[15] none in þis case;[16]
ffor þat desert, to me it[17] is to hye;

only your grace;

Wherfor I asche[18] yo*ur* pardou*n* *and* yo*ur* grace,
Sith me by-houyth deth,[19] or yo*ur* m*er*cye.

[1] ye well HT, you will U. [2] UH, *om.* T.
[3] wil H, wyll T, wel U. [4] shuld H, I schuld UT.
[5] hem H, theym T. [6] UH, had T. [7] non H, to no T.
[8] UH, of all T. [9] UT, wolde H. [10] for Skeat.
[11] UT, with H. [12] UT, best & tendirly H. [13] UT, *om.* H.
[14] UH, ij. T. [15] UH, seke T. [16] UH, place T.
[17] UT, *om.* H. [18] ashe H, ax T. [19] H, *om.* UT.

To yiue the good[1] wher hit[2] wanteth, treulye,
That wer Resoun, *and* á[3] courteys manere;
And to your awn myche bettyr were worthy,[4]
þen to straungers, to schew heme louely[5] chere."

449 and Reason would that you should show it to me rather than to strangers."

(58) LA DAME.

"What call ye good? fayn wold I þat I wyste!
That plesith on, an-oþer[6] smertyth sore;
But, of his awn, to large is he þat liste
yiue myche, *and* lese all his goode fame þerfore.
On schuld not make a graunt, lytele nor more,
But þe request were ryght wele ácordynge;
yif worschip be not kept *and* set byfore,
All þat is lefte, is but a lytell thynge."

453 [leaf 126, back]
"What pleases me, pains another;
457 and no grant should be made unless it were sure to be acceptable."
460

(59) LAMANT.

"In-to þis world was neuer formyd non,
Nor vndur heven creäture[7] I-bore,
Nor neuer schall, saffe only your parson,[8]
To whom your worschip toucheth half so sore;
But me, which haue no sesoun, les ne more,
of youth nor age, but styll in your seruyse,
I haue non yne,[9] no wyt, nor mouth in store,
But all beth[10] yiuen to þe same offyse."

461 "There is no creature under heaven to whom your good name is so dear as to me.
465
I have no senses that are not
468 yours."

(60) LA DAME.

"A full gret charge hath he, without(e)n fayle,
þat his worschip kepyth in sykernesse;
But in daunger he settyth his trauayle,
That feffith hit with othyrs[11] bysynesse.
To hym þat longeth honneur *and* noblesse,
Vpon non othir schuld not[12] he awayte;
ffor of his[13] awn, so mych hathë[14] þe lesse,
That, of othir, mych folouth the conseit."

469 "Each one's good name is enough for himself to look to.
473
If he troubles about others,
476 he has less of his own."

[1] good H, god U. [2] UH, that it T. [3] UT, *om.* H. [4] UH, worth T. [5] H, lowly T, lonely U. [6] UH, and other T. [7] UT, o creature H. [8] persone H. [9] yeen H, eyen T. [10] But . . byn T, that ne alle ar H. [11] UH, other T. [12] UH, *om.* T. [13] UT, *om.* H. [14] hathe he HT.

(61) LAMANT.

[leaf 127] "your yen[1] haue set the prynte[2] which þat y fele[3] 477
"Your eyes have pierced my heart, *with*yn myn herte, þat, wher-so-euer[4] y goo,
If y do thyng þat sowneth[5] vnto wele,
Nede must it[6] come from you, and fro no mo.
ffortune will thus, þat y, for wele or wo, 481
and I must ever wait your favour while I live." My lyfe endure, *your* mercy ábidyng;
And very right, will þat y thynk also
Of your wurship, aboue all other thyng." 484

(62) LA DAME.

"You'll waste your time, then; "To *your* wurship se wele, for þat is nede, 485
þat ye spende not *your* seasoun[7] all in vayn.
As touchyng myn, y rede you take non hede,
don't be foolish; By *your* foly, to putte *your*-selfe in peyn.
bridle in your fancies." To Ouercom is good, *and* to restreyn 489
An herte which is deseyved folyly;
ffor wers it is to breke þan[8] bowe, certeyn,
And better bowe, than falle to sodenly." 492

(63) LAMANT.

"Oh, Lady, think how I have been always true to you, "Now, faire lady, thenk, sith it first began, 493
þat loue hadde sette myn hert vndre his[9] cure,
It neuer myght, nor[10] treuly y ne can,
None othir serue, whils y shall here[11] endure;
and always will be, In most fre wise, therof y make you sure, 497
which may not be *with*-drawe: this is no nay.
I must abide all maner áuenture;
I cannot change." ffor y may nought putte to, nor take away." 500

(64) LA DAME.

[leaf 127, back] "I holde it for no yifte, in sothefastnes, 501
"That is no gift which is refused and discarded, That one offereth, where þat it is forsake;
ffor suche yifte is abandonnyng expresse,
That, with wurship, ayen may not be take.

[1] yeen H, eyen T. [2] UH, they*m present* T.
[3] Fr. Voz yeulx out si empraint leur merche.
[4] where-sum-euer H. [5] sowndithe H. [6] UH, it must T.
[7] UT, ye *your* sesoun spende not H. [8] UH, the T.
[9] your H, *om.* T. [10] I . . ne H, It not UT.
[11] UT, here I shal H.

he hathe an hert full fell,[1] þat list to make
A yift lightly, þat put is in refuse;
But he is wyse þat suche conseyt will slake,
So þat hym nede nether stodie nor[2] muse."

(65) LAMANT.

"he[3] shuld not muse, þat hath[4] his seruyse spent
On hir which is a lady honouráble;
And yf y spende my tyme to þat entent,
yit atte the lest y am nat répreuáble
Of faylëd herte: to thynk, y am vnable,
Or me mystoke whan y made this request,
By which loue hathe, of entirprise notáble,
So many hertis getyn bi conquest."

(66) LA DAME.

"yf þat ye liste do after my Counsayll
Secheth fayerer,[5] and of more hier fame,
Which in seruice of loue will you prevayll
After your þought, acordyng to the same.
he hurteth both[6] his wurship and his name,
þat folyly for tweyn[7] hym-selfe will trobull;
And also he leséth his after game,
That surely cannot sette his poyntës double."[8]

(67) LAMANT.[9]

"This your Counsell, by ought þat y can se,
Is better seid than done, to myn avise.
Though i beleue it not, foryif[10] it me;
Myn herte is suche, so hele[11] without fayntyse,
That it may not[12] yeve credence, in no wyse,
To thyng which[13] is not sownyng vnto trouth:

"Cool your desires and save your anxieties."

"A lover must be anxious;

and I am not worthy of reproof

unless my request is mistaken."

"Let me advise you to seek a fairer Love who'll care for you.

You are now only damaging your reputation."

[leaf 128]

"My heart is so true that I can believe nothing which does not mean truth.

[1] Thynne (Sk.), hertis full fele UT, hurte ful fele H. [2] UT, neuer to stody ne H. [3] UT, Who H. [4] hath HT, *om.* U. [5] UH, ferther T. [6] both HT, *om.* U. [7] UH, ij. T. [8] *After-game*, return-match . . . I believe l. 524 to mean, 'who cannot thoroughly afford to double his stakes.' To *set* often means to stake. The French is:—

'Et celuy pert le ien d'attente
Qui ne scet faire son point double.'—Skeat, vii. 519.

[9] Fr.: Le conseil que vous me donnez. [10] UH, foryeue T. [11] hoole THU. [12] TU, *om.* H. [13] UH, thynke that T.

You will pity me."

Other Councell, it[1] are but fantasise,[2]
Saf of[3] yo*ur* grace to shewe pitë *and* routhe." 532

(68) LA DAME.

"He is wise who can quit his folly when he likes;

"I holde hym wise, þ*at* wurcheth folyly, 533
And, whan hym list, can leue[4] and part therfro;
But in konnyng he is to lerne, trewely,
þ*at* wold hym selfe condit,[5] and cannot[6] so.

but he who will not take advice

And he þ*at* will not after Conseyll do, 537
his sute[7] he putteth in desé[s]peraunce;

must be set aside as dead."

And all the good, which[8] þ*at* shuld fall hym to,
Is lefte as[9] dede, clene out of rémembr*a*unce." 540

(69) LAMANT.

"Lady, I will love you while I live;

"yit will y sue this matier faythfully 541
whils y may leue, what-eu*er* be[10] my chaunce;

and if I die,

And if it happe þ*at* in my trouth y die,
þ*at* dethe shall not do me no displesaunce.

I'd rather die

But when þ*at* y, by yo*ur* full hard[11] sufferaunce, 545
Shall die so trewe, *and* with so gretë[12] peyne,

than live as a false lover."

yit shall it do me moche the[13] lesse grevaunce,
þen for to leue a fals louer, *ser*tayn." 548

(70) LA DAME.

[leaf 128, back]

"Of me gete ye right nought, this is no fable; 549

"Well, you'll get nothing from me; I don't care for you.

I nyll[14] to you be nether hard nor streyght;
And right wil nat, nor maner Custumáble,
To thynke ye shuld be sure of myn conseyt.

If you want sorrow, you'll get it."

Who secheth sorow,[15] his be[16] the reseyt. 553
Other Counceyll can y not fele nor se;
Nor for to lerne, y cast not to awayte:
Who wyll therto, late hym assay, for me." 556

[1] other counsail it H, others counsayles hit T, hit *om.* U.
[2] UH, fantasyes T. [3] of HT, *om.* U.
[4] And . . leue UH, when he can leue T.
[5] conduyte H, condute T. [6] cannat HT, canno U.
[7] UT, suerte UH (sute *in margin*). [8] goodys T, good which H.
[9] UH, all T. [10] UH, what oon by T. [11] UT, yo*ur* harde H.
[12] UT, grete a H. [13] UT, moche H. [14] UH, wyll T.
[15] UH, sorowys T. [16] is by H ('his bi' *margin*), by T.

(71) LAMANT.

" Ones must it be[1] asaied, þat is no nay,[2] 557
with suche as be of reputacïoun
And of trewe loue the right deuoyr[3] to paie,
Of fre hertis, getyn by due Raunsom;
ffor fre will holdeth this opynyon, 561
þat it is grete dures *and* discomfort
To kepe an hert in só streyt a presoun,
þat hathe but on body for[4] his disport." 564

(72) LA DAME.

" I knowe so many Cases[5] meruelos, 565
That y must nede, of resoun, thynk certeyn,
þat suche entre[6] is wondre perelous;
And yit wele more, the comyng bak ageyn;[7]
Good or wurship therof is seldon seyn; 569
Wherfore y wil not make none suche aray,
As for to fynde a plesaunce but bareyn,
When it shall coste so dere, þe first asay." 572

(73) LAMANT.

" ye haue no cause to doute of this matiere,[8] 573
Nor you to meve *with* non suche fantasise
To putte me far all[9] out, as a straunger;
ffor youre goodnes can thynk[10] and wele avise,
þat y haue made a prefe[11] in euery wise, 577
By which my trouth sheweth open evidence:
Mi long abidyng *and* my trew seruice
May wele be knowe by playn experience." 580

(74) LA DAME.

" Of very right, he may be called trewe,[12] 581
(And so must he be take in euery place)
þat can deserue, and let as he ne knewe,
And kepe the good, yf he it may purchace.

" When a free heart has been won, the winner should honourably pay love's dues,

otherwise it is great hardship on the lover."

[leaf 129]

" You should not treat me as a stranger,

for you know well my continued truth."

" He is true

who deserves favour, and keep it when got;

[1] UH, it must be T. [2] Fr.: Vne fois le fault essayer.
[3] UT, duetes H. [4] UH, to T. [5] UT, causes H (causes *margin*).
[6] UH, entent T. [7] bak ageyn H, abak certeyn U, bak certeyn T.
[8] Fr.: Vous n'auez cause de douter. [9] all, *om.* T.
[10] thynk H, thynke T, thyng U. [11] prese U.
[12] Fr.: Il se peut loyal appeller.

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but there's no truth in merely praying."

ffor who þat prayeth or sueth in any cace[1] 585
Right wele ye wot, in[2] þat no trouth is preued:
Siche hathe ther bene, and[3] are, þat geteth[4] grace,
And lese it sone, whan they it haue acheuyd." 588

(75) LAMANT.

"If truth makes me love, and be rejected,

"yf trouth me cause, bi vertu souerayn, 589
To shewe good loue, and all-wey fynde contrary,
And cherissh þat at[5] slethe me with þe payn,

this is good, as pity will come at last and comfort me."

þis is to me a louely aduersarie.
when þat pite, which longe aslepe dothe tarye, 593
hathe set þe fyn of all myn hevynesse,
yit her comfort, to me most necessarye,
Shuld sette my wille more sure in stabilnesse."

(76) LA DAME.

[leaf 129, back]

"þe[6] wofull wight, what may he[7] thynk or say? 597

"The sorrowing lover cannot think

þe contrarie of áll ioye and gladnesse.
A seke body, his thought is all away[8]

of those who feel no sorrow,

ffro hem þat fele no sorow nor sekenes.
þus hertis[9] bene of dyuerse besynes 601
which loue[10] hathe putte to right gret hynderaunce,

and he forgets truth too."

And treuthe also put in foryetfulnes,
when they so sore begynne to sigh askaunce." 604

(77) LAMANT.

"He who turns to evil any favour

"Now god defende, but he be hauëles[11] 605
Of all wurship or good þat may befalle,
þat to the wurst turneth, by his lewdenes,
A yift of grace, or ony thyng atte all

that his lady vouchsafes him

That his lady[12] vouchesaf vppon hym calle, 609
Or cherissheth[13] hym in honorable wyse!

deserves more than double death."

In þat defaut, what-euer he be þat fall,
Deserueth[14] more, then dothe to suffre twyse." 612

[1] UH, place T. [2] in, *om.* T. [3] and H, an U.
[4] UH, getyn T. [5] that H. [6] UH, A T. [7] ye UT, he H.
[8] UH, bodyes thought is alwey T. [9] hurtes H. Skeat.
[10] loue UH, *om.* T. [11] De tous soit celuy deguerpiz.
[12] his lady H, this lady U, ys T.
[13] cherysshe TH, cherysshеth U.
[14] Descrueth H, Derserueth U.

(78) LA DAME.

"There is no Iuge yset of[1] suche trespáce,
By which, of right, one may recouered be;
One curseth faste, an-other dothe manáce,
yit dieth non, as fer as y can se,
But kepe her cours all-wey, in one degre,[2]
And euermore[3] there labour dothe encrece,
To brynge ladise, bi their grete[4] sotelte,
ffor othirs gilt, in sorow and disese."

"Ah, one man curses, another threatens, but none die, yet all try new tricks to bring ladies into trouble."

(79) LAMANT.

"All-be-hit[5] so, on do so gret offence,[6]
And be not dede, nor put to no Iuyse,
Ryght wele I wot, hym gayneth no deffence,
But he must ende in full myschéuous wyse,
And all þat euer[7] is gode will hym despyse;
ffor falshode is so full of cursydnesse,
That highe[8] worschip may[9] never haue enterprise
Wher hit rayneth, *and* hath the wylfulnysse."

[leaf 130]

"If I were to be false and change, all good men would despise me."

(80) LA DAME.

"Of[10] that haue þei[11] no gret fere now of[12] dayes,
Siche as wyll[13] say, *and* maynten hit þer-to,
That stidfast trouth is nothyng for to preyes[14]
In hem þat kepe hit longe, for weile or wo.
þaire bysy hertes passen to and fro,
þai be so wele reclaymed to the lure,
So well lorned hem[15] to with-holde also,
And all to chaunge, when loue schuld best endure."

"Oh, don't be afraid of that, there are plenty of changes now-a-days."

(81) LAMANT.

"When won hath sett his hert in stable wisse,
In siche a place which is boeth gude *and* trewe,

"When a man has once fixt his heart,

[1] UH, on T. [2] one degre H, oo degre T, ordre U. [3] euermore UT, euere newe H. [4] grete UT, *om.* H. [5] Though hit be T, Al be it H. [6] Fr.: Combien qu'on n'arde ne ne pende, p. 518. [7] euer UH, *om.* T. [8] theyr T, her H. [9] may U, *om.* T, shall H. [10] Yef T, Off H. [11] þei haue T, haue þei H. [12] a TH. [13] wyll T, wel U, wil H. [14] preys H. [15] hem H, theym T, & U.

he should not change, but ever be true.

he schuld not flytte, bot do forth his seruyse
Alway, *with*-outen[1] chaunge of any newe.
As sone as loue by-gynneth to remew.[2]
All plesaunce goth anon, in letel space:

For me, I'll never alter while I live."

As for my party, þat schal I[3] eschewe,
Whils þat my[4] sowle abydythe in his place."

(82) LA DAME.

[leaf 130, back]

"To loue trewly, ther as ye oght of ryght,
ye may not be mysse-taken, dout[ë]lesse,

"That is well enough when you are loved again, but you have made a mistake with me, and had better give up at once."

Bot ye be fowle deceyued in yo*ur* syght,
By lyghtly vnd*ur*standyng, as I gesse;
yet may ye wel repeale yo*ur* bysynesse,
And to resou*n*, some-what haue átendaunce,
myche bett*er* þen to abyde, by fole[5] symplesse,
The feble soco*ur*[6] of desesperaunce."

(83) LAMANT.

"Reason and good advice are set aside in love."

"Resou*n*, councell, wysdam, *and* good avyse
Bene vnd*ur* loue a-restyd[7] eu*er*ychone,—
To which I can acord in eu*er*y wyse;—
ffor þai be not rebell, bot still as[8] stone;
Their will *and* myne ar[9] medeled al in won,
And *þer-with* bownden *with* so stronge a cheyne,
That, as in hem,[10] departyng shal be none,
But pytë breke the myghty bonde a-tweyn."

(84) LA DAME.

"Who loueth not hym-selfe, what-eu*er* he be,
In loue he stant[11] for-yet in eu*er*y place;

"If you'll not pity yourself, you'll get pity from no one else.

And, of yo*ur* woo, if ye haue no pyte,
Othirs pyte be-leue not to pu*r*cháce,[12]
But bethe fully assurèd in this case,

I mean to have a better man. Don't hope for favour from me."

I am al-ways vnd*ur* on ordynaunce,
To haue bett*er*: trysteth nót after g*r*ace,
And al þat leueth,[13] take to yo*ur* plesaunce."

[1] without the T, withoute H. [2] renew T, remewe H.
[3] UT, For my party, al H, that I shal H. [4] my T, the UH.
[5] sole T, foly H. [6] UH, socours T. [7] UH, arestyn T. [8] UH, as a T.
[9] myne ar T, mynd as U, myn ben H. [10] theym T, heuen U, hem H.
[11] UH, standeth T. [12] purches UH. [13] UH, loueth T.

(85) LAMANT.

"I haue myn hope so sure *and* so stedfast,[1] 669 [leaf 131]
That sich a lady schuld not faile pyte; "I did hope
But now, alas, it is schit vp so fast, that you would
That daunger schewth on me his cruelte. be pitiful,
And iffe sche se þe[2] *ver*tu fayle in me 673 but now all hope
Of trew *ser*uyse, þen sche to faile also is gone.
No wondir wer; but þis is the seurte,
I must suffre, which way þat eu*er* hit[3] go." 676 One thing only is sure, that I must suffer."

(86) LA DAME.

"leue[4] this purpos, I rede you for yo*ur* best; 677 "I do advise you
ffor, lenger that[5] ye kepe hit þus in vayn, give this matter
The les ye gete, as of yo*ur* hertës rest, up:
And to reioisse hit, schal ye neu*er* attayne. for never can you
When ye abyde goode hope, to make you fayne, 681 win my love."
ye schal be founde a-sotyde[6] in dotage
And in the ende, ye schall know for *ser*tayne,
That hope schall pay þe wrecches for þer wage."[7]

(87) LAMANT.

"ye say as fallyth most for yo*ur* plesaunce, 685
And yo*ur* power is grete; al þis I se;
But hope schall neu*er* out of my Rémembr*aun*ce, "But I must hope
By which I felt so grete aduersyte.
ffor when nature hath sèt in you plente 689 that when Nature
Of all goodnes, by *ver*tu and by[8] grace, set all goodness in you,
He[9] neu*er* assembled hem, as semyth me, he never left out
To put pyte out of his dwellyng place." 692 Pity."

(88) LA DAME.

"Pyte of ryght ought[10] to be resonáble, 693 [leaf 131, back]
And to no wyght of gret disáuauntage:[11] "Pity must be
Ther as is nede, hit schuld be[12] *pro*fytáble, reasonable;
And to the pytous, schewyng no domage.[11]

[1] Fr.: I'ay mon esperance fermee. [2] that T, the H.
[3] I T, it H. [4] Loue T, Leve H. [5] UH, the lenger T.
[6] UH, bounde assured T.
[7] þer wage H, your wage T, your waye U. [8] UH, hygh T.
[9] He UT, Ne U. [10] owcth T, aught H.
[11] disauauntaye . . domaye U. [12] by U, be HT.

and if a lady were to let pity lead her love astray, it would turn to deadly hate."

Iffe a lady will do so gret outráge
To schew pyte, *and* cause her awn debate.
Of siche pyte comyth dispytous Rage,
And of þe loue also ryght dedly[1] hate" 700

(89) LAMANT.

"To comfort the comfortless would add honour to you;

"To coumfort hem þat lyue[2] all coumfortles, 701
That is non harme, but worschip to your name;
But ye, þat bere an hert of syche dures,
A fair body I-fourmyd[3] to the same,

but this cruelty will defame you

Iffe I durst say, ye wyn all þis diffame 705
By cruelte, which sittyth you full ylle,

unless Pity dwell in your heart."

But iffe pyte, which may al þis atame,[4]
In your hye hert may reste *and* tary stylle." 708

(90) LA DAME.

"Am I to be blamed because I won't do what a man who says he loves me, wants me to?

"What-euer he be þat saith he loueth me,— 709
And paraunter I leue[5] þat hit be so,—
Ough[t] he be wroth, or schuld I[6] blamyd be,
Though I did not as he wold haue me do?

If I gave in to him, I should be miserable afterwards, and repent it then too late."

Iffe I medlyd with siche, or othir mo, 713
hit myght be called 'pyte maner-les;'
And aftirward, iffe I schuld lyue in wo,
Then to repent hit were to late, I gesse." 716

(91) LAMANT.

[leaf 132]

"O marbre[7] hert, *and* yet mor hiard[8]; pardye,[9] 717

"O marble heart!

Which mercy may not perse,[10] for no labour,
mor strong[11] to bow then is a myghty tre,
What vayleth[12] you to schew so gret rygour?

would you rather see me die for your amusement than give me some comfort?"

please it you mor, to se me dye þis oure 721
By-for your yne,[13] for your disport *and* play,
Then for to schew some comfort or socour
To respyte dethe, which chaseth me alway?" 724

[1] UH, dewly T. [2] UH, byn T.
[3] And a fair body formed. Thynne, Skeat.
[4] may . . attame H, may not al þis attame U, all this may attame T.
[5] UH, beleue T. [6] wrother schuld I T, wroth or I schuld U.
[7] marbil H, marble T. [8] UH, mor hardyr T.
[9] Ha! cueur plus dur que le noir marbre. [10] parte T, perce H.
[11] UH, stronger T. [12] UH, avayleth T. [13] eyne T, yeen H.

(92) LA DAME.

"Of *your* disease ye may haue á-legeaunce;[1] 725
And as for myn, I lat *hit* ouer-schake.[2]
Also, ye schall not dye for my plesaunce,
Nor for *your* hele[3] I cane no suerty make.
I wyll[4] not hate myn hert for *þer*[5] sake: 729
Wepe þei, laghe þei,[6] or syng, þis[7] I warant,
ffor this mater so wele to[8] vnd*ur*-take,
Þat none of you schall make *þer*-of avaunt." 732

"Your disease can soon be cured; mine is nothing.

It would give me no pleasure to see you die;

and none of you shall be able to make a boast about me."

(93) LAMANT.

"I can no skylle of song: by god allone, 733
I haue mor cause to wepe in *your* *presénce*;
And wel[9] I wote, avaunter am I none,
ffor *cer*taynly,[10] I loue better sylence.
On schuld not loue by his hert*is* credénce, 737
But he wer suer to kepe *hit* secretly;
ffor ávaunter is of no reuerence
When *þat* his tonge is his most enemy." 740

"I cannot sing.

I will not boast.

No one should love who cannot keep it secret."

(94) LA DAME.

"Male-bouche in court hath gret comaundëment; 741
Ech man studith to say the wurst he may.
Thes fals louers, in þis tyme now *presént*,
Thai *se*rue to bost, to Iangle as a Iay.
Þe most secret wylle wele *þat* su*m* man[11] say 745
how he mystristed is on su*m* partyse;[12]
Wherfor, to ladyse what men speke or *pray*,[13]
It schuld not be byleuyd in no wyse." 748

[leaf 132, back]

"Scandal is much about now, and false lovers chatter like jays.

What men say to women should never be believed."

(95) LAMANT.

"Of good *and* yll, schall be, *and* is alway; 749
the world is sich; þe erth it is nat playn.
Thay *þat* be good, the preef schewth eu*ery* day,
And othir-wyse, gret vylany, *ser*tayn.

"There are bad as well as good in the world,

[1] allegeaunce T, allegeance H. [2] UH, slake T.
[3] UH, lyfe T. [4] UH, wold. [5] othyrs T, othirs H.
[6] UH, or laghe T. [7] UH, thus T.
[8] weel to H, wyll I T, wele I U. [9] wel T, wele H, wil U.
[10] UH, in certeyn T. [11] men TH. [12] UH, in . . þarte T.
[13] UH, wherfor these louers whatsoeuer they say T.

but the talk of the bad should not be held to sully the good."

Is hit reson, þough on his tonge distayn,
with cursyd spech, to do hym-selfe a schame,
þat such[1] refus schuld wrongfully remayn
Vpon the good, Renomyd in þair fame?"[2]

(96) LA DAME.

"When those who have made good resolves hear that faults will soon find pardon,

"Sich as be nought, when þai her[e] tydyngs newe,
That eche trespace schall lyghtly haue pardon,
Thai *þat purpósith*[3] to be goode *and* trewe,
(Wele set by noble disposicïoun
To cóntynue in goode condycïoun)
Thai ar the first *þat* fallith[4] in damáge,

they will be the first to go astray."

And full frely þair hertës[5] ábandone
To lytell fayth, *with* soft *and* fair[6] langage."

(97) LAMANT.

[leaf 133]

"Now know I welle, of *verrey sertaynete*,
Though[7] on do trowly, yit[8] shal he be schent,
Sith all *maner* of Iustyce *and* pyte
Is banyscht out of á ladys entent.
I can nat se but all is at o stent,[9]

"Then, though a man be true, he is to be ruined because ladies have neither justice nor pity.

Vice and virtue fare alike."

þe good, þe[10] yll, þe vyce, *and* eke *vertu*.
Sych as be good, schall haue the punyschment
ffor the trespace of hem *þat* beth vntrewe."

(98) LA DAME.

"I have no power to injure any one,

"I haue no power, you to do[11] greuaunce,
Nor to punysch[12] non *oþer* crëature;

but I mean to keep clear of men.

But, to eschewe þe more encoumberaunce,

They are snares,

To kepe vs from you[13] all, I holde *hit* sure.
ffals semblant hath a vysage full demure,

and ladies must keep a good look out."

lyghtly to cache þ^e^ ladyse in a-wayte;
wherfor we must, iffe *þat*[14] we wyll endure,
Make ryght good wache: lo! þis is my conseyt."

[1] such T, suche H, sich*ur* U. [2] UH, renewyd in his name T. [3] purpose T, purposen H. [4] fall T. [5] UT, theym H. [6] UT, faire & softe H. [7] Though TH, Iff U. [8] yet H, ye T. [9] a stent T, oo stente H. [10] and TH. [11] UH, to do you T. [12] UH, promyse T. [13] you H, yow T, yois U. [14] UH, *om.* T.

(99) LAMANT.

"Sith þat, of grace, o goodly word allone 781 "Since you will give me no grace,
May noght be hade, but alway kept in store,
I pele[1] to gode, (for he may her my mone,) I appeal to God against your
Of þe duresse which greuythe me so[2] sore. hardness."
and of pyte I playne me fordermore,[3] 785
which he foryat, in all his ordynaunce,
Or elles my lyfe to háue endid by-fore,
which he so sone put out of Rémembraunce." 788

(100) LA DAME.

"Myn hert, nor I, haue done you no[4] forfait, 789 [leaf 133, back]
By which ye schuld *com*playne in any kynde. "I have never given you any
Ther hurtyth you[5] no thyng but your[6] conseyt: pledge whatever,
Be Iuge *your*-selfe; for so ye schall h*it* fynde.
Ons, for alwey, lat þis synke in *your* mynde: 793 and, once for all, your desire shall
Thát ye desir, schall neu*er* Reioysed be. never be gratified.
ye noye me sore, in wastyng all þis[7] wynde; You annoy me terribly with all
ffor I haue sayd ynoghe, as semythe me." 796 your talk."

(101)

This wofull man rose vp in all his payn, 797 On this the woeful man departed
And so p*ar*tyd, *with* wepyng[8] countynaunce; broken-hearted,
his wofull hert, all-most itt brast a[9]-twayn
ffull lyke to dye, forth walkyng[10] in a *tra*unce,
And said, "now, deth, com forth![11] thi-selfe avaunce, calling on Death to take him.
Or þat my hart for-yet his *pro*pirte;
And make schortyr[12] all þis wofull pen*a*unce
Offe my po*ur* lyfe, full of adu*er*syte!" 804

(102)

ffro thens he went, bot whid*ur* wyst I noght, 805
Nor to what part he drow, in sothfastnese;
But he no mor wasse in his[13] ladyes thought, The lady went on dancing again.
ffor to the daunce anon sche gan her dresse.

[1] UH, speke T. [2] which . . . so UH, that . . me T.
[3] furthermore T, furthere-more H. [4] noo H, *om.* T.
[5] UH, Then T. [6] your TH, ys U. [7] UH, of yo*ur* T.
[8] UH, heuy T. [9] it brest in H, brast in T.
[10] H, walkyng forth UT. [11] UH, deth come forthe and T.
[12] UT, shorte H. [13] his UH, *om.* T.

And afterward,—on[1] told me þus expresse,— 809

Her lover tore his hair
He rent his here, for anguysch *and* for payn,
And In hym-selfe toke so gret hevynesse,

and died.
That he wasse dede *with*-In a day or twayn. 812

(103) LENVOY.

[leaf 134] ye trew louers, þis[2] I be-seche you all, 813

All ye true lovers, keep clear of such affairs as this.
Syche ávaunt*ours*, fle[3] hem in euery wyse,
And as peple diffamyd, ye hem call,
ffor þai, trewly, do you gret p*reiudyse*.
Refuse hath mad, for all sich flat*eryse*, 817
Hys castels strong, stuffyd *with* ordynaunce;
ffor þai haue hade long tyme, by þair offyce,
The hole cuntre of loue in obbeisaunce. 820

(104)

And ye ladies, be And ye, ladyes, or[4] what a-state ye be, 821
In whome worschip hath chose his dwelly*ng* place,

not so cruel as she ffor godd*es* loue, do no sich cruelte,
Namly to hem þ*at* haue[5] deser*u*yd g*race*.
Nore[6] in no wyse ne folow not[7] the t*race* 825

who is rightly named *La belle Dame sans Mercy*.
Of hyr, þ*at* her is namyd[8] ryght-wysly,
Which by Reson, me semyth in þis case,
May be called "la belle dame sanz mercy." 828

Explicit.[9]

(105. Sir R. Ros's Envoy, in 4 Stanzas of sevens, *ababbcc*.)

God give this book fair way, Go, lytell boke! god send thè good passáge! 829
Chese well thy way; be[10] symple of man*er*!
Loke thy clothyng be[10] lyke thy pylgrymage,
And specyally, lete þis be[11] thi prayer

and may those who read it correct its faults, Vn-to hem all[12] þ*at* thè wull rede or her, 833
'Wher þou art wronge, after þair helpe to call,
Thè to corecte in any parte or all.' 835

[1] on UH, and T. [2] UH, thus T. [3] UH, sle T.
[4] UH, of T. [5] haue UT, *om.* H. [6] Ner H, Ne T.
[7] ye not HT. [8] UH, is namyd her T. [9] UH, *om.* T.
[10] be TH, by U. [11] be H, be in T, by U.
[12] all UT, *om.* H.

(106)

Pray hem also, *with* thyn humble *ser*uyse, 836 [leaf 134, back]
Thi boldënes[1] to pardon in þis case; and pardon my boldness,
ffor els þou art not able, in no wyse,
To make thi selfe a-pere[2] in any place.
And forþermor, by-seche hem, of þair *gr*ace, 840
By þair fauour *and* supportac*ïoun*, taking kindly this rude translation,
To take in gre þis Rude *tr*anslac*ïoun*. 842

(107)

The which, got wot, standith full destytute 843 destitute of eloquence and metre.
Of eloquence, of metre, and of[3] colo*ur*s,
Lyke as oo[4] best, naked, *with*-out refute,
Vpon a playn tabyde[5] all man*er* schours.
I can no mor, but aske of hem socours, 847 I ask help of those who asked me to write it.
At whos request you wer mad[6] in þis wyse,
Comaundyng me *with* body *and ser*uyse. 849

(108)

Ryght þus I make an end of þis p*r*ocesse, 850
By-sechyng hym þ*at* all hath in balãunce, God grant that no true man be vexed now like our Lover:
That no trew man be vexid, causëlesse,
As þis man wasse, which is of Rémembraunce;
And all þ*at* do þair faithfull óbs*er*uaunce, 854
And in þair trouth purpóse hem to endure, but may all fare well!
I pray god send[7] hem bettyr áventure. 856

Explicit la bell dame saunce mercy [8].

[1] boldenesse H, boldnes U. [2] appere TH.
[3] of H, *om.* UT.
[4] a H. Wilde as a Harl. 372, Ff. I. 6, Camb. Univ.—Skeat.
[5] to abyde T, to bide H. [6] made was H.
[7] sende H, sun U.
[8] T, *om.* U, Qui legit, emendat scriptorem, non reprehendat H.

A Hymn to the Virgin Mary to preserve King Henry.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 177, *back.*]

(1)

Blessed Mary,

O blessed mary,[1] the flowre of virgynite!
O quene of hevyn Imperyall!

Empress of Hell!

O empres of hell, and lady of chastyte!
To the obey all aungels celestyall!

God entered thee to get heaven for man.

For the hevynly kyng enteryd thy close virgynall,
Man to redeme from dedely synne,
That, by his deth, hevyn he myght wynne.

(2)

Hail,

Hayle, bryght starre of Ierusalem!

Rose of Jericho!

Heyle, ruddy roose of Ierico!
Heyle, clerēnes of bethlehem!

All sinners go to thee for aid.

To the all synners do go,
Mercy callyng, and besechyng to & fro,
Them to dyrect in this stormy se,
As thou art parfyte rodde of Iesse.

(3)

O Gate of Paradise!

O clerè porte of paradyse!
O spowse of Salamoñ so eloquent!
O quene of most precyous pryce!
Thou art a pyller of feyth excellent!

'My tongue cannot express thy brightness.'

My towngе is not suffycient
Thy clerēnes to comprehende,
Yf euery membre a tunge myght extende.

[1] 'mayde,' alterd to 'mary.'

(4)

Heyle flece of gedioñ, *with* vertu decorate! 22 Hail,
Heyle plesaunt lyly, most goodly in bewty! lovely Lily!
Heyle towre of Dauid & vyrgyn immaculat!
Redres mans sowle from aH mysery, Save men from misery,
That he may enter the eternal glorye. 26
As thou art cyte of god, & sempiternal throne,
Here now, blessyd lady, my wofuH mone. 28 and hear my moan.

(5)

O plesaunt olyue *with* grace circundate! 29 O pleasant Olive!
O lemyng lawmpe, in light passyng nature!
How greately is thy name glorificate!
To the geuyth *p*raysynges euery creature!
As thou art goddys modyr & *v*irgyn pure, 33
Graunt to man the blysse eternaH Grant man eternal bliss.
When he passith thys lyfe terrestryaH! 35

(6)

Heyle virgyn mary *s*urmountyng clere tytan; [col. 2] 36 Hail, Virgin Mary!
Syttyng in hevyn most *t*riumphantly!
Heyle blasyng starre *with*owte peere!
I beseche the as thou art moder of *m*ercy,
To *p*reserue nobyl kyng herry 40 Preserve King Henry!
And aH hys holy realme,
As thou bare Iubyt*er* In bethleem. 42

EXPLICIT.

[The Wright's Chaste Wife follows, though headed by "A medycine for the tothe ache."]

Trentale Sancti Gregorii.

[*Brit. Mus. MS. Cott. Calig., A ii., leaf* 86, *back, col.* 2, *and MS. Lambeth* 306, *leaf* 110.]

[The B. Mus. text is rather earlier than the Lambeth, and is therefore printed here, the chief variations of the Lambeth MS. being put in the notes. See an earlier version in *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.*, E. E. T. Soc.]

This noble story was written by a Pope about his mother;

[1]A nobuH story wryte y fynde,
A pope hit wrote to haue yn mynde
Of his modur, (& of her lyf)

who was held to be a holy

That holden was an holy wyfe,[2]
Of myrthes sadde, &[3] mylde of mode,

and good woman,

þat alle men held[4] her holy & gode,
Bothe deuowte &[5] mylde of steuen

worthy of heaven.

þat alle men helde her wordy[6] heuen;
So holy as she was holde of name,
Alle men were gladde of her fame,
But as holy as she holden was,[7]

But the Devil

þe deueH browȝth her[8] yn a foule cas,
He trifeled her so[9] with his trecherye

made her lustful,

And ledde her yn lust[10] of lecherye:
For with lust of lecherye he her[11] begylde

and she conceived a child.

TyH she hadde conceyued A chylde.[12]
And al so priuely she hit[13] bare
That þere-of was no man ware.
And, for no mon shuld wyte of þat[14] case,
A-none as þe chylde born was,

[1] A Writt men ffynt, A fayre storye,
The Pope hit wrote, Seint gregorye
[2] That al men helden an holy housewyffe [3] So sade of manores, so
[4] Alle men helden [5] Bonoure devoute so. [6] gesshed hire worthy to
[7] Also holy as she was [8] The Fende it felde [9] And travailde hir
[10] into synne [11] That luste of loue hir so [12] So ffer that she was with childe.
[13] So privily ner the lees she her [14] witte her

The chylde she slowȝ & wyryede,[1] — As soon as it was born, she killed it,
And pryuely she hit[2] byryede. — buried it secretly,
Þer[3] was she combred yn a carefuH case,
And vnshryuen þer-of she was;[4]
She ne tolde no[5] preste her' priuyte, — and never confessed her sin to a priest.
For she wolde holy holden be.[6]
Efte sones she feH *in*[7] þe same case
Ryȝth as beforn her' be-tydde[8] was.
For she was comen of hyȝ parage,[9]
Of gentyH[10] kynne & worþy[11] lynage;[12]
Þerfore she wolde not her' synne[13] shewe,
Nor yn schryfte hit be[14] knowe,[15]
And so here[16] dedes were not a-spyed;
But afturwarde sodenly[17] she dyed. — Afterwards she died suddenly,
When she was seyn so sodenly[18] dye,
Men hoped she was yn heuen hye;[19] — and men hoped she had gone to heaven.
They helde her'[20] so holy & deuowte,
Þat of here deth þey made[21] no dowte,
But sykurly men wende y-wys[22]
Þat she was worþy[23] heuen blys.
Then aftur with-Inne a shorte[24] tyme, — [leaf 87, col. 1]
Vpon a day soone aftyr pryme, — But one day as the Pope was at Mass,
The pope, as he at his massë[25] stode,
Vpon his modur he hadde þowȝt[26] goode, — he prayed God to
Prayng to god with conciens clere

[1] Be the necke the child she wriede. [2] And anone the childe she
[3] Thus [4] She shewed neuer shryfte þerof, alas! [5] She tolde neuer
[6] L. transposes this and the line above, and adds,
Alle folke were fayne of hire name,
So holy she was holdene, and of gode fame.
Twyes
[7] hir felle the [8] as hit be-forne [9] price [10] Riche [11] gentille
[12] L. adds, Hir sonne was Gregory the pope;
Men helden hir holy with alle her hope.
[13] durste she no shryft [14] lest be schreft hir case were
[15] L. adds, So shame maketh men to hide ther shryffte,
And lese the grace of god alle-myght,
And sethen to lyve synfully,
And fallen to dethe sodeynly.
[16] This womans [17] And sothely afterward [18] softly [19] fulle hie
[20] helden hire [21] men had [22] wenden witterly al to wysse [23] sett in
[24] Ther after . . . litelle [25] Her Sonne the pope at the mas
[26] And of his moder hee trowed but

tell him the truth about his mother; and suddenly a great darkness came over him,

The soþe to knowë as hit were;[1]
And sodenly, yn myddës his[2] masse,
Per prowȝ to hym suchꝫ a[3] derkenesse
Pat he lakkede ner[4] þe dayës lyȝt,
For hit was[5] derkë as mydnyȝt;
In *pat* derkenes was[6] myste among.

which stank,

AH a-stonyed he stode, so hit stongke;[7]
Be-syde he loked vnþur hys lere;

and from it came a gruesome thing

In *pat* derknes a þyng prew hym[8] nere,
A wonþurfuH[9] grysely creature,

like a fiend,

Aftur a fend fyred with aH her feture,[10]
AH ragged & rente, boþe elenge &[11] eucH,

as horrible as any devil,

As orrybuH[12] to be-holde as any[13] deucH:
Mowthë, facë,[14] eres & yes,

all aflame.

Brennede aH[15] fuH of brennyng lyes.
[16]He was so agast of *pat* grysyly goste,
That yn a swonyng he was almoste;

He conjured the spectre

He halsed hit, þorow[16] goddes myȝte,
That þe fende he putte to flyȝte,[17]
And be þe vertu of hys blode
That for mankynde dyed on Rode,

to tell him why it came

"Sey me sykerly þe soþë[18] soone
What þou hast[19] yn þis place to done:

to trouble him at Mass.

What ys þy cause þou cursed[20] wreche,
Thus at masse me for to[21] drecche?"

The ghost answered, "I am thy mother."

þe gost answered with drury[22] chere
"I am þy modur *pat* þe beere,
Pat for vnschryuen dedes so[23] derne
In byttyr paynes *pus* y brenne."

[1] L. omits lines 45, 46. [2] the myd [3] drewe to him a grete
[4] That blacked alle [5] And was alse [6] And in the derknes a
[7] L., Stonyed he was of a stynche fulle stronge.
Ther-of so gresely he was a-gaste
That in swonyng he was alle-moste.
[8] Amiddes the derknes that *pat* drewe on [9] wonder
[10] But as a ffende was hir feture [11] So ragged so rent and also [12] dredfull
[13] helle [14] and nose [15] Flammynge [16–16] He asked fullyche bi
[17] That alle deuelis shulde drade by right [18] Sey thou me the sothe wel
[19] Whate hate thou [20] the cause that þu weked
[21] Thus me at masse do der and [22] drery [23] *om.* so

Then sayde[1] þe pope, "alas! Alas!
Mod*ur*, *þis* ys to me[2] a wond*ur* case.
A! leef[3] modur! how may *þis* be
In such paynes[4] þe for to se?
For alle men wende y-wys[5]
That þou hadde bene wordy[6] heuen blys,
And fulꝭ good[7] *þat* þou were
To pr*aye* for vs *þat* ben[8] here.
Sey me, modyr, w*ith*-outen fayne
Why art þou put to alꝭ *þis* payne."
She sayde, "sone, sykerly[9]
I shalle þe telle þe causë why:
For y was not such as y semed,
But mychë[10] worsë þen men wened;
I lyuede in lustes[11] wykkydly *in* my lyfe,
Of þe whyche y wolde me not[12] shryfe;"
And[13] tolde hy*m* trewly alꝭ þe[14] case
Fro þe bygy*nn*ynng how *þat*[15] h*it* wase.
[16]The pope lette teres a-down Re*nne*,
And to h*is* modyr he sayde þen,[16]
"Telle me now, mod*ur*, for[17] loue of mary flo*ur*,
If any þyng may þe help or[18] sokour?
[19]Bedes, or masse, þy penau*n*ce to bye,
Or ony fastyng þy sorowe to aleye;
What cr*afte*,[20] or caste, or any o*þur* þyng
The may help, or be þy Releuyng."[19]
"My[21] blessed sone," sayde she,
"Fulꝭ welꝭ y hope *þat* h*it* may[22] be;
Syker & saf my*3*th y[23] be welꝭ,

76 "Tell me then why thou art in such torment,
[leaf 87, col. 2]
80 for all men thought thee good."
84 "Son,
I was worse than I seemed,
88 and lived in lust."
92 The Pope wept, and asked
96 whether any prayer or masses could help
100 or relieve his mother.
"Yes, I should be safe

[1] Tho answerd [2] My moder this is [3] Alas [4] A-Raye
[5] Men wendyne witterlyche I-wis [6] were worthi to haue
[7] fulle welle with god [8] leven [9] my sonne sothefastlye
[10] Butt wecked and [11] I synned [12] durste me neu*er* [13] She [14] her
[15] From one tille other as [16–16] L. omits these lines.
[17] Sey me, moder, for [18] Yf oughte the may save and
[19–19] Whe*ther* fastynge or pennaunce may þee alegge,
Bedis or masses thi peynes to brygge,
With cost, and crafte, and other thinge
To the be helpe of Any savynge.
[20] ? MS.; may be 'cu*rste*' [21] My dere [22] welle y-holpen y myght
[23] Holpen and savide y myghte

if any one would sing 30 Masses for me on ten Chief Feasts:

Who-so trewly wolde take a[1] trentell
Of ten chef festës of[2] þe ȝere,
To syng for me yn[3] *þis* manere,

3 at Christmas,
Thre masses of crystys natyuyte,

3 at the Circumcision,
And of þe xij day[4] o*þur* þre,

3 at Mary's Purification,
Thre of our ladyes puryfycacio*un*,

3 at the Annunciation,
And o*þur* þre of her' Annu*n*ciacio*un*,

3 at Christ's Resurrection,
Thre of crystes gloryous Resurrecciou*n*,

3 at His Ascension,
And o*þer* þre of h*is* hyȝ Ascencio*un*,

3 at Pentecost,
And of pentecoste o*þur* þre,

3 on Trinity Sunday,
And þre of þe blessed trinite,

3 at Mary's Assumption,
And of o*ur* ladyes Assu*m*pcio*un*, o*þur* þre,

and 3 at her Nativity.
And of here Ioyfull natiuite þre;
These ben þe chefë[5] festës ten
That sko*ur* þe sowles *þat* ben fro heue*n*n.[6]

These Masses [leaf 87, bk., col. 1] said in one year deliver a soul from torment;
"Who so[7] sayth þese masses w*ith*-out fayle,
For sy*n*nfulle sowles þey shalle[8] a-vayle;
Alle A[9] ȝere, w*ith*-outen trayne,
They delyuere a sowle[10] out of payne.
Lette say þese masses be ȝo*ur* hestes
W*ith*-Inne þe[11] vtas of þe[11] festes;

but with them should be said the prayer,
And he *þat* shall þese masses do,
Sey[12] he *þer*-*with* *þis* oryson also,

[1] vnder-toke a trewe [2] of alle [3] on
[4] Epuphanie. . L. compresses the next eight lines into four long ones.
[5] tho ilke [6] That sou*er*enly socouren synfulle men [7] Whate p*re*este
[8] To . . . they shulden mycho [9] In one [10] Delyu*er* sowles [11] eu*er*y
[12] Shall*e* sey . . too. For the next four lines the Lambeth MS. (fol. 112) reads:

Trewly with-owtene ony were
Eu*er*y day thorowe-oute the yere;
Do hem it to saye eu*er*y daye,
Or he that dothe thes masses to saye,
Whoso wille knowe this orisou*n* clene,
Hit is in Englisshe this mycho to mene:
Oracio, 'Deus qui es *nostra* Redempcio'
"God, that arte oure verray Redempciou*n*,
To owre Sowlis sothefast saluaciou*n*:
That chesest, alle o*þer* lond*is* be-forne,
The lond of hest, in to be borne,
And thi dethe suffrest in that same,
Delyu*er*e the Soules from helle blame!
Brynge hem oute of the fend*is* bonde,
And that lond*e* out of hethen men honde!
And that pepille that levith not on the,
Throwe thi vertue a-mendid*e* may be,

'Deus qui es *nostra* Redem*pcio*' — 'God who art our Redemption.'"
With alle þe o*þur* þat longen *þer*-to." 128
The pope was gladde here-of *in* fay, — The Pope was glad, and promised that the 30 Masses should be sung,
And to *his* mod*ur* þen gon he say,
"Modyr," he sayde, "*þis* shaH be[1] do,
For y am most bounde[2] *þer*to; 132
Thou were[3] my mod*ur*, I was[4] þy sone;
Thys same ȝere *hit* shaH be done;[5] — that very year,
God *graunte* me *grace* to[6] stonde *in* stede
Aȝeyns alle þe sy*nnus* þat eu*ur* þou dede; 136
I *com*maunde hooly, my[7] moder dere, — and told his mother to come and tell him that time twelvemonth how she fared.
þat *þis* tyme twelfmoneþ þou to me apere,
And hooly to me þy state þou telle,[8]
That how þou fare y may wyte welle."[9] 140
"My sone," she sayde, "y woH yn fay;"
And *with* þat worde she wente her' way.[10]
Day by day[11] þe ȝere gon passe,
The pope for-ȝate neu*ur*[12] *his* masse 144 The Pope never forgot his Mass, but on the proper days sang it and the additional prayer.
The samë dayes þat were a-syned,
To helpe *his* mod*ur* þat was[13] pyned;
And toke þe orysons aH-way *þer*-to
Ryȝth as she bad hy*m* for[14] to do. 148
xij moneþ aft*ur*, as he at masse[15] stode, — Twelve months after,
With gret deuocio*un* & holynesse gode,[16]
At þat samë tyme fuH Ryght[17]
He sawe a fuH swetë[18] sygHt: 152
A comely lady dressed[19] & dygHt, — appeared to him a comely lady
That aH þe worlde was not so[20] bryȝt,
Comely[21] crowned as a qwene, — crowned like a Queen,

And alle that trustyn on thi *merce*,
Lord, save hem alle for thi pite!"

[1] wille y [2] I am a man moste holdynge [3] artte [4] am
[5] To synge these masses y shalle not shonne [6] me moder the
[7] *pray* the holiche [8] Holiche thi state to me thowe shewe
[9] faryst I mowe it knowe [10] she vansshede awaye [11] So day from day
[12] lete neu*er* to say [13] was soo [14] As his moder praide hi*m*
[15] That time a twelmothe at the masse he
[16] Holy in *pray*ers, with devocio*un*s gode [17] And in the same tide a-plight
[18] wondere sely [19] so dressyd [20] alle the place of hir shone
[21] Comly and

and led by 20 Angels.

Twenty Angellys her' ladde[1] betwene.
He was so Raueshed[2] of þat syght
That ny3[3] for Ioye he swoned[4] Rygħt;

He fell down before her, and said,

He feħ down flatte by-fore[5] her' fete,
þat deuowtly teres wepynge[6] he lete,
And[7] grette here with a mylde steuen,

"Virgin Mary,

And sayde þere,[8] "lady, qwene of heuen,

[Ienf 87, bk., col. 2]

Modyr of Ihesu, mayde[9] marye,

have mercy on my mother."

For my modyr, mercy I crye."
[10]At þat worde, with myldë chere

The lady answered, "I am not Mary,

She hym answered on þis manere,
"Blessed sone,[10] I am not she
Who wenest þou[11] þat I be;

but thy mother,

But certes,[12] as þou seest me here,
I am þy modyr þat þe bere,
That here by-fore,[13] þou wystë weħ,

who was worthy of hell,

I was wordy payne yn heħ,[14]
And now y am such[15] as þou seest here,

but now from thy prayers shall enjoy heaven's bliss.

þorow help of þe[16] vertu of þy prayere;
Fro derknesse I dresse to[17] blyssë clere;
þe tyme be blessed þat y þe bere!
And, for þe kyndenesse of[18] þy good dede,
Heuen blysse[19] shaħ be þy mede.

And all those who have Masses sung shall save themselves and their sinning friends.

And alle þo þat leten þese masses be[20] do,
Shaħ saue hem self & opur[21] mo;
þus may þey helpe her' frendes alle
That Reche-lesly yn synnë falle:

Preach this, my son."

Therfore, sone, þis story þou preche;
And almy3ty[22] god y þe be-teche."
[23]At þe endyng of her wordes euen)

[1] Two Angilles helden hir hem [2] was y-Ravesshede [3] Allemoste [4] felle downe [5] to-for [6] Devoute teres ther [7] He [8] *om.* þere [9] mylde [10—10] Do way, she saide [11] Ne whom þu wenest [12] sothe [13] Be-forne y ferde [14] Right foule as a deville of helle [15] I Am nowe swiche [16] and [17] derknesse in to [18] and, sonne, for [19] Sovereyn Ioye [20] this massys this [21] haue hem selfe and the soules. L. omits the next two lines. [22] My dere sonne [23—23] When she hadde this saide A-none, The Angelle to hevyn with her con gone:

An Angeℍ her ber yn to heuen: — Then an angel bare the Pope's mother into heaven.
In-to *þat* placë god vs sende,
To dwelle *with* her *with*-outen ende! 188
¶ Thys ys þe vertu, y þe telle,[23] — Such is the power of St. Gregory's Trental.
Of seynt gregory trenteℍe;
But who so wyℍ do hit trewely,[1]
He mostë do more sykurly:[2] 192
þe *p*reste *þat* þe masse shaℍ[3] synge, — But the priest who sings the
At eche feste *þat* he doþ hit mynge,[4]
He moste say *with* good deuocioun, — Mass should say the Commendation the eve before, the Dirge too,
Ouer[5] Euen þe *com*mendacyoun, 196
Placebo & dyryge[6] also,
The sowle to brynge out of woo;
And also þe salm*is*[7] seuenne — and the 7 Penitential Psalms,
For[8] to brynge þe sowle to[9] heuen; 200
Among oþ*ur* p*r*ayeres þey ben[10] good
To brynge sowles[11] fro helle f[l]ode,[12]
For eu*er*y psalme qwencheth[13] a sy*n*ne — for every Psalm quenches a sin.
As ofte as a man þoth hem*e*) my*n*ne.[14] 204
Loke[15] *with* good deuocyon þou hem[16] say, — [leaf 88, col. 1]
And to alle halewes *þat* þou[17] pray, — He should pray also to all the Saints,
To[18] helpe þe *with* aℍ her' myȝte
The sowle[19] to brynge to heuen bryght 208
There eu*ur* ys day, and neu*ur* nyght;
Cryst gr*aun*t vs parte of *þat* lyght![20]
Loke þese[21] ben sayde alle in fere

To that place god vs sende
That wonneth in blysse with-owten ende!
Now haue we herd fayre and wele
The vertus (of Seint Gregories trentalle)

[1] parfitely [2] therto trewly [3] shalle this trentalle [4] dothe mynde
[5] Euery [6] & the direges he most sey [7] spalmes [8] That helpeth
[9] tille [10] For A-monge alle other they bethe [11] the soule
[12] flode L. (*fode*, Cott., is offspring, person). [13] dothe quynche
[14] Any man dothe them be-gynne. L. adds:
And with gode Devocion seith þem to the ende,
Then may the soules to hevyn wende;
Therfore this Salme haue ye in thought;
The xv Salmes for-yete ye nought;
The letany also ye haue in mynde,
Loke thou leve hit not be-hynde.
[15] *om.* Look [16] hit [17] hallowun ther-*with* to [18] Pray hem to
[19] soules [20] vs grace to se that sight [21] þis

and say all these prayers every day in the year.

Euery day yn[1] þe ȝere;
Neuer a day þat þou[2] for-gete,
These to say þou ne[3] lette;

And in the octave of every feast

Also in þe Vtas[4] of euery feste
Al so longe as hit doth[5] leste—
Viij^te^ day*is* men) eallen þe Vtas—

the priest must

þe *preste* moste say in his masse,
(A nobuH orysoun hit ys holde,)

say the Collect I spoke of first, and after the first orison,

þe colette þat fyrst y of tolde;
And aftur þe fyrste orysoun),
þer ys an-oþur of gret Renoun)
þat to þe sowle ys wonþur swete,

the Secret;

Menne calle hit þe 'secreto.'[6]

and after Mass

When þe preste hath don[7] his masse,
Vsed,[8] & his hondes wasche,
A-noþur oryson he moste say
þat yn þe boke fynde he may,

the Post Communion.

þe 'post comen'[9] men don hit calle,
That helpeth sowles out of þralle;

If this be done,

And þat þis be don at eche a feste
As þe trentaH speketh[10] moste & leste;

assuredly the soul will be brought from hell to endless joy.

Then may þou be sykur & certayne[11]
To brynge þe sowle out of[12] payne
To endeles Ioye, þat lasteth aye,
þat god dyed fore on good fryday.[13]

May God bring us to everlasting joy in heaven! Amen!

To þat Ioye he[14] vs brynge
þat ys *in* heuen *with*-oute endynge!
Pray we alle hit may so[15] be,
And say Amen for[16] charyte!

EXPLICIT. [SENT GREGORYS TRENTALLE, L.]

[HERE AFTER FOLOWETH MEDCYNES OF LECHECRAFTE, FOL. 114 L. 'Vrbanitatis' follows in Calig. A ii.: printed in *Babees Book*, E. E. T. Soc., Orig. Ser. No. 32.]

[1] thorowe [2] And euery day loke thou not [3] This is to say loke thou not [4] In the evtas [5] they do
[6] L. has the side note, *Secret*[*um.*] *Omnipotens sempiterne deus.* [7] sacred
[8] And vsid [9] L. side note, *post communionem. Deus cuius nomine* (?).
[10] That . . . speketh of [11] fulle serteyne [12] sowles oute of her
[13] He vs graunte that for vs Dyed on gode Frydaye. [14] god [15] that hit so
[16] Amen, Amen per

The Adulterous Falmouth Squire.

(A STORY OF TOO SKWYRYS THAT WERE BRETHERN, THE WYCHE DWELLYD HERE YN YNGLOND, YN THE TOUNE OF FALMOWTHT, YN DORSETSCHERE; THE TONE WAS DAMPNYD FOR BREKYNG OF HYS WEDLOK, THE TOTHER WAS SAUYD.—Lambeth MS. 306, leaf 110: in a 16th century hand.)

PROLOGUE.

From MS. Ashmole 61, fol. 136.

SIR WILLIAM BASTERDFELD'S WARNING.

All crysten men þat walke by me,
Be-hold *and* se þis dulfull syȝht!
It helpys not to calle ne cry,
For I ame dampned, a dollfole wyȝht.
Some tyme in England duellynge—
Thys was trew *with*-outen lesynge—
I was callyd *sir* Wyll*iam* Basterdfeld, knyȝt;
Be-were be me, both kynge *and* knyȝht,
And amend ȝou whyle ȝe haue space,
Fore I haue lost eu*er*-lastynge lyȝht,
And þus of m*er*cy cane I gete no g*r*ace.
When I was now as ȝe be,
I kepyd neu*er* o*þer* lyffe,
I spendyd my lyffe in vanyte,
I[n] veynglory, bate, *and* stryffe;
Grete othes *with* me w*er* fulle ryffe;
I had no g*r*ace me to amend,
I sparyd no*þer* meyd ne wyffe,
And þat hath brouȝt me to þis ende.
I hade no hape whyll I was here

Christian men!

I am damned.

I was Sir William Basterdfeld.

I have lost everlasting bliss;

for I spent my life in vain-glory and swearing,

and spared neither maid nor wife.

I did not repent
Forto a-ryse *and* me repent,
Tyll þat I was brou3t on bere;
till it was too late,
Than was to late, ffore I was schente.
All-wey *with* þem I ame aweyde,
and I shall burn for ever in hell.
In fyre of hell I schall eu*er* be brente;
Alas! þis world hath me deseyuede,
Fore I had no *grace* me to amende.
I spent my life in lechery,
In lechery I lede my lyfe,
Fore I hade gode *and* gold at wylle;
I scleu3e my selue *with*-outene knyffe,
gluttony, and sloth.
And of glotony I hade my fylle;
In sleuth I ley, *and* slepyd stylle.
I was deseyued in a reyste,
I was slain,
A dolefulle deth þat dyde me kylle;
Than was to late off had-I-wyste.
Thus ame I lappyd all a-boute;
and am now gnawed by toads and snakes.
With todys *and* snaks, as 3e may se,
I ame gnawyne my body a-boute.
Alas, alas! full wo is me,
It is to late, it will not be!
I sinned with women great and small,
I knaw welle women, m*or* *and* myn*n*e,
Fore hy*m* þat dy3ed fore 3ou *and* me,
Aryse, *and* rest not in 3o*ur* syn*n*e!
Fore when I was in my flowres,
and was as gay as a bird on brier; but now I suffer sharply for it,
Than was I ly3ht as byrd *on* brere;
There-fore I suffere scharpe schoures,
And by þat bergayne wonder dere,
And byde in peynes many *and* sere;
There-fore þus I make my mone.
and no prayer can help me.
Now may helpe me no pr*a*yere,
I have no gode bot god alone.
Woe be to them who will not beware by me!
Wo be þei, who so eu*er* þei be,
And haue þ*er* v wytt*es* at wylle,
And wyll not be-w*er* be me,
And knaw gode thinge fro þ^{e} ylle.
[leaf 136, back] Let not the poor want,
The pore, fore faute late þ*em* not spylle!
And 3e do, 3o*ur* deth is dy3ht;

3oure fals flessch 3e not fullfylle,
Lost *with* lucyfere fro *the* ly3ht,
In delycate metes I sette my delyte,
And my3hty wynes vn-to my pay;
That make *þis* wormys *on* me to byte,
Ther-fore my song is well-y-wey!
I my3ht not fast, I wold not praye,
I thou3t to amend me *in* myn age,
I droffe euer forth fro dey to dey,
There-fore I byde here *in þis* cage.
Thys cage is euer lastynge fyre;
I ame ordeynd *þer*-in to duelle;
It is me gyuen, fore myne hyre,
Euer to bryne in þe pytte of helle.
I ame feteryd *with* þe fendes selle,
There I a-byde as best in stalle;
There is no tonge my care cane telle,
Be-were 3e haue not sych a falle!
Alas þat euer I borne was,
Or modere me bore! why dyde sche so?
For I ame lost fore my trespas,
And a-byde in euer-lastynge wo;
I haue no frend, bot many a fo.
Be-hold me how þat I ame tourne,
Fore I ame rente fro tope to to;
Alas þat euer I was borne!
Gode broþer, haue me *in* mynd,
And thinke how þou schall dy3e all wey,
And to þi soule be not vn-kynde,
Remenbyre it boþe ny3t *and* dey!
Besyly lokë þat þou praye,
And be-seke þou heuen kynge
To saue þe *on* þat dredfull dey
That euery man schall gyffe rekenynge;
Fore þer no lordes schall fore þe praye,
Ne Justys, noþer no mane of lawe;
There charter helpys þe not þat dey,

or you will die for it.
I delighted in delicate dishes,
and now worms bite me.
I would not pray;
I put off amendment;
therefore I burn in everlasting fire—
in the pit of hell, fettered as a beast in a stall.
Be ware by me.
Alas that I ever was born!
I am in woe for ever,
and torn from top to toe.
Good brother, think on thy death
night and day.
Pray Heaven's King
to save thee on the Day of Reckoning,
when no lords
or man of law
can help thee,

nor any plea. There pletyne is not worth an hawe.
God grant thee and every man to know himself! God gyue þe *grace* þi selue to know,
And eu*e*ry mane in hys degre!
Farewell! The horn blows for me. Fare wele! I here an horne blow,
I may no leng*er* byde *with* þe.

The Story.

(*From MS. Lambeth* 306, *fol.* 107—110 (*sign l.* 3—6, *which has no Prologue*).

Take heed to my talking! MAn, Frome[1] myschefe thou þe A-mende,
And to my talkynge thou take gode hede,
Keep from the seven Sins. Fro synnes vij thou the defende,
The leste of aⁿ is for to drede;
For of the leste y wiⁿ you speke,
And for to fabiⁿ I wiⁿ you nought;[2]
God will be avenged on him who breaks his wedlock, Be warë, man, god wiⁿ hi*m* wreke
Off hi*m* that is cause, spowsode to breke.[3]
The first Sacrement that eu*er* god made,
That was wedlok, in gode faye;
Kepe[4] thou hit[5] with-outë dred,
which lasts till the judgment day; For hit lastith tiⁿ[6] domes daye.
For his bonde we may aⁿ breke,[7]
His owne worde, and[8] we wiⁿ halde,
for death shall come to all, To[9] dethë comë that shaⁿ wreke,[10]
And be cast in claye fuⁿ colde.[11]
and the greatest kings shall lose their crowns. The gretter[12] kynge of aⁿ the worlde
By som) cause his Crowne may for-gone,—
I take witnesse of olde and yenge,[13]
Off kynge Sacre and kynge Salamond,[14]
Off Davit[15] that made the Sauter booke,[16]—
[leaf 107, back] Criste of[17] hym his crowne con)[18] take.[19]

[1] MS. Ashmole, fro [2] fro hell I wyll you tech [3] his teching do breke
[4] Be-leue [5] þat [6] þat schall last to [7] This line omitted. [8] if
[9] Tyll [10] all shall werke [11] vs all in cley to fold [12] gretyst
[13] kyng rycherd [14] And kynge fabore and Absalome [15] And kynge Dauyd
[16] Add, "For synne þat he dyde *with* bersabe" [17] fro [18] he
[19] Add, "Thus holy wryte tellys me"

The grettest Clerke that Euer thou seste,
To take hym vnder heuen cope,[1]
He may neuer take order of preste,
But he haue licence[2] of the pope,
And he be getten in bawdre,[3]
Or ellis a bastarde he be borne,—
This cause I teH weH for the,[4]—
The order of preest-hode[5] he has forlorne.
The[6] begger at the townës ende,
To hym wedlok is as fre
As to the Ricchest kynge or quene,[7]
For aH is but one[8] dignyte.
Man), yf thou wist whate it were
To take a-noþer then thi wyffe,
Thou wolde[9] rather suffre here[10]
To be quycke[11] slayne with a knyffe;
For yf thou take a-noþer manes wyffe,
A wronge aire[12] thou moste nedis gett'
And this (*sic*) thou bringest iij sowles in stryfe,
In hellë fyre to bren[13] and hete.
But write thes thingës in thine[14] herte
That felis the[15] gilty in this case,
With shryfte of mouthe and penaunce smerte,
They wene ther blis for to vmbrace,[16]
But and thei dye a sodeyne dethe
With-outen shrefte or penaunce,[17]
To helle they gone[18] with-outen lese,[19]
For thay can chese none oþer chaunse.
A gode EnsampiH[20] y wiH[21] teH;
To my talkynge ye[22] take gode[23] hede,
In Falmowthe[24] this case be-feH.
Thirty wynter be-for[25] the dethe

No Clerk begotten in bawdry can be ordained Priest,

without the Pope's licence.

If you knew what adultery was,

you'd rather be killed alive than do it.

If you take another's wife,

you bring three souls to hell-fire.

Let all guilty herein be shriven,

or if they die suddenly

they'll go to hell.

I'll tell you an instance.

In Falmouth, 30 years before [leaf 108]

[1] This line (not in Lambeth MS.) is from MS. Ashmole. [2] leue [3] vowtry [4] Thus I cannne weH telle to ye [5] preste [6] And the [7] þe ryall kyng of kyne [8] a [9] woldyst [10] it [11] Omitted. [12] eyere [13] ly [14] wreches thinke in þer [15] fele þem [16] vn brace [17] repentans [18] go [19] lete [20] sampull [21] þou inserted. [22] tale if ȝe [23] Omitted. [24] felamowute [25] senne

the Black Death, dwelt two brothers,

Ther dwellyd two breþeren in a[1] towne,
By on Fadir and moder goten and borne,[2]
Squiers thei were of gret Renowne,

the elder of whom had a lovely wife,

As the story telH[4] me by-forne.[3]
The elder broþer had a wyfe,
The fairest woman in any[5] londe,

but he lived a cursed life,

And yett he[6] vsid a cursid lyfe,
And broughtH his[7] soule in bitter bonde;

and had every woman he could,

He RoughtH not whate woman he toke,
So liteH he sett by his spoushode,[8]

till the devil crooked him.

To[9] the deviH caught him in his[10] croke,
And with grete myschefe marked his mede.[11]

One day both Brothers were slain;

Thes two breþeren vpon a daye
WitH Enmyse were slayne in fighte;

the elder went to Hell, and the younger to Paradise.

The elder to helle[12] toke the waye,
The yonger to paradicë brighte;[13]
And this was knowen in sothefastnes;[14]
Herken,[15] sires, whate y wiH[16] saye!
Take gode hede bothe more and lasse,
For godis loue ber this[17] a-waye!

The elder left a son

The elder broþer hade a Sonne to[18] clerke,
WeH of fyftene wynter of age;[19]
He was wyse &[20] holy in[21] worke,

and heir,

To[22] hym shulde falle the Eritage.
For his Fader he made grete mone,

a good child,

As fallis a gode childe euer[23] of kynde;
Eiche[24] nyghte to his Fadir grave wolde he gone,
To[25] haue his soule in SpeciaH mynde.[26]

who prayed

Thus he prayed bothe day and nyghte
To god and to his modir dere,

to know where his father was.

Off his Fadyr to haue a Sighte,
To wytt[27] in whate place that he[28] were.

[1] þe [2] getyne [3] This line follows line 154 in MS. Ashmole. [4] tellys [5] all þat [6] Omitted. [7] hyre [8] wyffe [9] Omitted. [10] A [11] And marked his mede with, etc. [12] helle he [13] ryght [14] sothnes [15] Herkyns [16] schall [17] this tale [18] a [19] fully xv 3ere of Age [20] ryght [21] in hys [22] Tho [23] sone [24] Euery [25] For to [26] in minde [27] Omitted. [28] he in

[leaf 108, back]

The childe that was so nobiłł and wise
Stode at his Fadir graue at eve;[1]
Ther come in[2] oone in a white Surplice,
And p*r*iuely toke hi*m* by the sleve,
And sayd, "Childe, come on with̄ me,[3]
God[4] hase herde thi prayer;
Child, thi Fader thou shalt see,
Where he brenys[5] in hellë fyre."
He led hi*m* to A comly hiłł,
The Erthe opened, and in thay yode;[6]
Smoke and fire ther con[7] oute falle;[8]
And many gostis glowinge on glede,[9]
In peynes stronge, and troubiłł w*ith*-alle.[10]
Ther he sawe many Sore turment,
How saules were putt in grete pyne;[11]
He sawe his Fa*per* how he brentt,
And by the membrys how that[12] he henge;[13]
Fend*is* black[14] with̄ Crok*is* kene
Rent his body fro lith̄e to lyth̄.[15]
"Child, þu comyste[16] thi Fadir to sene,
Loke vp nowe, and speke hi*m* with̄."[17]
"Alas, Fadyr, how stand*is*[18] this case
That ye bene in this peynës stronge?"
"Sonne," he said, "y may sey alas
That eu*er* y did thi moder wronge,
For she was bothë fayre and gode,
And also bothe tresti and trewe.
Alas! y am[19] worssë than wode
Myn ownë balë for to[20] brewe."
"Fadir,[21] is ther no[22] Saint in hevyn
That ye were wonte to haue in mynde,
That myght you helpe[23] oute of this payne,[24]

188 An Angel in white came to him,

told him he

192 should see his father in Hell-fire,

and then took him into Hell.

196

200

The son saw spirits in torment,

and his father burning, hung up by his sinning members, and torn by fiends with sharp hooks.

204

208

The father repents of his sin against his fair, good wife,

212

216

[1] *grauys graue* [2] Omitted. [3] Come o*n*ne chyld a*n*d go *with* me
[4] For God [5] bryneth [6] he in ȝede [7] gan *þer* [8] welle
[9] saules glo-wand i*n* glede [10] This line omitted. [11] py[*n*]inge
[12] Omitted. [13] hynge [14] bold [15] fade*r* fro lyth to leme [16] conets
[17] with hi*m* [18] stand [19] was [20] *þer* I dyde [21] Whe*þer* [22] any
[23] lowse [24] *p*rison

[leaf 109]

Our lady mary, or some gode frende?"

and says that no saint or angel can rid him of his pain,

"Sonne, aH the saintes that bethe in hevyn),
Nor aH the Angilles vndir the trinite,[1]
For to redde me[2] of this payne
They haue no power for to helpe[3] me.

not if every blade of grass were a priest to pray for him;

Sonne, and[4] eu*e*ry gresse were a preeste
That growitH vpon godd*is* grownde,
Off this paynes[5] that thou me seste
Canne neue*r* makë me vnbounde.

and his son, when made priest, must never pray for him for seven whole years

Sonne, þu shalt be a p*r*eeste, y wote it wele;
Onys or this day seven) yere—
Att' messe ne[6] matynes, mett' ne[7] mele,—
Thou take me neue*r* in thi prayer:
Loke, Sonne, þu do as Y the saye!

lest he should increase his pains,

Therfor y warne the wele before,
For eue*r* the lenger[8] þu prayes for me
My paynes shaH be more and more.
Fare wele," he saide, "my derë Sonne,
The Fadir of hevyn) be-teche y the,

but he must warn all against breaking their wedlock.

And warne eue*r*y man, where-so þu come,
Off wedlok to brekë,[9] ware to be."

The Angel then takes the son up

The AngiH be-ganne þe child to lede
Oute[10] of that wrechidly[11] wone
In-to a forest was longe in brede;
The sonne was vp, and brigHt' it' shone.

to a fair Mansion with crystal gates

He led *him* to a fayre Erbere,[12]
The yatis[13] were of clene Cristalle
That to his sigHt' were passyng' fayre.
And as[14] brigHt' as any beralle;
The wallys semed of' gold brigHt',
WitH dorrys that were higH and longe,[15]

whereon they hear Angels, [leaf 109, back]

Thay harde vpon the yatis on higH,[16]
Mynstralsy and Angelle[17] songe:—

[1] skye [2] one oure space oute [3] to lyst me [4] if [5] peyne [6] At [7] ne At [8] more [9] brekynge [10] Sone outo [11] wrechyd [12] arbour [13] pathys [14] als [15] dores and *with* tourys strong [16] hyht [17] *with* Angelles

The pellycan and the papynjaye, — pelicans,
The tymor and the turtiH trewe, — turtle doves,
An hondered thousande in[1] her laye,[2]
The nyghtyngale with notis newe, — and nightingales sing.
On a grene hiH he sawe a tre,[3] — And on a hill a tree,
The Savoure[4] of hit was stronge & store,
Pale it was, and wanne of ble, — wan
Lost hit had bothe[5] frute and floure.
A RuthefuH[6] sight that child con see,
And of that sight he had grete drede,
"A! dere[7] lady, howe may this bee,[8]
The blode of this tre bledis[9] so rede?" — and bleeding:
The AngiH saide, "childe,[10] this is the tree
That God, Adam, the frute for-bede, — the Tree forbidden to Adam in Paradise,
And therfor drevyn oute was hee,
And in the Erthe his lyfe to lede.
In the same place ther yn feste it blede,[11]
Grewe[12] the appiH that Adam bote,
And that was thorough Evys rede
And the deviH of heH, fuH weH y wote.[13]
Whan Any SynfuH comys here in, — which bled afresh whenever a sinful
As þu sest nowe here[14] with me, — person came near it.
For vengeance of that cursyd Synne,
The blode wiH Ranne[15] oute of the tre."
He ladde *him* forthe vpon a[16] playne, — Then the Angel takes the son to
He was ware of a pynacle pight,— — a shining tent,
Suche on had[17] he neuer sayne,[18]—
Off clothes of gold burneyssheH bright;
Ther-vnder sate a creature — and there he sees a man whom
As[19] bright as any Sonnë beme, — angels honour,
Angillis[20] diH *him* grete honoure;
"Lo, childe,"[21] he saide, "this is thy neme; — even his Uncle, in Heaven,
Ther, Faþer[22] broþer thou may senne in heuen,[23]

[1] on [2] rewe [3] an hylle [4] fauour [5] hat þe [6] reufull [7] god
[8] le [9] lokys [10] Omitted. [11] For in the place ther thou seys it spred
[12] Grow [13] it knewote [14] chyld [15] ryzneth [16] þe [17] saw
[18] none [19] Als [20] The angell [21] son [22] Thy feyr [23] Omitted.

In heuen[1] blissë with-oute Ende;
where his father might have been and he kept truly his wedlock.
So myght thi Faþer haue[2] bene
And he to wedlock had ben kynde,
But[3] therfor he has getten him helle
Endles in the[4] depe dongeon
Ther euer more for to dwelle;
Fro that place is þer no[5] Redempcion."
Leave thou thy misdeeds, man,
Man, from myschefe thou[6] þe a-mende,
And þu may sitt full[7] safe from care:
From dedely synne thou[8] the defende,
and go to bliss.
And stryghte to[9] blisse thi soule shall fare.

EXPLICIT.

[10]A story of too skwyrys that were brethern, the whyche dwellyd here yn ynglond, yn the towne of Falnowthe, yn Dorsetschere; the tone was dampnyd for brekyng of hys wedlok, the tother was sauyd.[10]

HERE FOLOWITH SENT GREGORIS TRENTALLE.[10]

[1] heuens [2] well a [3] Omitted. [4] þat
[5] in helle is no [6] Omitted. [7] all [8] god [9] And vnto
[10–10] These words are in a later hand.

Ihesu, Mercy for my Mysdede!

A DEUOYT MEDITACIONE.

[*Trin. Coll. Cambridge, B.* 10, 12, *leaf* 53. *Date of MS. about* 1450.]

[22 *stanzas of eights, abab, cdcd.*]

(1)

Ihesu, mercy! mercy, I cry: — Jesu, forgive me my sins!
myn vgly synnes þou me forgyfe.
þe werlde, my flesch, þe fende, felly — The world, the flesh, and the devil,
þai me besale both strange & styfe;
I hafe ful oft to þaim consent, — I have oft consented to them.
& so to do it is gret drede;
I ask mercy with gud entent;
Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede! — Jesu, mercy!

(2)

þe werlde thurgh his fals couetyse,
þe fende with pryde, wreth, ire, envy, — Pride, wrath, sloth, and lechery have filled me.
I hafe, ihesu, bene fylde oft sythys,
my flesche with slewth & lychery,
And opere many ful gret synnes:
with repentance, ihesu, me fede, — Feed me with repentance.
for euere my tyme opon me rynnes:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse-dede! — Jesu, mercy!

(3)

Turne not þi face, ihesu, fro me, — Turn not Thy face from me;
þof I be werst in my lyfynge;
I ask mekely mercy of þe, — meekly I ask mercy.
for þi mercy passes al thynge.
In þi fyue woundes þou sett my hert, — Set my heart in Thy five wounds,
þat for mankynde on rode walde blede,
& for þi dede vgly & smert,
Ihesu, mercy for [my[1]] myse-dede! — and have mercy on my sins.

[1] Omitted in MS.

(4)

To þi lyknes þou has me made;
þe for to lufe þou gyfe me grace!
Give me grace to love Thee;
[1 leaf 53, back]
þou art þ^e^ lufe þat neuere [1]sal fade;
mercy I ask whils I hafe space.
I tryst ihesu of forgyfnes
of al my synnes, þat is my crede;
I trust Thee for forgiveness,
I me betake to þi gudnes;
and yield myself to Thy goodness.
ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

(5)

Als touchande grace, bot ask & hafe:
I crave Thy grace;
þus has þou het in þi beheste,
þarfor sum *grace* on þe I crafe;
without it I am but a beast;
with outen grace I am bot beste,
& ware þan beste defyled *with* syne;
with it I may win Thy love.
þou graunt þat grace may in me brede,
þat y[2] þi lufe, ihesu, myȝt wynn:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

(6)

Al worldely lufe is vanite;
Thy love passes all things.
bot lufe of þ^e^ passes al thynge.
þar is no lufe *with* outen þe;
& þe to lufe I aske syghynge.
Grant it to me,
Ihesu, me graunt lufe þ^e^ forthy,
& in þi law, ihesu, me lede.
and have mercy on me for my misdeeds.
þat I myslufede, I aske mercy:
Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede!

(7)

It is Thine to forgive sins,
It is of þ^e^ for to forgyfe
alkyn tryspas both more & mynn;
it is mine to commit them.
It is of me, whyls I here lyfe,
or more or lesse ilke day to synne,
And of þ^e^ fende to duell þer in:
Give me grace to love Thee.
þou gyfe me grace to take gud hede
Mercy, Christ!
þat I þi lufe, ihesu, myght wynne!
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

[2] Inserted in a different hand.

(8)

Dispyce me noȝt, swete lorde ihesu,
I am þ^e warke of þin aghen hende,
þof I hafe bene to þe vntrew;
Ihesu, þou kan me sone amende;
þou has me made to þi lyknes,
thurgh synne I hafe loste heuenly mede;
Now, lorde, I aske of þi gudenes,
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

Despise me not,
for my unfaithfulness.
Thou madest me like Thee,
have mercy on me.

(9)

þow walde be borne for synful man,
for syn þou take no wreke on [1]me.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in MS.*]
My comforth be þi harde passione;
Ihesu, þer of hafe I gret nede;
For synne þou graunt me contrycione:
Ihesu, mercy for mysdede!

Take no vengeance for my sin.
[1] leaf 54]
Let Thy sufferings be my comfort,
and grant me repentance for my transgressions.

(10)

After my dedes þou deme me noȝt;
after mercy þou do to me;
If þou me deme als I hafe wroght,
in bytter payns I drede to be.
My lyfe to mende, & hafe mercy,
my lorde ihesu, þou be my spede,
luf þ^e, & drede, þat syttis on hy:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

Judge me not according to my deeds;
but help me to mend my life
and love Thee.

(11)

If I had done ilke cursed warke,
& alken synnes wer wroȝt in me,
þou may þaim sleke, als is a sparke
when it is put in myddes þ^e see;
& þar may no man sleke my myse
bot þou, ihesu, of þi godhede;
when þou wouchesafe, þou sone forgyfese:
Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede!

Thou canst quench my sins
like a spark put in the sea;
vouchsafe me Thy mercy.

(12)

Who sal þe loue in fynyal blyse
bot trow mankynde & ãngels fre?
Myne heretage forsoth þat is:
thurgh gude lyfeynge & grace of þe,
þou me restore vnto þat blyse;
beholde frelete of my manhede
þat makes me oft to do of myse:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

(13)

þo[u] wil no dede of synful man:
þus says þou, lorde, in haly wryt;
Ful wele wote þou coueytis þan
he turne his lyfe & sone mende it:
þou gyfe me grace my lyfe to mende,
beswylede in synn als wyckede wede;
graunt me þi lufe with outen ende:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

(14)

þow art my god, I þ^e^ honour;
þou art þ^e^ sone of maydyn & moder,
In my dysese þou me succure
þou art my lorde, þou art my brother;
þou sal me deme, my cryatour,
when vp sal ryse euere ilke a lede.
Mercy, ihesu, my sauyour!
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

(15)

þou helpe me, lorde, in my dysese,
þat walde susan helpe in hir tyme;
Ful gret clamour þan gon þou pese
when scho acusede was of crime.
þou sett my saule, myn hert, in ese,
þ^e^ fende to flee & his falshede,
& soferandely þ^e^ for to plese:
Ihesu, mercy for my mysededе!

Restore me to the heritage I have lost

through frailty of my nature!

Mercy, Jesu!

Thou desirest not man to sin,

but to turn and amend.

Give me Thy grace

and love for ever.

Mercy, Jesu!

Thou art my God,

[leaf 54, back]

help me!

Thou shalt judge me when all people shall arise.

Mercy, Jesu!

Thou helpedst Susan in her trouble;

put too my soul at ease!

Jesu, mercy!

(16)

In my baptym I mayde beheste — My baptismal vow
þ^e for to serue lelely & wele;
Of þi seruyse oft hafe I seste, — I have not kept,
with sy*n*nes thowsandes serued vnsele; 124
Bot þi mercy nedes moste be sene — but Thy mercy is seen where most sin is.
þ*er* moste sy*n*n is & wyckededede;
þ^e moste synful I am, I wene;
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede! 128 Have mercy on me!

(17)

For synful man walde þou be borne; — Thou wast born for sinful man,
for ryghtwys not þou wil recorde;
when man had sy*n*nede, he was forlorne,
& þan hi*m* kyndely þou restorde; 132
þou sufferde paynes corōnde *with* thorne, — and sufferedst pain and thorns.
nakede *with* outen clath or schrede,
with mykel sorue þi body torne:
Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede! 136 Jesu, have mercy on my sins!

(18)

þou art my hope, my way ful sure, — Thou art my hope and my salvation.
ay lastande hele, both streng[t]h & pese;
þou art pyte þ*at* ay sal dure;
þou art gudenes þ*at* neuer sal sese; 140
þou art clennes, both mylde & mure;
me þ^e displese, ihesu, for bede. — Prevent me from displeasing Thee. [1 leaf 55]
Als þou was borne of virgyne [1]pure:
ihesu, mercy for my myse dede. 144

(19)

þou byddes ilke man ȝelde gud for ille, — As man should return good for evil,
not il for il to ȝelde agayne;
þan I beseke þe þ*at* þou wil
g*r*aunt me m*er*cy in stede of p*ay*ne! 148 grant me mercy instead of punishment.
þou me forgyfe, & mercy g*r*aunt,
& in my saule þou sawe þi sede,
þ*at* I may, lorde, make myne au*aun*t:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede! 152

(20)

I cry to Thee, but Thou wilt not hear one obstinate in sin;

Bot, worthy lorde, to þ^e I cry,
& I in syne stande obstynate;
þarfore þou heres noȝt me forthy,
þou wil noȝt here me in þat state.

give me therefore grace to change, and love Thee!

þou gyfe me grace lefe my foly,
& fe[r]uently þ^e lufe & drede,
þan wate I wele I get mercy:
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede!

(21)

Only they shall have Thy bliss

Noght eu*e*re-ilke man þat cales þ^e lorde
or mercy askes, sal hafe þi blise,
his conscienc3 bot he remorde,
& wirke þi wil, & mende his lyfe.

who repent and work Thy will.

to blyse sal I sone be restorede
if I my saule þusgat*es* wil fede;

Let me experience Thy mercy, Lord.

Of þi mercy late me recorde:
ihesu, mercy for my mysedede!

(22)

Thou who art merciful to sinners, keep me.

I me betake to þi mercy
þat mercy gyffes to synful men;
þou kepe me, lorde, for I sal dye,
& wot neu*e*re whore, ne how, ne when.

Make me burn with Thy love,

In þi hote lufe me gr*a*unt to brene,
& þat lesson trewly to rede;

and grant me mercy for my misdeeds.

Mercy þou graunt! amen! amen!
Ihesu, m*e*rcy for my myse dede! Amen!

Alya Cantica.

[*Trin. Coll. Cambridge, B.* 10. 12, *leaf* 55. *Date of MS. about* 1450.]

[5 *stanzas of eights, abab, abab.*]

(1)

Ihesu, þi name honourde myȝt be
  with al þat any lyfe is in.
Nou, swet ihesu, als þou made me,
  þou kepe me ay fro dedely synne!
Ihesu, þe sone of mary fre,
  þe ioy of heuen þou graunt me wynne;
My saule, ihesu, take I to þe
  when my body & it sal twynne.

Jesu, keep me

ay from mortal sin,

[leaf 55, back] and grant me the joy of heaven.

(2)

Ihesu, þi name in me be sett
  als þou art kynnge & lorde of lyght,
& graunt me grace ai bett & bett
  my lyfe to mende & lyf ay ryght.
Ihesu, þi sydes with blode war wett,
  & dulefully for me war dyght;
þou kepe me oute of syne & dett,
  now, swete ihesu, ay moste of myght!

Set Thy name in me;

grant me grace to mend my life,

and keep me out of sin.

(3)

Ihesu, þi name is hegh to neuen,
  & ȝit I, katyfe, cry & kall,
Ihesu, me helpe & brynge to heuen
  with þe to won my synful sall.
Myghty ihesu, þou here my steuen
  als þou me boght when I was thrall,
& forgyfe me þe synnes seuen,
  for I am gilty in þaim all.

Jesu,

help me to heaven to dwell with Thee,

and forgive me the Seven Sins.

(4)

Jesu, my love,

Ihesu, my lufe & my lykynge,
for euere more blyste mot þou be.
my darling,
Mi lufely lorde, my dere darlynge,
ful wer me [fayne[1]] myght I þe se.
make me sing 'A lovely King is come to me.'
Ihesu, my lorde, þou gar me synge
a lufely kynge is comen to me;
My swete swetnes of alkyn thynge,
My trust is all in Thee.
my hope & tryste is al in þe.

(5)

Help me evermore at need;
Ihesu, me helpe euere more at nede,
& fro þe fende þou me defende;
fix my soul in love of Thee:
þou sett my saule in lufe & drede,
& al my myse þat I may mende.
Ihesu, þi blude þat þou walde blede,
fro þis fals lyfe or þat I wende
wash away my sins, and grant me endless bliss.
þou wesche a way al my mysdede,
& graunt me blyse with outen ende. Amen.

[1] Omitted in the MS.

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Whi art thow Froward sith I am Merciable.

[5 *stanzas of eights, abab, bcbc.*]

[MS. Univ. Libr. Camb., Hh. iv. 12. leaf 85 *a*; handwriting of the 15th century. In every case a stroke is drawn over the final *on*. Sometimes the preceding *i* is omitted, in which case it is here inserted in italics.]

In cruce sum pro te, qui peccas; desine, pro me,
Desine; do veniam; dic culpam, retrahe penam.

(1)

¶ "Vpon a crosse naylyd I was for the, — I, Christ, died for thee;
Soffred deth to pay thy rawinson;[1]
Forsake thy synnë for the loffe of me, — forsake thy sin,
Be répentant, mak playne confessïon.
To contrite hertis I do remissïon; — for I forgive all contrite hearts.
Be nat dispayryd, for I am not vengeáble;
Gayn gostly enmys thynk on my passïon;
Whi art thow froward, sith I am mérciáble?

(2)

¶ "My blody woundis downe raylyng by thys tre,
loke on hem well, and haf compassïon; — Look on My wounds,
The crowne of thorne, þe spere, and nailys thre
Percyd hand and fote of indignacïon,
Myn hert ryuen for thy redempcïon; — My riven heart!
lat us tweyn in thys thyng be greáble,
loffe for loff, by iust conuencïon;
whi art thow froward, sith I am mérciáble? — Why art thou froward?

[1] or, rawmson

(3)

I pitied Peter [leaf 85, back] and Thomas.

¶ "I had, on petyr and magdaleyne, pite
For the gret constrent of there *con*tric*ion*;
Gayne thomas Ind*è*s incredulite,
he put hys [hand][1] depe in my side adowne;
Rolle up thys mat*er*, graue it in thy reson;

I am kind and merciful.

Sith I am kynd, why art *þou* so vnstable?
My blod, best triacle for thy tran[s]gression;
Whi art thow froward, sith I am m*er*ci*á*ble?

(4)

Think on My humility, and love;

¶ "Thynk, a-gayne pride, on myn humilcte;
Ren to scole, record weH thys lesson;
Gayn fals enuy, thynk on my charite,

My blood spilt drop by drop

My blode aH spilt by distillac*ï*on;
whi did I thys? to safe the fro prisoune;
afforne thyn hert, hang thys lityll table,

as balm against thy spirit's poison!

Swett*er* than bawme gayn aH gostly poyson;
Be *þow* not froward, sith I am m*er*ci*á*ble."

(5)

"Lord, we are mindful of Thy death, grant us Thy mercy,

¶ "lord, on synfuH knelyng on ther knee,
Thi deth remembryng of humble affecc*ï*on,
O ih*e*su, grant of thy benignite,
That tho .v. wellys ple[n]teuose of fuyson,
Callyd thy .v. wowndis by com*put*ac*ï*on,
May wach in vs aH surfet*is* r*é*proueáble.

for Thy Mother's sake!"

Now, for thy moders meke meditac*ï*on,
At hyr request, be to us m*er*ci*á*ble."

EXPLICIT.

NOTES.—L. 11, *Nailys Thre*, because one was put through the two feet, and one through each hand. L. 19, *Thomas Indes*:—Thomas was said in old legends to have preached in India; see "The Complaynt of Criste" in this volume, l. 58, and *Piers Plowman* (vol. ii. p. 405, l. 13283), "Thaddee and ten mo: with *Thomas of Inde*."

[1] A word is here lost.

Incyppt the Stacyons of Rome.

[Cott. Calig. A. ii. leaf 83, and Lambeth 306, leaf 152, back. The text, to line 553, is that of the Cotton MS.: the readings of the Lambeth MS. are in the notes.]

He þat wyll hys sowlë[1] leche,
Lysteneth to me, and y woll ȝou teche.
Pardon ys þe sowlë[2] bote,
At gretë Rome þer ys þe Rotè:
Pardon, yn frensh a worde hit ys,[3]
Forȝeuënesse of synnes y-wys.
The[4] Duches of troye þat sum tyme[5] was,
To Rome she come with grete pres;[6]
Of hyr came Romyrus[7] & Romulus
Of whom Rome ys cleped ȝyt y-wys:[8]
Hethen hit was, & cristened[9] nowȝt
Tyll petyr and paule hadde hit bowȝt,
Wyth golde, syluere, ne[10] with good,
But with her flesh &[11] her blode,
For þer þey suffrede bothë dethe,[12]
Here sowles to savë fro þe qweþe.[13].

Pardon is the soul's cure, and its root is in Rome.

The Duchess of Troy begat Romyrus and Romulus,

from whom Rome was named,

and Peter and Paul converted it.

In Rome Y shall ȝou steuene
And honþred kyrkes fowrty and seuen;
Chapelles þer ben many mo,
Tenne þowsand & fyfe; also
A-bowte þe wall, to & fowrty,
Grete towres þre hondredde & syxty,
Fowr & twenty gret ȝates þer be
Pryncypall ouur opur, y tell þe.

In Rome are 147 churches,

and 10,005 chapels.

About the 42 walls are 360 towers,

and 24 chief gates.

[1] wolle be his soullis [2] sowelys [3] Pardon, A worde in trouthe is [4] A [5] whilom there [6] moche solace. [7] Romus [8] clepyd thus [9] Rome was hethenc, and crystenc [10] Neydur with sylucr, neydur [11] and with [12] to be dede [13] to save her soule from the qweede. L. omits the next eight lines.

St. Peter's

¶ At scynt pet*ur* whe shaH be-gy*n*ne
To telle of pardon þat slaketh[1] sy*n*ne:

is a fair minster with 29 steps.

A fayr mynstyr men may þer[2] se,
Nyne and twenty grecys þer be;[3]

When you go up or down, if you say a prayer, you shall have 7 years of pardon for every step, and also God's blessing.

And al so ofte[4] as þou gost vp or downe,
Begy*n*neth of gode[5] deuocyou*n*
Thow sha[l]t haue at eche a gree,[6]—
Man or wo*m*mon whe*þur* þou bee,—
Seue*n*ne 3ere of[7] pardon,
And þer-to goddes benysou*n*;[8]
Pope Alyxand*ur* hit gr*a*unted at Rome,
To man or wo*m*man þat ded*ur* come.

Above the steps is the Chapel,

A-boue*n*ne þe grece, as þou shalt gone,
Stondeth a chapeH hy*m* self a-lone,

where St. Peter sang his first Mass.

In þe whycH song petur his fyrst masse,
As þe Romayn*is* seyn, more & lasse.

[leaf 83, back]

As often as þou wylt þyd*ur* come,

For every visit to it, you got 7000 years' pardon, and Lents.

Seue*n*ne þowsand 3er þou getest of p*ar*don;
And as mony lentones mo
Eu*e*ry day 3yf þou wylt þed*ur* go.

In St. Peter's are 100 altars: at

In þat mynster may þou[9] fynde
An hou*n*þred[10] Auters by-fore & be-hynde;

their consecration the Pope gave 24 years of pardon, and Lents, and God's blessing.

And when þe[11] Auters halowed were,
xxiiij[12] 3ere, & so mony lentones more[13]
He 3af & gr*a*unted to[14] pardon,
And ther-to goddes[15] benesou*n*.

There are 7 chief altars.

A-mong þe auters vij þer be
More of *grace* &[16] dyngnyte:

I. The Veronica one,

The Auter of þe Vernake ys þat on,[17]
Vpon þe Ry3th hond as þou shalt gon;

[1] the pardon þat quenchithe [2] there þou myght
[3] xxxix Auters there be spesyally. [4] As ofte [5] Be cause of
[6] shalt . . degree. [7] to
[8] And of thy synnes Remyssyon. The next two lines are,
Pope Alysaund*ur* grauntythe alt and some
to all theyme that thydd*ur* come;
and the next eight lines are omitted.
[9] þou mayste [10] fowre score [11] Alle the [12] xviij [13] lentt*is* by-foore
[14] of [15] crystys [16] moste of grace and of [17] is one

[1]The secounde, yn honour of our lady ys; — II. Our Lady's,
The þrydde, of seynt symon y-wys; — III. St. Simon's,
The iiij, of seynt Andrew þou shalt haue; — IV. St. Andrew's,
þe .v. of seynt gregour, þer he lys yn graue;[1] — V. St. Gregory's,
The syxte, of seynt leon þe pope,[2] — VI. Pope Leo's,
There he song masse yn his cope; — 60
Of þe holy cresse þe seuennyþ ys, — VII. that of the Holy Cross.
In þe whych no wommon cometh ywys.
At eche on of þese Auteres þere — At each you get 7 years and
Is euery tyme, of pardon vij 3ere, — 64 7 Lents.
And as mony lentones mo
To aH þat wyH deþur goo,
At þe hy3 Auter þer petur ys done, — At the high-altar you get pardon
Pope gregory graunteth a pardon — 68 of sins
Of synnis for-gyffenne & oþes[3] Also,
Seuenne & twenty 3ere[4] he 3af þer-to, — for 27 years,
Fro holy þorsday yn-to[5] lammes — and from Holy Thursday to
Is[6] euery day more & lasse, — 72 Lammas
Fowrtene[7] þowsand 3ere. — 14,000 years,
To aH þat cometh to þat mynstere[8] — and on the Asumption of the
[9]On our lady-day þe Assumpcioun — Virgin 1000 years.
Is a þowsand 3er of pardon. — 76
On seynt petur & powle day — On Peter and Paul's day you
þat[9] mynster was halowed, as[10] y say, — get 14,000 years of pardons and
þen ys þer xiiij[11] þowsand 3er & le[n]tons[12] þer-to, — Lents, and are let off one-third of
& þe þrydde part of þy[13] penaunce vndo. — 80 your penance.
When þe vernacuH shewed ys, — [If, 83, bk., col. 2] When the Veronica is shown,
Gret pardon for soþe þer ys,[14] — the residents in the City get 4000
Fowr þowsand 3ere, as y 3ou[15] telle,

[1–1] þe secunde is symonde & Iude, þou myght haue,
there of seynt gregorye there he is grave.
the iiij^te of oure ladye I-wys,
of whome the covent syngithe messe;
the fyvithe of seynt Andrewe is.

[2] leo papa I-wys. L. omits the next seven lines, and transposes the eighth and ninth, reading *doo* for *done*, to ryme with *also*. [3] for-yeett and od*ur* [4] MS. 3ef; L and vij yere. Lambeth has, 'And vij 3ere he grauntythe therto.' [5] vnto [6] *om.* Is [7] there is xiiij [8] to alle men that comys there [9–9] Of seynt Martyn the xviij daye this [10] as *om.* [11] is vij [12] leuttis [13] þy *om.* [14] is there I-wys [15] thre thowesande yere the

years' pardon; To men þat yn þe cyte[1] dwelle;

outsiders 9000 years; And men þat dwellen be-sydwarde,[2]
ix þowsand ȝer shall be here[3] part;

sea-crossing visitors 12,000 years, And þou þat passen[4] ouur þe see,
xij þowsand ȝere ys graunted þe;

And þer-to þou shalt haue more,[5]
and one-third of their sins forgiven. In Lent all pardons are doubled. þe þrydde parte forȝeuenesse of þy sore.[6]
In lenton ys more[7] grace;

[8]Eche pardoun ys dowbled yn þat[8] place.

In that place are many holy bones, In þat place þer be done
Holy bonës mony on,

of Peter, Paul, Of peturr, powle, & saynt[9] symon,

Gregory, Leo, Seynt Iude,[10] gregour, and leon,

St. Petronilla, [11]Seynt párneH þat holy vyrgyn,

St. Sythe, And seynt Sythe[12] þat poled[13] pyne,

and others And mony mo þer are yn fere[14]

dear to Christ. þat to Ihesu beth[15] leue & dere:

[16]No mon kan þe soþë say.

Pass we over four miles to St. Paul's. þerfore passe we forth an opur way[16]
To seynt powle, as y wene,

Fowr myle ys holden[17] be-twene;

In þat place[18] ys grette pardon,
And of many synnis[19] remyssyoun;

Saul was his first name, Sawle was his nome[20] by-fore,
Syth þe tyme þat he was bore;[21]

Heþen he was, & cristened noȝth,[22]
'TyH criste hit putte yn[23] his þowȝth;

till Ananias christened him. And þat holy mon Ananyas[24]
Crystened hym þorow[25] goddis grace,

[1] to hem that in Rome [2] And they that were thyddyrwarde [3] is theyre [4] yff thowe passe [5] shalt wynne [6] For-yevenes of all thy synne. [7] lent that holy [8–8] is dowbylde in eche place beethe Idoone [9] Iude and [10] and of sent [11] L. inserts,

Seynt Iohn and seynt Boneface,
Processe and Martyn in that place. See 171/841.

[12] sythi L, sythe C. [13] suffyrde [14] bethe I fere [15] been to cryst [16–16] Nowe passe we forthe in oure waye
that we mowe the sothe saye
[17] been [18] waye [19] of synnes [20] name [21] frome that tyme he was I-boore [22] he was hethen and crystyn nought [23] hit in [24] an holy man Amas [25] by

And called[1] hym paule, petur brodur,
þat eche of hem shuld[2] comforte opur;
And yn þe worshyp of þat[3] conuercyoun
ys graunted a M^lle[4] 3ere of pardon,
And at þe feste of his day
Two[5] M^lle 3ere haue þou may.[6]
On chyldermasse day yn[7] cristemasse
Is iiij M^lle 3ere to[8] more & lasse;
[9]And on seynt Martyn, þe viij day,
That mynster was halewed as y 3ou say,
Ther ys xiiij þowsand 3ere, & lentones þer-to,
And þe þrydde part of þy penaunz vn-do.[9]
And 3yf þou be þere aH þe 3er,
Eche a day[10] yn þat mynster,
[11]Thow shalt have as moche pardon
As þou to seynt Iame wolde gon.[11]
¶ Her may we no lengur be;[12]
To saynt Anastase moste we;[13]
Two myle þer ys[14] be-twene,
Of fayr way & of clene;[15]
And eche a day 3yf þou wolte trace,[16]
Seuenne M^lle 3ere þer þou hase;[17]
And þer-to shalt þou have also
The þrydde parte of þy penaunce vn-do.
Pope vrban, þat holy syre,
So rewardeth men for here[18] hyre;
Tho þat ben shryuen & verry[19] contryte,
Of aH here synnes he maketh[20] hem qwyte.[21]

In honour of his conversion you get 1000 years' pardon, and on his Festival 2000 years.

On Childermas Day you get 4000 years;

[leaf 184]

at Martinmas 14,000 years, and Lents, and one-third of your penance excused.

A year's daily visit to St. Paul's is as good as a pilgrimage to St. James's.

Next we go 2 miles to St. Anastasius's,

and for a daily visit there you get 7000 years' pardon, and one-third of your penance off.

If you are contrite, you are quit of all your sins.

[1] clepyd [2] Ech one of them to [3] In that Ilke [4] Is an hundyrde
[5] A [6] I the saye [7] at [8] Be xl. yere more [9–9] omitted [10] soneday
[11–11] thowe hatt pardone all and some
as thowe to seynt Iamis had gon & comyn.
[12] nat longe dwelle [13] of seynt Austyn must I telle. [14] I holde
[15] Fulle fayre wayes and a green [16] crave
[17] viii. Ml yere þou myghtis have. L. omits the next two lines.
[18] hathe rewardede men her [19] yf men be shreffe and [20] alle Synnes god make
[21] L. inserts,
to alle thoo that ar Redye
In alle þe festis of oure ladye,
of pere, powle, and seynt Iohn,
Evangelystis baptysyde, & many one,
of mary mawdelyn, and kateryne,
Seynt Marget, Annes þe holy vyrgyne

Pope siluestur ȝaf[1] to pylgrymes
That þydur come yn þere[2] tymes,
Penans broken, & othes also,
His holy help he putte[3] þer-to;
Wrathyng[4] of fadur & modur, ȝyf hit be,
In goddes name he for-ȝeueþ hit þe,
So þou smyte not with þyn[5] honde;
Ryȝth so hit ys, I vnþerstonde.[6]

Before the door is the stone that St. Paul was beheaded on,

Be-fore þat[7] dore stondeth a stone,
Seynt powle[8] hedde was layde þer-on;
A traytur[9] smote of his hede
With a swerde þat þer-by ys[10] layde;

whence three wells sprang

Ther sprong welles þre,—
Who so ys þere, well may hit[11] se,—
Of watyr both fayr[12] & good,

that heal the sick.

Menne & wymmen haue þer boote.

The Virgin's first chapel, *Scala Cœli*, is there, close by.

In þat place a chapell ys,
'Scala cely' called hit ys,[13]
'Laddere of heuen' men clepeþ hit
In honour of our lady, be my wytte.[14]

[leaf 84, col. 2]

[15]Ther ys two chapelles of her more,
As menne in Rome tellys þore;[15]

In it are the bones of 10,000 Martyrs

Manye ys þe holy bone[16]
That vnþur þe hyȝ awter ys done;[17]
Ten þowsand Marteres, with honour,

slain in Tiberius's time.

In þe tyme of tyberye[18] þe emperour,
They suffred deth all yn Rome,[19]
Her sowles yn[20] heuenne for to wone.[21]
þer men may helpe boþe[22] qwykke & dede,

144 148 152 156 160 164 168

thre thowesande and fyffty yere
of penaunce ben for-yevyn there;
Syluestre and gregory and odur moo,
pope Nicholas confermethe thoo.

[1] gregorye [2] comyth by dyuers [3] hande of helpe he doþe [4] Wrathe [5] So that þou smyttyst hym nat with [6] And thus hit is to vndyrstande [7] a [8] powelys [9] tyraunt [10] swerde there is [11] L. his C, comythe there he may [12] In that watyr that is ffresche [13] celi I-clepyd I-wys [14] hit is sett [15–15] the seconde chapelle, I telle the,
In the name of her þer þou myght see
[16] boowe [17] that on to the Auters men dothe vowe [18] In tyme of tyhyan [19] Suffyrde dethe alle and some [20] to [21] come [22] *om.* boþe

As clerkes yn her[1] bokes Rede;
[2]Who-so syngeþ masse yn þat chappell
For any frend, he loseþ hym fro hell,
He may hym bryngе þorow purgatory y-wys
In-to þe blys of paradys,
Ther sowles abyde tyll domis day
In mychë Ioye, as y ȝou say;
And iij M[lle] ȝer ar graunted more
Of holy popes þat have ben þore:
And syx popes graunted þat þanne
That lyen at seynt sebastyan,
Pope vrban, siluester, & benet,
Lyon, Clement, confermed hyt.
¶ Passe we forth on our ȝate[3]
To saynt marye Annuncyate;[4]
Two myle ys bytwene,[5] y vnþerstonde,
But þey be somdele large &[6] longe.
Ther[7] ys wryten, as y ouȝ say,
Of owr lady yn þe[8] way,
Down she come with angelus
To a brodur of þat hows,[9]
And sayde to hym þat, eche manne
That out of dedely synne þydur cumme,[10]
Fro þe fyr[11] of hell she wold hym shylde,
As she was mayden & modur mylde.
[12]And þis pardon popes han graunted
To hem þat ben verry Repentaunt:
Fyfe hondereth ȝer of pardon,
And þer-to goddes benyson.[12]
¶ To fabyane & bastyane moste[13] we,
Thyþur haue we mylës þre.

A mass sung there for any friend looses him from hell;

and 3000 years' further pardon have been granted by six Popes.

Lot us next visit St. Mary Annunciate, two long miles off.

Our lady came to a Brother of that house, and told him that whoever came there, she would save from hell;

and Popes have granted to repentant men 500 years of pardon.

We pass on, 3 miles,

[1] *om.* her [2–2] forty and viij popys grauntythe than that lyethe at seynt Bastyan; pope syluestre, Orban, and benett, seynt leo, and clement, confermythe hit. [3] nowe passe . . *with* devocyon [4] Annunciacyone [5] there be [6] L. omits *large* & [7] that [8] that [9] A downe she come in to þat place, to a frere, by godd*is* grace. [10] woulde come [11] frome fyre [12–12] omitted in L. [13] sebastyan passe

[leaf 81, back] An Angell from heuenne þydur[1] kamme
to St. Fabyan and Sebastine, To seynt gregory, þat holy manne,
where an Angel appeared to St. Gregory, As he songe masse at þe[2] Aweter
Of seynt fabyane, þat[3] holy martyr, 204
and said the light of heaven and remission of sins were there. And seyde, 'her yn þys place
Is lyȝth[4] of heuen þorow[5] goddis *grace*,
And of mony synnes Remyssyoun;'
Gelasius too gave 40 years' pardon and Lents. And fowrty ȝer of pardon, 208
And also mony lentones[6] mo,
Pope Gelacyus ȝaf[7] þer-to.
The pardons are equal to St. Peter's As moche pardon ys there
As yn[8] saynt petur mynstere, 212
on account of the holy bones. By cause of[9] þe holy bones
That were buryed þer[10] at ones.
Peter's and Paul's lay for 500 years before they were found. And þer lay petur & powle vnþur[11] grounde
Fyfe[12] hondred ȝer er[13] þey were founde; 216
And aftur-warde,[14] þorow goddes *grace*,
They wer founden yn þat place[15]
As þey Awȝtë[16] for to be.
[17]Pope pelagyus, y telle þe, 220
Each of six Popes (Of syxe popys telle y wyH,
On aftur an oþur, as hit ys skyH,)[17]
Gregory, Syluester, þer ben[18] þre;
Alysaunder & nycholl, þer ben fyue; 224
Honoryus was þe sixte whyH he was alyue.[19]
gave 1000 years of pardon to all who are shriven there. Eche on hem ȝaf hys *grace*,
A þowsand ȝer yn þat place,
To alH þat þer[20] bene 228
Of dedely synnë shryuen clene;

[1] *om.* þydur [2] sange at an [3] of Sebastyan tho [4] is in this *place* lyght [5] by [6] as many lentt*is* [7] glasius hathe grauntede [8] is at [9] that is for [10] alle [11] There petur and poule laye vndur [12] vij [13] afore [14] than [15] L. inserts, lf. 155, In tyme of glasius the pope,
with-owten dowte this is hepe,
and than *with* grete devosyon
they were broughte to Rome towne,
And worshupped *with* gret solempnyte.
[16] oughte wele [17]–[17] Of odyr popes I telle the,
And so forthe of odyr three,
pope Gelasius as hit is see.
[18] and syluest*er* this is [19] H. the sixte in his lyue [20] tho that there haue

For ellis[1] hit may not his sowle vaylen,
Of deedly synne but he be shryuen.[1]
A lytyH besyde þou may[2] go,
There standes a chapeH yn a Roo ;[3]
Six[4] & fowrty popes somtyme were
Verrey marteres, & lyen[5] þere,
Eche of hem 3af his benyson :[6]
Of aH þe synnes þat þou haste done
Synne þou yn to þe[7] worlde kom,
For3euenesse hast þou þer a-non,
AH hit[8] ys for3euen þe ;
So harde y a clerke say þat þer hadde[9] be.
And 3yf þou dye dydurward,[10]
Heuenne blys shaH be þy part ;
[11]Thow shalt go as derk as ny3t,
And þerfore þou most haue condeH ly3t,[11]
For vnþur þe erþe þou most wende,
þou shalt not see[12] be-fore ny be-hynde ;
For þydur fledde mony a[13] man,
For drede of deth to saue hem,
And suffred payne[14] harde & sore,
In heuen to dwelle for euur more,
¶ To þe palme wyH we goo,[15]
'Domine quo uadys,' men clepe hit so,
And þer mette petur[16] with Ihesu,
And sayde, "lord, whepur[17] wylt þou ?"
Cryste Answered to petur þo,
"In-to Rome," he sayde, "y[18] go,
Efte to dye on[19] Rode for þe,
For[20] þou dredest to dye for me."
"Lorde," he sayde, "mercy y cry,

232 Near stands a chapel where 46 Popes' bodies lie,

236 and there you get forgiveness of all the sins that you ever sinned [lf. 84, bk., col. 2]

240 (as I heard say).

And if you die there, you shall have heaven's bliss.

244

248

252 Then we go to the Palm (*i. e.* foot-sole). Peter about to leave Rome, through fear of death, met Jesus,

256 Who told him He was going to Rome to die anew on the Cross ; which rebuke strengthend Peter

260

[1—1] thy soule may nought lyve
But thowe of dedly synne be shryue
[2] be-hynde þou myghte [3] standythe . . . woo [4] thre [5] that lyythe
[6] L. inserts, There is playne Remyssyon, and leaves out l. 239, 'For3euenesse,' etc.
[7] Sythe in to this [8] that [9] and alle odyr that there [10] thyddyr-warde
[11—11] But þou must haue candyllyghte
Or ellis þou goest as derke as nyghte.
[12] see L., *om.* C. [13] holy [14] Suffyr paynes [15] Now weende wee to þe palmete
[16] there petur mett [17] whyddyr [18] A-yeen I wylle [19] on þe [20] Petyr

to return for martyrdom.
To take þe deth[1] y am Redy."

A print of His foot is still to be seen on a marble stone;
Ther ys 3ette a syne of his[2] fote
On a marbuH stone *þer* as[3] he stode;

and you get 1000 years' pardon every day you are there.
[4]Eche a day, a þowsand 3er
Of pardon þou may haue *þer*;
¶ In a stone ys wryten, *gret* pardon
Ther ys, of sy*nnis* Remyssyou*n*

On the Festival of St. John of the Latin Gate
At seynt Iohn þe porte latyn
Is a chapeH fayr & fyn;
At þe feste of his day

you may, in his Church there, recover a soul from purgatory, and get 500 years' pardon for every day you pray.
A sowle fro p*ur*gatorye wy*nne* þou may;
And eu*e*ry day, 3yf þou wylt craue,
Fyfe hondred 3er*e* *þer* may þou haue,
He *þat* goth yn-to *þat* place
Where he yn oyle soden was,
The power ys of crys*tis* gr*a*unt
To hem *þat* be verry Repentau*nt*.

[leaf 85]
¶ At[4] saynte Thomas of ynde

At St. Thomas's Church if you give alms
A kyrke þou may þer[5] fynde;
Putte to[6] þy honde w*ith*[7] Almesdede

you shall have great reward
(And þou shat haue[8] gr*e*t mede,)
To helpe hem *þat* ben there
In þe[9] holy lond or elles where,

In others' prayers
Nyȝte & day to[10] pr*a*y for the
For þe help of the[11] charyte;
Of mony popes *þat* *þer* haue[12] be
Thys p*ar*don ys gr*a*nted clene to þe,[13]

[1] to dye for the [2] crys*tis* [3] Vppon the marble there
[4–4] that stoone is vndyr An Awter
Palysyd w*ith* Iren and stele,—
that is for drede of stelynge,
that no man shoulde hit A-way bryng;—
As ofte as thowe comyst thare,
xl thowesande yere þou hast thare.
At seynt Iohn porte latyne
Soulys þou myghte brynge owte of pyne
In the daye of the feste of hym,
As þou shalt fynde hit wryttyn,
In honowre of . . . . .
[5] fayre place þou mayst [6] thyddyr [7] of [8] shalt have *þer*for
[9] this [10] they [11] For help of thy [12] And . . *þat* hathe
[13] graunttyd thee

Fourtene M^{lle} ȝer & somdeH[1] more,
And þe þrydde *par*te forȝeuenys of[2] þy sore.
[3]Ther ys gret *par*don y-wys
Wher þe stacyones cleped ys ;[3]
Pope bonyface co*n*fermed aH,
And[4] eu*ur* more laste hit shaH.
To saynte Ioh̃n lat*ro*nense[5] moste we,
A whyle ther for[6] to be,
To telle of *par*don þat ys þore :
In aH Rome ys no more
Then[7] ys þer gr*a*unted of Ihesu cryste,
þorow[8] þe pr*a*yer of Ioh̃n þe eu*a*ungelyste
And say*n*t Ioh̃n þe baptyste also,
To aH þat þydur wyH[9] goo.
For sumtyme was a[10] emper*our*
That loued[11] Rome w*i*th gr*e*te hono*ur*,
'Kyng[12] co*n*stantyne' men dede hy*m* calle
Bothe yn bour & yn halle ;[13]
In mahounde was aH[14] h*is* þowȝtH̃,
For why, on cryste he leued[15] nowȝtH̃ :
A meseH we fynde he[16] was
TyH[17] cryste sende hy*m* bett*ur*[18] grace.
Pope syluester gon hy*m* preche,[19]
Crystes lawë for to[20] teche ;
þer leued he weH[21] yn godd*is* sone,
And a crysten[22] mon he wolde be-come ;
He dyde[23] hy*m* crystene, as y ȝou telle,
And þ*is* myracuH hit[24] be-felle :
þe wat*ur* wysh a-way h*is*[25] syn*n*e,

288 and more than 14,000 years' pardon, and remission of one-third of your sins. The Stations are productive of
292 great pardon.

At St. John Lateran is pardon
296 to be had as great as anywhere else in Rome,

through the prayers of the
300 St. Johns.

For the Emperor

304 Constantine

was a pagan and unbeliever,
and a leper till
308 Christ healed him.

Pope Sylvestor converted him

312

and baptized him,

and the water washed away his
316 sins

[1] xiij M^{l} yere and [2] sevenythe part of alle
[3–3] Pope gregore, Alysaundyr, & Vrban,
Alle thre grauntede than [leaf 156]
the *par*don that is so grete,
the 'stacyons' men clepe hit.
[4] For [5] latene [6] And a whyle there .. [7] there
[8] L. omits *þorow*, and transposes the Johns. [9] hem that thedyr [10] An
[11] levyd in [12] *om.* [13] he was A sterne man *with* alle
[14] In many thyng*is* he sett [15] In Ihesu cryste belevyd he [16] that he
[17] But [18] of his [19] leche [20] And of crystes lawe hym
[21] And than he be-levyd [22] Cryst*is* [23] lett [24] hym
[25] that the watyr hym washed of

and his disease.

And[1] aH þe fylthe þat he was Inne.[2]

[leaf 85, col. 2]

Then speke[3] þe emperour
To pope syluester *with* gret[4] honour,
On this, he confessed his errors,
" Syluester," he sayde,[5] " goddys klerke,
I may se now,[6] þat ere was derke;
My mys-beleue blyndede[7] me
That y myȝte not þe mote[8] se
Of goddes myȝth & his werkes;
promised to become God's clerk,
Now[9] y wyH be-come one of his clerkes."
[10]Then þanked he criste *with* gret honour,
Kyng constantyne, þat emperour;[10]
gave up his palace
" My place,[11] syluester, y ȝeue þe to[12] honde;
Of me þou shalt hit vnþerfonge,
for a church,
And make þer-of goddys hows,
For y wyH þat hit be þus;
I wyH hit leue[13] *with* aH my myȝtes,
For y woH be on of goddis knyȝtes;[14]
And when þou haste so do,[15]
and asked Sylvester to give a great blessing to all who came to it.
ȝefe þy grete benesoun[16] þere-to,
To aH þat wyH[17] þydur come
To honour[18] crystë, goddis sone,
And saynt Ioñn þe euaungelyste,
Petur, powle, & Ioñn þe[19] baptyste."
Sylvester said they should be purified from all sin
Pope syluester, þen sayde he,[20]
" Of petur, powlë,[21] & of me,
They shaH be clene of synne & pyne[22]
As cryste clensed[23] þe of þyne,
And as þe fylthe feH þe fro,[24]
As clene of synne shaH be aH þo[25]
Of aH maner kyn of synne[26]

[1] of [2] his body *with*-in. L. adds:
for meselle he was, as I seyde ere,
And afftyr, fayre man and clere
[3] seyde [4] *om.* gret [5] holy Fadyre [6] that I may see [7] blent
[8] ne mytht the soothe [9] *om.* Now [10–10] omitted. [11] palys
[12] in-to thy [13] hym love [14] And pray to been his owne knyght
[15] I-doo [16] thy blessyng [17] men that [18] worshepe
[19] and poule seynt Iohn [20] the p. s. sayde aye [21] of poule
[22] be purgyd clene of synne [23] spergyd [24] alle thy fylthe fylle fro me thee
[25] Clene of syn shulle they bee [26] fylthe

That dwelleth þe[1] sowle *with*-Inne."
[2]Pope boneface telleth *þis* tale,
And y telleyth forth *with*-outen fayle.
Hit were no nede to no mon yn crystyante
To passe yn[2] to þe holy lond ou*ur* þe see,
To ier*usalem* nor to seynte kateryne,
To bryngë sowlës out of[3] pyne;
For *þer* ys p*ar*don[4] *with*-owten ende;
Well *his* hy*m* *þat* þyd*ur* may wende!
Pope boneface telleth more
Of mykyll p*ar*don *þat* ys þore:[5]
Who-so comeþ to þe chapell of Ion baptyst,[6]
That dere ys to Ihesu cryste,
And hathe ony[7] deuocyon,
That þyd*ur* wyll go[8] *with* oryson,
þorow *his* pr*ay*er þey may be cla*u*sed of sy*n*ne,[9]
What tyme þey entre þe chapell[10] *with*-In;
[11]Pope boneface maketh hem clene
Of all sy*nn*is *þat* þey in bene.
In *þat* mynster *þat* ys so hende,
Fowr dores shalt þou fynde;
As sone as þou be In at one,
And passes þowr[12] eu*er*ychone,
Plener Remyssyon may þou haue
Of all þe sy*nn*is *þat* þou wylt craue.[11]
¶ Reliquies[13] *þer* ben mony on,
In worshyp of cr*ist* & of seyn*t* Iohn:
In þe Roofe[14] ouyr þe popes see,
A saluator may þou see,[15]

in their souls.

348 This is Pope Boniface's tale.

Therefore there is no need to go to the Holy Land or Jerusalem

352

to rescue lost souls.

356 Boniface tells of more pardon.

[lf. 85, bk., col. 1]
At St. John the Baptist's chapel in this church

360

whoever prays may be cleansed from sin.

364

In that minster are 4 doors,

368 and if you pass through each, the sins you pray against are all remitted.

372 Relics are there:

[1] that noone shalle dwelle her
[2–2] the pardone of Sylvester, Euery dele
the poope gregorye confermythe wele,
Boneface the pope seyde this tale;
yff men wyst grete and [s]male
the pardon that is at Rome,
they wold sey in theyre doome
hit were no neede for the
[3] men to helle [4] pardone is there [5] of odyr pardone in his lore
[6] To Iohn Evangelyste [7] goode [8] And comythe thyddyr (leaf 157)
[9] By oure poope wee purgythe his synne [10] he comythe the chirche
[11–11] omitted. [12] *for* þrow [13] Relykes [14] A chapelle [15] is, I telle thee.

1. A Saviour not painted by hand of man,

Neu*er* peynted *with* hond of mon,
As men yn Rom[ë][1] telle kon:

that came when the church was consecrated.

When sylu[e]ster halewed *þat*[2] place,
Hit aperede þorow[3] goddës *grace*.

2. The table of the Last Supper.

[4]A tabuH *þer* ys, *þat*[5] men moy se
That cryste made on *his* monde,[6]
On shereþorsday[7] when he breke brede
By-fore þe tyme *þat* he was dede:
"To here of *þis*,[8] *hit* doth 3ou gode,
Hit ys my flesh and my blode;
When 3e shaH here me not[9] fynde,
Hit shaH[10] 3ou kepe fro þe fende."

3. The two tables of stone written on by Christ and given to Moses.

Also *þer* ben two tabeles, y vn*þurstonde*,[11]
That *criste* wrote on *with his*[12] honde,
And toke[13] þe lawe to moyses
To[14] kepe þe pepuH yn godd*is* pece.[15]

4. Aaron's rod.

A[16] 3erde of aaron *þat* was[17] gode,
Hit turnede[18] watyr yn-to blode,
And fro blode to[19] wat*ur* a-gayn,
To shewe *þat* þey were goddes[20] men).

[lf. 85, bk., col. 2]
5. Angels' food.
6. Part of the five loaves, fishes, and fragments that Christ fed 5000 men with.

Angelles mete, þey seyn[21] *þer* ys;
[22]Also of þe fy[u]e loues & of þe fe[s]h̄,
And Releue *þat* leued aft*ur* hem,
That *criste* feed *with*, fyfe þowsand mene.[22]

7. Four pillars of brass

Fowr pylers of bras *þer* bene strong,[23]
That have stonden *þer* fuH longe,[24]

[1] As the story [2] *þat* holy [3] stoode there by
[4] L. inserts: A nodyr chappelle is in house,
there-in been Relyk*is* pre*cyouse*:
[5] the tabylle there-in [6] Maundee [7] Shrofe thursday
[8] And said "cytythe one of hit [9] me nat here shalle [10] I wole
[11] Above An Auter made of tree
lyche A tabylle, I telle thee;
vndyr the Awter, An Arche of stoone,
with holy Relykys many one.
[12] wrought *with* his owne [13] tolde [14] the [15] his pepulle for to holde in pease
[16] The [17] is [18] he turnyd the [19] in to [20] goode [21] fulle sothe
[22–22] And fyve lovys and ij ffyshys
with whiche cryste fled v thowesande men,
xij basket*tis* fulle of Releeffe lefft then;
Ho-so is there, the sothe may see.
[23] there bee. [24] A-boute the hyghe Auter stande;
they been styffe and stronge

Ther ben none suche yn aH[1] Rome;
Wonþur hit ys how þey þedur come:
But vaspasyon þat holy[2] kyng,
And tytus his sone þat was so 3yng,[3]
From ierusalem he[4] dede hem come
In-to þe holy place of Rome.

Ther ben þe[5] chaynis of saynt Iohn
When[6] he was bownden, & my3t not gone;
And þe vesseH þat þey 3af hym drynke In,[7]—
Moche[8] þe more was her pyne;[9]
He dronke hit vp, hit[10] greued hym now3t,
For yn Ihesu[11] was aH his pow3th;—
[12]And a kerteH of þat manne
That fro deth was Reysed þan.[12]

Ther be þe[13] clopis of Ihesu criste,
And þe askes of[14] Iohn þe baptyste;
[15]Also þe cloth þat Ihesu gan lede
Hys dyssypeles on to fede,
*And a serke þat our lady gon make
†For her swetë sonës sake;
§Of þe blood & watyr also
‡That out of cristis syde gan go;
And mylke of marye þe vyrgyne,
And a foote of marye Magdeleyne,[15]
And þe clopis þat criste was wonden[16] In
When he shulde dye[17] for mannis syn;
‖[18]And of þe flesh of his cyrcumsyce;
Men hit holde yn grete pryse.
Of petur & powle þe heddys ben þere,

404 brought by Vespasian and Titus from Jerusalem.

408 8. The chains St. John was bound with, and the cup they gave him poisoned drink from.

412

9. A kirtle of the man then raised from death.

416 10. Christ's clothes.
11. John the Baptist's ashes.
12. The table-cloth of the Last Supper.

420 13. A Shirt the Virgin made for Christ.

14. The Blood and Water out of His side.

424 15. The Virgin's milk.
16. Mary Magdalen's foot.
17. Christ's grave-clothes.

428 18. Christ's fore-skin.

19. The heads of Peter and Paul,

[1] *om.* alle [2] Vaspasius the nobylle [3] tutus his sone yonge [4] *om.* he
[5] ij [6] where-*with* [7] the venym was in [8] alle [9] synne
[10] of hit and [11] on cryste
[12–12] of A curtylle of Seynt Iohn
that iij men frome þe dethe a-Ryse be-goone
[13] Of the [14] of the asshis of seynt
[15–15] And of the clothe that cryste wypyd on foote & hande
On schroffethursday his Dissypyls to foonde
[16] wrapped [17] was ded
[18–18] §of bloode and watyr also there is
‡that owte of crystis syyde gon goo I-wys;
*And the shyrte that our ladye made

Welle closed a-bowte þe hyȝ Auter;
which, when shown, give as — When þe heddis shewed shall be,
Then ys þer pardon gret plente,
much pardon as the Veronica does. — As mych pardon y-wysse
As when þe vernacull shewed ys;
And þat ys graunted certaynly
Of pope Vrban & of gregory.
[leaf 86] Ther ben oþur Relykes mony on[18]
In worshyp of criste & of seynt Iohn.[1]
We pass to the Pope's Hall. In it are three doors, — ¶ Her may we no lengur be;
In-to þe popes halle mostë[2] we;
In þat halle, þre dores þer be;
Eche a day open þou may hem se;[3]
and as often as you go through any you are quit of sin, — [4]As ofte as þou gost þorow ony of hem,
And þou be of synnë clene,
And enterest þorow any of hem þre,[4]
and have forty years' pardon, — Fowrty ȝer of pardon ys graunted to de.[5]
Pope Urban, — ¶ [6]The pope Vrbane, y ȝou say,
In lenton þe fyrst þoresday,
when he showed Peter and Paul's heads, — Shewede petur & powle heuedes two
By-fore þe Romanes and oþur mo,
granted 100 years' pardon — And graunted a hondred ȝere of pardon
Seuen myle abowte Rome towne;
and many Lents, — And also mony lentones mo,
That same tyme he ȝaf þer-to;

† for hyr swete sonnys saake;
‖ of Ihesu cryste the Syrcumsyse;
of the clothe of seynt Iohn bapetyse,
and odyr Relykys many oone

[1] L., leaf 129, inserts:

On the mynyster ende iij durrys there bee—
Whan thowe art there, þou mayst see;—
As offt as thy be opynnyd to thee,
And þan passithe thorowe ony of hem thre,
pleyne Remyssyon þou myght have
of alle thy Synnys, yf þou wolte hit crave.

[2] pase [3] they stonde opyn vnto thee

[4–4] As offte as þou passyste one of hem
And entyrst by A-nodyr A-yeen,
And passythe euery of the three,

[5] xl yere is grauntyd thee

[6–6] Nowe pase wee to sancta *sanctorum* swythe,
that mannys hart makythe blythe.

There ys no man now y-bore,
Nor hys fadur hym be-fore,
That of þe heddës haue a syȝth
At þat[1] tyme, but be *grace* of god almyȝt.
Ther ys a chapeH of gret *pardon*
And of mony *synnis* Remyssyon,
Menne calle hit *sancta sanctorum*;
In þat chapeH shaH no womon[2] com.[6]
Ther-yn ys A saluatowr
To whom men don *gret*[3] *honour*,
The whyche was sent to our lady
(Whyle þat she was her[4] vs by)
From her[5] sone þat ys a-bouen,
Aftur þe tyme of his[5] ascencion.
[7]Ther may no *wommon* entre þor
By-cause of her þat *synned* sore;
She browȝt vs alle to þe qwede
TyH cryste on crosse suffered dede:
Euery day, seuen þowsand ȝere
Of *pardon* þou may haue þere;
And also, ȝyf þou wylt craue,
Plener Remyssyon þou may haue.
* At þe chappeH of þe Rode
Is an offrynge fayr & gode,

In the chapel Sancta Sanctorum is much pardon.

but by God's grace only were the heads seen.

In it is a figure of the Saviour

sent by Christ to the Virgin

after His Ascension.

No woman may go into Sancta Sanctorum on account of Eve's sin.

Every day 7000 years' pardon and full remission of sins are to be had.

[leaf 86, col. 2]

The Holy Rood chapel is called

[1] The letter over the þ is blurred.
[2] 'wo' put over line in a later hand. [3] yee shalle do
[4] in eorthe [5] after his
[7–7] the bedys of petyr & poule bebe there,
wele I-closyd vndyr An Awter;
And odyr Relykys many one
been closed in Iren and in stoone.
who-so is poope of Roome,
the keyys *per*-of *with* hym dothe nome
that no man may hem see
But he hym selffe in *presence* bee.
In that chapelle, yf þou wolte crave,
vii M[l] yere þou myghtest have,
And so many lentt*is* more
yff thowe be screffe,[7] þou mayste have soo;
And yett theere is grauntyd therto [leaf 158, back]
the thyrde parte of pennaunce vndo.
* the *pardone* of holy Roode chyrche,
whiche is the name of þe seyde kyrke,—

[l] shriven, A.S. *bescrifen*, confessed, Som.]

Jerusalem [The Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme].
It was built by St. Helena.
The holy Constance, Constantine's daughter,
made it in honour of the Holy Cross.
Sylvester hallowed it,
and every Wednesday you get 2005 years' pardon.
Its relics are:
1. The Sponge of gall and vinegar offered to Christ.
2. A Nail He was nailed to the cross with.

† Men calle hyt Ier*usalem*; 480
‡ Seyn*t* Elene latte make hem.[7]
Constance, þe holy wo*m*mon,
Of kyng co*n*stantyne she kam;
Hys þow3t*ur*[1] she was, & þ*at* was sene, 484
For, þorow þe pr*ay*r of seyn*t* Elene,
That holy place she[2] madë thus
In hono*ur*[3] of þe holy crosse.
[4]Pope syluester hit halewede þo, 488
And gret p*ar*don he 3af þer-to;
For eche[5] sonday yn þe 3er,
And eche[6] wedenesday, 3yf þou be þ*er*,
[8]Is two þowsand & fyfe 3ere, 492
And yche a day, on hondered ys þ*er*.[8]
§ Relykes þ*er* be mony & fele:
[9]The sponge of galle & of eyseH
That þe Iewes profered cryst to[9] 496
When[10] he sayde "scicio";
‖[11] And a nayle, whe*n* Ihesu cr*iste* was
Don on þe Rode for our trespas.[11]

† Ier*usal*em, men clepe hit sertayne,
‡ Saynt Elyn hit made w*ith* noble mayne,
§ And put there-in Relekys fele,
As I can shewen swythe welo;
hit was her house and her socoure
god to serve withe honowre.
for eche day in that mynystre,
of p*ar*doune is xxviij yere;
Also as many lentt*is* moo
Certenly is grauntyd þ*er*to,
At the hye Awter shalt þou have Also
fourty yere, and lentt*is* moo,
for Anastace, cesar the martyr,
Bothe were buryede there.

[1] doughtt*er* [2] he [3] worshupe
[4–4] Transposed, and put after scicio (spelt *sissio*), l. 497. [L. *sitio*, I thirst.]
[5] Eu*e*ry [6] *om.* eche
[8–8] An hundyrde yere myght þou have
of p*ar*done yff þou wylt hit crave
[9–9] that is there for sothe to telle
Whan . . . profyrde to drynk thoo
[10] Whan that . . Sissio
[11–11] And yeet moore I wole the telle:
there is A coorde In one chapelle,—
Ane highe in the Roofe hit is doo,
for no man shoulde come þ*er*-too.—
that ylke coorde, they sey hit is,

[leaf 159]

And yn þat cherche[1] ys also
Of þe crosse þat he was on[2] Ido,
And of þe tre þat þe þeues henge on[3] by
That of his synnis askede[4] mercy;
[5]And a tityH of syr pylat,—
He may hit Rede þat ys[6] þer-at,—
"Thys ys Ihesu of nazareth,
Kyng of Iewes, þat þolede[7] deth;"
The tytyH ys honged, y wyH not[8] lye,
By[9] a crosse þat ys hym bye,[10]
In þe maner of a bowe[11]
In þe myddes of þe kyrke, y trowe;[12]
In þat maner hit ys do[13]
For no man shulde come þer-to.
¶ Of more pardon y wyH 3ou[14] say
That at seynt laurence ys eche[15] day;
Seuen þowsand 3er, & lentones[16] þer-to,
And þe þrydde parte of þy penauns vndo.[17]
Pope pelagyus,[18] þat holy man,
That chyrche to halowe fyrst[19] be-gan,
And graunted þer-to hys pardon[20]
And also goddes[21] benyson,
Thorow prayres of two martires[22]
Steuen & laurence þat þer lyes.[23]

500 3. A piece of Christ's cross, and
4. of the Penitent Thief's cross.
504 5. The Title written over the cross by Pilate:
'This is Jesus the King of the Jews;'
508 and it hangs like a bow by a cross in the middle of the church.
512
At St. Lawrence's, every day you can get 7000 years' pardon, and Lents
516 too,
[leaf 86, back]
520
through St. Stephen's and St. Lawrence's prayers.

with whiche cryste was led to þe crosse I-wys;
‖And A nayle that smyte cryst Ihesus
whane he Suffyrde Dethe for us;
And the hede of seynt vynsent;
the clothe of hapetyse whan he was brent.

[1] the chirche hit [2] god was
[3] the crosse þat þe theefe hyng hym [4] whan he cryed, Lorde
[5] L. inserts: the tethe Also there been of seynt blase,
And odyr Relykys many oone,
I cannat telle hem everychone.
[6] made hit Red þat was [7] suffyrde [8] hyde *with*-owten
[9] In [10] hangithe hye [11] In maner of A bowe for-soothe
[12] menystre Roofle [13] I-doo [14] I yowe
[15] of seynt lawerens þat ylk [16] *with* lentis
[17] L. inserts: In tyme off the Emperoure
kynge constantyne of grete honoure
[18] honorius [19] halowed and
[20] the pardoone he grauntyd to alle Anoone [21] there-to his
[22] the holy marter [23] Seynt st. and seynt l. þat be there

[1]And vnþur þe awter ys made a stone,
There a-bowte þey may gone:
In the altar is a hole: An hole on þis awter þou may fynde;
Knele down þer *with* good mynde,
put your head in, and you'll smell a sweet smell of bodies whose souls are with God. Putte yn þy heed or þy honde,
And þou shalt fele a swete gronde,
A swete smelle of bodyes þat þer be,[1]
Here sowles be *with* god in trinite.
If you are at St. Lawrence's every Wednesday, you can free a soul from Purgatory. [2]And 3yf þou be þer aH þe 3ere,
Eche wednesday yn þat mynster,
Thow may haue, of cristes powere,
A sowle to drawe out of purgatory fyre.[2]
St. Simplicius, ¶ At seynt sympyH, fawstyne, & betrys,[3]
That ben aH martyres of[4] cryste.
the Pope, Seynt sympuH, pope of Rome he[5] was,
And god hym sente a fayr grace;
put 700 holy bones Seuen hondred holy[6] bones
He gedered, but not[7] at ones,
in his church, And yn þat chyrche he dede hem graue,
For ho-so seke hem, his sowle he may saue;[8]
and gave 5000 years' pardon to all who are shriven and visit it. And he 3af pardon to alle þo
That be shryuen & þydur wyH[9] go,
Fyfe þowsand 3er[10] & more
Thorow prayeres of hem þat lyen[11] þore.

[1–1] A-bowte the Awter þou shalt goone; [leaf 159, back]
At every ende þou shalt fynde—
knele there-to yf þou be hende,—
A swete smelle, thoowe hit be derke,
(thorowe grace of crystis owne werke,)
of bodyes that there beryed be

[2–2] Who-so wole dwelle in halle,
And go eche Daye to seynt lawrence mynstyr,
he may there delyuer *with* orysone
A sowle owte of purgatory presone.

[3] In the chirche of fastyine, simple, beatrice

[4] be very Martyrs of Ihesu

[5] in Roome

[6] vj M[l] [= 6000] holy mennys

[7] gadyrde to gedur alle

[8] Sykyr he was that they were savede. (*Sowle* is in a later hand.)

[9] *om.* wylle [10] vij M[l] yere of pardoon

[11] lygg

¶ [1]*With*-owte þe kyrke of Iulyan[2] — Outside St. Julian's is a stone, saying
Ther ys wryten yn a stone
That honoryus, *þat* hòly pope,
That kyrke[3] halewede yn *his*[4] cope;
And six[5] þowsand ȝere he ȝaf to *par*don — that 6000 years' pardon is given to all who go there.
To aH þo *þat* þyd*ur* wyH come.[6]

.;. Explicit þe staciones of Rome .;.

[Here the Cotton MS. ends, but the Lambeth MS. (leaf 160) continues.]

In the menyste*r* of þ*at* holy preste — At St. Eusebius's
that is dere to Ihesu cryste,
Eusebius is there name,—
to teH of hym hit is goode game,—
hit is wryttyn in A stoone
'I wole the halowe or I goone,'
that pope gregory *with* his hande — Pope Gregory
that chirche halowed, I vndyrstande,
and yave pardou*n*, I yowe saye, — gives 100 years' and 40 days' pardon.
A C yerys and fourty daye
and there-to mo I wole yowe telle
to Abate the peyne off helle.
And In the chyrche of seynt Iulyan — At St. Julian's are his cheekbone,
there is his chykk, and tethe *þer*-one; — and a thorn stuck in Christ's head,
A thorne thyrlyd in cryst*is* hed,
when he suffyrde for us to be ded,
And odyr Relykys many and dere; — and other relics:

[1] Cott. MS. *With*-owte owte. L. inserts:
Whane he was dede, *þer* was he grave;
Cryste his soule kepe and save!
A stoone dope stande in þe weye
By-twyx the chyrche and martyrs twey,
Seynt Iulyan and seynt vrban,
there was men and women,
In that stoone wryttyn is
grete pardoone, soothe I-wys,
Euery daye in the yere
vij thowesande yere þou myght have there.

[2] chirche of seynt vyuyen (lf. 160, bk.) [3] this chirche [4] A [5] thre

[6] And there-to goddis benysone
lastynge for euer-more
** to alle men that been there.

the pardon is 700 years.

Go thyddyr and houe vij C yere.
Anodyr chyrche for-sope there is,

At St. Matthew's

of seynt Mathewe worshupe I-wys,
In the Right hande as þou shalt goone
to the chyrche of seynt Iohn):

is an arm of St. Christopher's,

An hole Arme of seynt *Christofre*, godd*is* knyght,
[In a chiste right there is dyght,]
In that same chyrche hit is I-doo,
And grete *par*done yeve therfoo,

on which Christ stood when the Saint carried him.

for cryste hym selffe there-on stoode,
whan he bare hym on the Floode.

[leaf 160, back]

In the chirche of uyght and modeste,

At St. Vitus and Modestus you get one-fourth of your sins forgiven,—

there men mowe have, moste & leste,
the iiij^te^ parte of for-yevenes of syn,
what tyme he comythe þe chirche *with*-in.

7000 Martyrs lie there,—

vij M^l^ martyrs lyggythe there,
As hit is wryttyn in that mynystre;
In tyme of Emp*er*oure Anthony[n]e
that tyrant was, and paynyme;

and lose one-seventh of your sins.

this is the vij parte of þy synne endoone.

At St. Mary the Greater

At seint mary maioure
Is A chirche of grete honowre;
As the hye Aut*er*, hit is seyde,

are buried Matthew,

there is the body of mathewe leyde:

In the chyrche, Anodyr partye,

and St. Jerome, who was brought from Damascus, and put before a place

lyethe seynt Ierome sykerlye;
frome the Cyte of Damase,
[1]he was brought in-to þat plase;
by-foore A plase he was pyght,

called the Præsepe (boards from the Manger of the Nativity).

'precepe' men clepe hit.
vppon his graue lyethe A stoone,
And A crosse is leyde there-one;
A-bowte that stoone A grate there is
of Irne stronge made I-wys.

At the chapel of St. Agas,

In that plase is A chapell
of seynt Agas, þou wott hit wele;

[1] A long initial letter which looks like I, stands before *he*.

x yere of *par*done is grauntyd there,
lygyng there-to evyr-more.
A lytyH clothe lyethe there too,
of whiche cryst was fyrste in do
of his modyr, whan he was bore
to save man that was for-lore.
of his Flesche the Syrcumsyse,
Men hit holdythe of grete pryse;
And of the hey, more and lasse,
that cryste lay on by-fore þe asse.
An arme is also there
of seynt thom[a]s the marter,
and A party of the brayne of his hede
At caunterbury there he was dede,
And Rochet that is goode,—
hit was sprongyn *with* his bloode—
which he had one whan he was take
for alle holy chirche-is saake.
And An Image sykurly
wondyr fayre of oure ladye;
seynt luke, whyles he was in londe,
woulde haue payntyd hit *with* his hande;
And whane he hade ordeyinyd hit soo,
alle his colourse there too,
he founde An Image alle Redy,
Neuer noone syche in eorthe he sy,
with Angell*is* hand*is*, & nought *with* his:
the story in Roome wyttnessithe this,
that is wryttyn every dele
At the hye awter in A tabyH.[1]
there is *par*doone, men may see,
of many popys þat there hathe bee;
vppon the chyrchë halydaye
A M^l^ yere of *par*don þou may,
And there-to, yff þou wylt more,
the thyrde parte of alle þy lore,

ten years of pardon are to be had.

Its relics are,
1. The cloth Christ was put in after His birth;

2. His foreskin when circumcised;

[leaf 161]

3. the hay He lay in before the ass;

4. an arm, and

5. a bit of brain of Thomas á Becket;

6. his rochet;

7. an Image of Our Lady, (see p. 172, ll. 886—9), which St. Luke was about to paint,

but when his colours were all ready,

he found one painted by Angels' hands.

On the Church's holy day you may have 1000 years' pardon,
and one-third of your loss [perdition?],

[1] MS. In a tabylle at, etc.

and 700 years.

And vii C yere there-too;
wele is hym that thyddyr may goo.

At every feast of Our Lady

In eche feste of oure ladye,
to *þat* graunttythe seynt gregorye;

you get 100 years' pardon and Christ's blessing,

he yaffe therto A C yere of pardone,
And therto crystis benysone.

and from her Assumption [leaf 161, back]

In owre ladijs day Assumpsione,
There is than grete pardone;

till Christmas

frome *þat* fest tyH Ihesu was bore,
No daye shaH be for-lore;

you get as much as for 15,000 years' penance.

there is xv M[l] yere
of penaunce *þou* shuldyst fuH-fyH here.

Anodur chyrche also there is,

At St. Pudentiana's

'Pudencyam' hit is clepyd I-wys;
An holy woman I fynde she was,
AH fuH-fyllyd by goddis grace:

one-third of your sin is forgiven.

the thyrde parte of *þy* synne
for-yevenes ther *þou* myght wynne.

In St. Priscilla's churchyard adjoining,

A chyrche-yerde is there too
of seynt preseH, men clepe hit soo.
Seynt gregory tellythe [us]
that in *þat* yarde & in *þat* house

are buried 3000 bodies,

Ben beryed many of thoo,
thre thowesand with-owten moo;

and for each a year and a Lent of pardon are to be had.

for eche body *þou* myght teH
O yere and o lent *þou* myght speH
of pardon is grauntyd to þe
By prayer of hem *þat* there bee;
for seynt petyr & seynt poule, *þat* some tyme were,
Bothe were harborowed there.

At the chapel *Sancti Pastoris*

A lytyH chapeH yeet there is,
I-clepyd 'titulus pastoris;'
As *þou* comyst at the chyrche-is ende,
that chapeH *þou* shalt fynde;
The pope of Rome *þat* was than),

St. Pius [or perhaps in reality St. Peter]

seynt peius the holy man),
the bapetystore there he founde,

and holowed [*sic*] hit *with* his honde;
And vppon An estyr daye—
As I teⱡ yowe nowe I maye—
Syxty soules andᵗ xviij there-to,
to Crystyn-dom he broughtᵗ thoo.
  Of praxed, the holy woman),
aⱡ the sothë teⱡ I can),
A thowesande bodyes *with*-owten moo,
And iij hundyrde there-too,
In *þat* place buryedᵗ shee—
her sowelys bethe *with* cryst so Fre—
that suffyrde dethe in *þat* tyme
Of the emp*er*oure Anthony[n]e.
pope Innocent, for love of hem),
graunte[de] tho to allë men)
O yere, and xl dayes there-to,
And the iiij parte of penaunce vndo.
And there is of the pyllur A party
that cryste was bounde to sykyrly;
And yff *þou* come in lent to chyrche,
Double p*ar*doone *þou* mygⱡtᵗ wyrche.
there lyethe bodyes of sylvester & seynt martyn),
the story of Rome wytnessitⱡe hit myne.
  Anod*ur* Day in the yere
of seynt petre men clepytⱡe there
Ad[1] vincula in) londe,
lammasse day *þou* vndyrstonde,
whan) pet*ur* was bounde *with* Irnys grete,
As wee in oure bok*is* Reede,
that daye is grete p*ar*doone,
of alle thy synnys remyssyou*n*;
Andᵗ every day, yff *þou* wolt crave,
fyve hundyrd yere there *þou* mygⱡtᵗ haue,
Andᵗ so many lentt*is* moo
pope gelasius haþe grauntyd þerto.
  ¶ there is a pese of the Roode

680 one Easter
converted 78 souls to Christianity.
684 [leaf 162]
At St. Praxed's are 1300 martyrs' bodies buried,
688
and for them a year and 40 days' pardon are granted and one-fourth of your penance is respited.
692
696
A part of the pillar Christ was bound to is there.
In Lent you get double pardon.
700
Sylvester and Martin are buried there.
On the day of St. Peter,
704
Ad Vincula,
Lammas Day,
when he was bound in irons,
708
is great pardon, remission of all sins;
and every day you can get 500 years' pardon,
712
and Lents.
The relics are:

[1] MS. And

1. A piece of Christ's Cross. 2. St. Martin's bed,

that cryst was on do for oure goode,
And the bed[1] of seynt Martyne,
An holy man þat tholyd pyne;

In which no man may lie.

In that bed shall no man lye,
for he wole not þat hit be seye,
Ne touche-hit *with* no manis hande,[2]
for hit is prevy, I vndyrstande.
Suche bed of penaunce I not no moo,

In the Church of the Twelve Apostles,

to A plase of[3] the postyll*is* twoo—
cryste us kepe owte of woo!—[4]

(built by Constantine, destroyed by heretics,

fyrste of constantyne hit was sett,
And sythen herytyk*is* done hit bett;

and rebuilt by Pelagius and John,)

Pelagius and pope Iohn),
they dede hit Rere vp Anone,
And yave there-to grete p*ar*doone,
for there lyethe many A seynt of grete Renowne,

lie St. Philip and James,

phylype and Iacobe in shryne,

St. Eugenia,

Sent eugenie þe holy vyrgyne,

St. Sabasabinus,

Seint sabasabyne, wrote wee fynde,

Thomas's cloak,

And the tabarde of thom*as* of Inde:

St. Blasius's arm, etc.

An arme of seynt blase is there,
And odyr relykys many and sere.

You may get here 2000 years' pardon,

two thowesande yere, yf þou wolt crave,
Eche day there myght þou have,

and double on each Apostle's day.

And on eche Apostyll*is* day
this p*ar*doon is dowbyld, I the saye.

At St. Bartholomew's 1000 years' pardon.

At seynt bartylmewe þou myȝte have
A thowesande yere yf þou wolte crave;
there lyethe his bodye on þe hye Auter:
wele is hym that comythe there.

At St. Mary Rotunda,

at seynt mary Rotounde
there is A chyrche fayre I-founde;
there is wryttyn, I yowe saye,

on a Sunday in May

In o sonday that is in maye;

[1] MS. hed
[2] This line is repeated after the next.
[3] MS. of of
[4] Seemingly l. 725 should follow 723, and be followed by a line like 'Now lat us forthe goo.'

whan the soneday is I-come,
there is fuH Remyssyone,
And eche daye in the yere
grete pardon þou myght have there:
Agrypa ded hit make
for sabillis & neptuno-is sake;
Modyrs they were of cursyd men,
And false fendis folowed hem.
he yave hit name of pantheon);
In aH Romë was syche noone;
A fygur they made of golde Reede,
More than god they gan hit drede;
'Neptune' clepyd hit was I-wys;
to leve there-one they were nat wysse;
An hye on the tempyH hit satt,
And lokyde forthe lyke A katt,
vppon the Rooffe in an holle
hit brent as hellë cole:
vppon his hed A covert of brasse;
to seynt petyr blowen hit was
with A wynde of heH, I trowe,
for no man myght hit thedur throwe;
there standythe [hit,] I teH thee,
by-fore the mynyster dor þou myght hit see;
the Rofe is opyn there he stoode;
there stondythe, and doþe no goode.

And the pope boneface
was fuH-fyllyd with goddis grace;
In hym selffe he was dismayed
that mannys soule was so betrayed:
to the emperoure Iulius sone he came,
that was forsoþe A wele goode man;
"that tempyH," he sayde, "graunt hit me,
I the praye for seynt charyte,
that men clepe pantheon, I leve,
that mannys soule hit doþe greve."
he seyde, "take hit euery dele;

is full remission of sins.

Agrippa built it for Sabille's and Neptune's sake

[leaf 163] [really Mars and Jupiter],

and called it the Pantheon,

made a golden image

called Neptune,

set it high up on the temple like a cat,

but it burnt up,

and its brass hat

was blown to St. Peter's.

Pope Boniface

asked the Emperor Julius for this [Phocas, A.D. 609.]

Pantheon:

he gave it him.

that þou hit have, me lykythe wele."

Boniface assembled the Romans there,

And the fyrst day of novembur, 788
pope boneface with hartë tendyr
the pepuH of Rome ded calle,
[leaf 163, back] And bade assemble in his halle,
In pantheon aH in-same, 792

changed its name in honour of Our Lady and All Saints,

for to chaunge þat ylkë name
In honowre of oure ladye,
and aH halowen þat bethe þer-hye;
this was noster dame la Rounde, 796
In pantheon fyrste I-founde;

sang Mass, gave pardons, ordered the day to be kept holy,

And sange hys mase þat ylkë daye,
And yave grete pardone, I yowe saye,
And comawndyd all crystyn men 800
that daye to halowe, for love of hem
that bethe in hevyn with swete Ihesus,
Nigh' and day to praye for us.
And on the morowe he be-hett also 804

and that men should pray there for the dead.

that men shoulde to chyrchë goo
to praye for hem that ded bee,
that cryste on hem have pyte,
And one us whan wee dye; 808
Amen, saythe aH for charyte.

At St. Mary Transpontine are two pillars that Peter and Paul were bound to.

At scynt mary transpedian
there been ij pyllurs made of stoone,
to whiche petyr and poule bounden were 812
when thé levyd in eorthë there.
there they stonde, I tellë thee;
whan þou Art there, þou mayste hem see;

400 years' pardon is given for every visit there.

Eche day, yf þou comyste there, 816
foure hundyrd yerë þou haste there.

At the Hospital of Santo Spirito you have 7 years' pardon and one-seventh of your penance let off.

At seynt Speryte hospytalle,
there men mowe haue, gret and smalle,
vij yere of pardoune, 820
the vij^te parte of penaunce ondone.

At St. James on the River, 300 years' pardon,

At seynt Iamys vppon the flome
Be thre hundyrde yere of pardonne,

And so many Lentt*is* moore
for-sothe ben I-grauntyd there.
Att seynt mary tryst-iuere
thowe shalt have sevyn yere:
two well*is* there bethe, I teH thee,
that sprynggythe oyle, there men may see,
that ylk nyght þat cryst was boore
to save man that was for-loore.
At sesyle, the holy marter,
thowe myght have A C yere.
At seynt petyr and poullys preson
thowe myght have grete p*ar*donne,
two thowesande yere, I teH thee,
Eche day yf thowe there bee.
thorowe the vertu of her orysune
A weH sprange there in p*ri*sune,
w*ith* whiche wat*er*, baptysyd were
processe and martuman, cryst*is* dere.
At seynt mary la noue þou myght haue
an hundyrde yere if þou wolt craue.
at the chirche of seynt Alext
there wee mowe have, moste & leste,
two thowesande and ij C yere,
eche day yf þou comyst there.
At seynt cosme and Demiave
iij hundyrd yere þou myght have.
At the chyrche of seynt eustace
there men myght fynde A wele fayre place;
there lyethe he and his wyffe,
and his ij sonnes, w*ith*-owttyn stryffe,
two thowesande yere þou myght have
eche Daye yf þou wolte crave.
nowe passe wee to þe saluator
to whome men dothe grete honowre.
A fygur of god þou myght see,
his face, his crowne, I teH thee;
there myght þou have A M' yere;

824 and Lente.

[leaf 161]

At St. Mary Trastevere 7 years' pardon.

828 Two wells that spout oil on Christmas day are there.

832 At St. Cecilia's 100 years' pardon.

At St. Peter and Paul's Prison

836 2000 years' pardon every day.

840

At St. Mary Nova, 100 years' pardon.

844 At St. Alexis'.

2200 years.

848 At St. Cosmas and Damian's, 300 years.

At St. Eustace's

852

2000 years' pardon.

856 Here [*or*, At the Church of San Salvadore] is an image of the Saviour giving 1000 years' pardon,

860

Eche day yff thowe be there,
[leaf 161, back] and 630 years off your time in hell. Syx hundred and xxx^ty mo, I the teH,
for to Abate the peynys of^ heH.
At St. Cecilia's 100 years' pardon. at seynt Sysely the holy marter,
there thowe myght haue A C yere.
the Mawdlene there, I teH thee,
whan þou Art there þou myght^ see.
At a chapel near St. Peter-ad-Vincula Be-sydes petre-Ad-vincula A chapeH is
of^ A Saluator worshupte Iwys,
where he delyd his tresoure
to save holy chyrchis honoure:
you get 2000 years' pardon. of *par*don ij thowesande yere
thowe myght have whan þou art there
At each of St. Jerome's, Gregory's, Ambrose's, Austin's, At the chyrche of iiij Doctours fyne,
Ierome, gregory, Ambrose, & Austyne,
At eche chyrche yff þou wylt craue[1]
1000 years' pardon. A thowesande yere, þou[2] myght hit haue.
At St. Lawrence's At seynt lawrence in Damace
there shalt þou fynde A feyre place:
Eche day, yf thowe come there,
500 years' pardon. thowe myght^ have v C yere.
At St. Mary Ara Cœli, At seynt mary Rochelle
there is many greses, I wete wele;
2000 years and more. there is ij thowesande yere & more
to hem that wole thyddyr goo.[3]
Here is an image of Our Lady made by St. Luke. there is An Image, I vndyrstonde,
of oure ladye þat Lewke wroughte with his honde,
I-closed alle withe syluer clere,
I-payntted Abowte withe colours dere;
Minorites live there. there dwellythe Frere menowrse,
And servyn owre ladye with honowrse.
At St. Mary Merle [de' Miracoli?] At seynt Mary Merle bethe dwellynge
Frere prechourse to Rede and synge:
you can get 1000 years' pardon. Sykyrly there þou myght have
A M^l yere, and þou hit crave.
At St. Andrew's At seynt Andrewys holy chyrche sykyrly

[1] MS. haue [2] MS. yf þou [3] For *fore* or *fare*.

Been yeerys grauntyd full fourty, [leaf 165]
And seynt gregory *pur*chased syche grace, 10 years' pardon.
what man or woman is buryed in *pat* plase, Believers buried there
yf he beleve in god & holy chyrche also,
he shall not be dampned for nought *pat* he hathe doo, shall not be damned, however they have sinned,
But be saved frome the payne of hell: but shall be saved.
this is the sothe that I the tell.
yf *pou* tryste ne *pyng* to me, If you don't believe me, you can see it on the church door.
on the chyrche-dore *pou* mayst hit see.
*par*done is there myche moore
than I have Resceyned[1] here byfore,
And that I shall *with* all my myght Of the rest of the pardon I shall write day and night.
there-off wryte bope day & nyght,
By gode that was of mary boore
to save mankynde *pat* was for-loore,
Grnunt vs parte of this *par*doone, Christ grant us part of it, and His blessing!
And there-withe gyve us his benysone!

EXPLICIT ꝑE STACIONS OF ROOME.

[Follow: A Medecyne for the Pestylens, etc., The manor to kepe haukes, etc.]

[1] *resigno*, I reveal, disclose.

Gaude, Flore Virginali.

(*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 133.)

(1)

Hail, flower of Virginity,

Gaude, the flowre of virginyte,
In hevyn thow hast a principalite
Off worship and honowre;
Thi blys is more in dignite
above all saints and angels!
Then alle the sayntis that euer may be
Or aungelis in hevyn towre!
Gaude, flore virginali!

(2)

Hail, God's spouse,

Gaude, goddys spouse so deere!
Was there neuer sonnye day so cleere
Nor of so grete lyght!
brighter than sun in heaven!
There myght neuer son shyne heere
As thow fyllist heuyn empere
With bemys that ar so bryght!
Gaude, sponsa cara dei!

(3)

Hail, Queen of Heaven,

Gaude, vessel of vertue & grace,
I-Crowned quene in that place
Where thy sonne is kynge!
whom all angels worship!
Angels alle in his presence
Ar vndyr thyn obedyence,
And do the worshippynge!
Gaude, splendens vas virtutum!

(4)

Hail, Mother of God,

Gaude, modyr and mayden fre,
Throw the bonde of charyte
To god so holy and knytte,
whose every prayer He grants!
That what so euer thi askyng be,
Alle the holy trynite
Ful goodly grauntyth the hitte.
Gaude, nexu caritatis!

(5)

Gaude, frute of allë flowres! Gaude mater miserorum. (MS.)
For who so eu*er* the honowryth
With pr*e*your nyght or day,
The fadyr of heuyn, of his godhed
He graunt them to ther mede
The blysse that lastyth aye!
Gaude, mater mis*er*or*um*!

(6)

Gaude, the modyr of cryst iesu, Hail, mother of Christ,
So gracyous and ful of vertu,
That, for thi holynesse,
So highe arte nowe in dignite!
Thowe sitteste next the tr*i*nite who sittest next the Trinity!
In grete honowre and blysse.
Gaude, v*ir*go, mat*er* *Christi*!

(7)

Gaude, mayden clene and pure, Hail, maiden pure,
Euyr beynge secure and suere
That these yoies seuyñ whose seven Joys shall never cease.
Shalle neuer swage nor sesse,
But eu*er*more endure and encresse
While god regnyth in heuyn. Amen. Amen.
Gaude, virgo, mater pura!

Script*us* *Anno* Dom*ini* 1508 p*er*
D. T. Mylle.

Regina Celi Letare.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *leaf* 132, *back.*]

[The thick letters mark the red ones of the MS.]

Regina celi letare. alleluya.
quia quem meruisti portare. alleluya.
resurrexit sicut dixit. alleluya.
ora p*ro* **nobis deum**. alleluya.

In ista antiphona **alleluya** accipitur iiij^{or} diu*er*sis modis. **P***r***imum** all*eluia*. lauda deu*m* creatura. **Secundum**. sal*us*. vita. lux. **Tercium**. saluu*m* me fac deus. **Quartum** idem est. q*uod* pater, et filius, et sp*irit*us s*anc*tus.

Regina celi le - ta - re!
Quene of hevyn, make thou myrth̄!
alleluya! lauda deu*m* cr[e]atura!
And prayse god wyth̄ alle thy mygh̄t!
q*uia* **quem meruisti portare.**
For of the. he toke his byrth̄.
alleluya. sal*us* vita lux.
That is, heele, lyfe, and lygh̄t.
resurrexit, sicut dixit;
he rose from deth̄; so sayde he.
alleluya! Saluu*m* me fac deus!
Saue vs, god, in nedë moste!
ora pro nobis deum!
Pra for vs the trynyte!
alleluya! pa*ter* et fili*us* et sp*irit*us s*anc*tus,
Fader, and sonne, and holy goste.

Queen of heaven,

praise God.

Of thee He took His birth.

He rose from death.

Pray for us.

Quia Amore Langueo. (Part I.)

(THE VIRGIN'S COMPLAINT BECAUSE MAN'S SOUL IS WRAPT IN SIN.)

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 4.]

[8 stanzas in eights, *abab bcbc*, except st. 1, *abab bcbd*.]

(1)

IN a tabernacle of a tour,
As y stood musynge on þe moone,
A crowned queene, moost of honour,
Me þouȝte y siȝ sittinge in trone.
Sche made hir cómpleynt bi hir oone,
For mannis soule is wrappid in synne:[1]
"Y may not leeue mankynde a-loone,
Quia amore langueo.

As I gazed at the moon, methought I saw a Queen on a throne,

lamenting because man's soul was wrapt in sin.

(2)

I loke for loue of man, my broþir,
I am his avoket[3] on euery wise,
I am his moder, y can noon oþir;
Whi schulde y my dere child dispise?
¶ Þouȝ he me wraþþe in diuerse wise,
Þoruȝ freelte of fleisch be falle me fro,
ȝit muste y rue til þat he rise,
Quia amore langueo.

[page 5] She said, "I am his advocate and mother,

why should I despise him tho' he falls from me?

I languish with love.

(3)

I abood & abide with greet longynge,
I loue & loke whanne man wole craue,
I pleyne me for pitee of pinynge;
Wolde he aske merci, he schulde it haue;
Seie to me, soule, y schal þee saue;

I wait and long for the time when

he will ask mercy!

[1] The ryme should be in -o, as in the other stanzas.
[3] Alterd by a later hand to 'advoket.'

he never prayd, but I forgave him.

Bid me, child, & y wole goo;
Praiedist me neuere, but y forgaue,
Quia amore langueo. 24

(4)

For him I was made Mother of Mercy.

Moder of mercy y was for þee made:
Who nediþ mercy but þou a-loone?

I am more glad to give than he to ask;

To ȝeue grace & merci y am more glade
þan þou to aske; whi nyst þou noon? 28

[page 6]

¶ Whanne seide y nay? tel me to whom!
Neuere ȝit to freend ne foo!

and when he asks not, I moan.

Whanne þou askist not, þan make y moon,
Quia amore langueo. 32

(5)

O wrecche, in þis world y loke on þee

I see him sin day by day in lust and pride.

Whanne y se þee trespase day bi daye,
Wiþ leccheri aȝen my chastite,
With pride aȝen my meeke a-ray. 36

But still my love awaits him; anger is away.

¶ My loue abidiþ þee; yra is a-way;
Mi loue þee calliþ, & þou stelist me fro;

Sue to me, sinner, I pray.

ȝit sue to me, synner, y þee þray,
Quia amore langueo! 40

(6)

My son was beaten for thee;

My sone was outlawid for þi synne,
His body was beten for þi trespase,

that pricks my heart.

ȝit prickiþ it myn herte þat so nyȝ my kynne
þat so schulde be disesid, a sone, a-las! 44

He is thy father,

¶ Mi sone is þi fader, his moder y was,

and died for thee. But yet with love I languish for thee.

He soukide my pappis; he loued þee so,
He is deed for þee; myn herte þou has,
Quia amore langueo. 48

(7)

[page 7]

To bring thee to heaven my son died,

¶ My sonë deedë for þi loue,
His herte was persid with a spere
To bringe þi soule to heuene a-boue,
For þi loue so diede he here. 52

¶ þerfor þou must be to me moost dere, — and to me thou art most dear;
Sipen my sonë loued þee so;
þou praiest to me neuere but y þee here, — I languish with love for thee.
Quia amore langueo.

(8)

My sone haþ graunted me, for þi sake,
Euery merciful praier þat y wole haue; — My son will forgive thee if I pray:
For, he wole no veniaunce take
If y aske mercy for þee, but þat y schal haue.
¶ þerfor axe þou merci, & y schal þee saue, — so ask me mercy and be saved.
With pitee y sue vpon þee so,
I longe for mercy þat þou schuldist craue, — I languish with love for thee."
Quia amore langueo."

Quia Amore Langueo. (Part II.)

(or christ's complaint for his sister, man's soul.)

[16 stanzas of eights, *abab bcbc.*]

Lambeth MS. 853.

[Follows the last poem, seemingly as a continuation.]

(1)

IN a valey of þis restles mynde
I souȝte in mounteyne & in myde,
Trustynge a trewe loue for to fynde.
Vpon an hil þan y took hede;
[page 8] ¶ A voice y herde—& neer y ȝede—
In huge dolour complaynynge þo,
"Se, dere soule, how my sidis blede,
Quia amore langueo."

(2)

Vpon þis hil y fond a tree;
Vndir þe tree a man sittynge,
From heed to foot woundid was he,
His hertë blood y siȝ bledinge:—
¶ A semeli man to ben a king,
A graciouse face to loken vnto;—
I askide whi he had peynynge,
He seide "quia amore langueo."

(3)

I am true loue, þat fals was neuere;
Mi sistyr, mannis soule, y loued hir þus;
Bi-cause we wolde in no wise disceuere,
I lefte my kyngdom glorious.
¶ I purcide for hir a paleis precious;
Sche fleyth, y flolowe, y souȝte hir so,
I suffride þis peynë piteuous
Quia amore langueo.

Quia Amore Langueo.

(*From the Song of Solomon.*)

[16 stanzas of eights, *abab bcbc.*]

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4. 12, leaf 41 *b.* Handwriting of the latter half of the 15th century.]

(1)

IN the vaile of restles mynd — In the vale of Restless Mind
I sowght in mownteyn & in mede, — I sought for a true lover;
trustyng a treulofe for to fynd:
vpon an hyll / than toke I hede; — I heard a voice upon a hill;
a voise I herd / (and nere I yede)
in gret dolour complaynyng tho,
" see, derë soule, my sydës blede
Quia amore langueo." [1]

(2)

¶ Vpon thys mownt I fand a tree; — and found a man [Christ] sitting under a tree, and bleeding.
vndir thys tree / a man sittyng;
from hede to fote / wowndyd was he,
hys hert blode I saw bledyng;
A semely man / to be a kyng,
A graciose face / to loke vnto.
I askyd hym / how he had paynyng, — I askt him whence his pain.
he said, " *Quia amore langueo.*"

(3)

¶ I am treulove / that fals was neuer: — He said, It is for love of My sister, man's soul;
my sistur, mannys soule, I loued hyr thus; [2]
By-cause I wold on no wyse disseuere,
I left my kyngdome gloriouse;
I purueyd hyr a place full preciouse;
she flytt / I folowyd / I luffed her soo; — for whom I suffer because I languish with love.
that I suffred thes paynès piteuouse
Quia amore langueo.

[1] Solomon's Song, ii. 5 and v. 8 (Vulgate). [2] Sol. Song, iv. 9.

(4)

[page 9] My fair spouse, & my louë briȝt,
I saued hir fro betynge, & sche haþ me bet;
I cloþid hir in grace & heuenli liȝt,
þis bloodi scherte sche haþ on me sette,
¶ For longynge of loue ȝit wolde y not lett;
Swetë strokis axë þese; lo,
I haue loued hir euere as y hir het,
Quia amore langueo.

(5)

I crowned hir wiþ blis, & sche me with þorn;
I ledde hir to chaumbir, & sche me to die;
I brouȝte hir to worschipe, & sche me to scorn;
I dide her reuerence, & sche me vilonye.
¶ To loue þat loueþ, is no maistrie;
Hir hate made neuere my loue hir foo,
Axë me no questioun whi,
Quia amore langueo.

(6)

Loke vnto myn hondis, man!
þese gloues were ȝoue me whan y hir souȝte;
þei ben not white, but rede & wan,
Onbroudrid with blood my spouse hem brouȝte.
[page 10] ¶ þei wole not of, y loose hem nouȝte,
I wowe hir with hem where-euere sche go;
þese hondis for hir so freendli fouȝte,
Quia amore langueo.

(7)

Merueille nouȝte, man, þouȝ y sitte stille;
Se, loue haþ sched me wondir streite,
Boclid my feet, as was hir wille,
With scharp naile, lo, þou maiste waite.
¶ In my loue was neuere desaite,
Alle myn humours y haue opened hir to,
þere my bodi haþ maad hir hertis baite,
Quia amore langueo.

(4)

¶ My faire love and my spousë bryght, [leaf 42]
I saued hyr fro betyng / and she hath me bett; I saved my love from beating,
I clothed hyr in grace / and heuenly lyght, and she wounded
this blody surcote she hath on me sett; Me thus.
for langyng love, I wiH not lett,
swetë strokys be thes, loo;
I haf loued euer[1] als I hett, [1 MS. ouer] I have ever lovd
Quia amore langueo. her as I promist.

(5)

¶ I crownyd hyr *with* blysse / and she me *with* thorne,
I led hyr to chambre / and she me to dye;
I browght hyr to worship / and she me to skorne, I was kind to her,
I dyd hyr reuerence / and she me velanye. and she scornd
to love that loueth / is no maistrye, Me;
hyr hate made neu*er* my love hyr foo; but her hate has
ask than no moo questions whye, not made Me her
but *Quia amore langueo.* foe.

(6)

¶ loke vnto myn handys, man! Behold, O man,
thes gloues were geuen me / whan I hyr sowght; My hands;
they be nat white / but rede and wan, they are bleeding
embrodred *with* blode / my spouse them bowght; and pallid;
they wyH not of / I lefe them nowght,
I wowe hyr / *with* them / where eu*er* she goo; I woo her with
thes handes fuH frendly for hyr fowght, them ever.
Quia amore langueo.

(7)

¶ MarueH not, man, / thof I sitt styH, [leaf 42, back]
my love hath shod me / wondyr strayte; My love hath
she boklyd my fete / as was hyr wyll fastend my feet
with sharp nailes / weH thow maist waite! with nails;
in my love was neuer dissaite,
for all my membres I haf opynd hyr to;
my body I made hyr hertys baite, I made my body
Quia amore langueo. her heart's bait.

(8)

In my side y haue made hir neste;
Loke in! how weet a wounde is heere,
þis is hir chaumbir, heere schal sche reste,
þat sche & y may slepe in fere.
¶ Heere may sche waische, if ony filþe were,
Heere is sete for al hir woo;
Come whanne sche wole, sche schal haue chere,
Quia amore langueo.

(9)

[page 11] I wole abide til sche be redy,
I wole hir sue if sche seie nay;
If sche be richilees, y wole be gredi,
And if sche be daungerus, y wole hir praie.
¶ If she wepe, þat hide y ne may,
Myn armes her hired to clippe hir me to;
Crie oonys; y come: now, soule, asay,
Quia amore langueo.

(10)

I sitte on þis hil, for to se fer,
I loke into þe valey, my spouse to se;
Now renneþ sche a-wayward, ȝit come sche me neer,
For out of my sizte may sche not flee.
¶ Summe wayte hir prai to make hir to flee,
I renne bifore, and fleme hir foo;
Returne my spouse aȝen to me,
Quia amore langueo.

(11)

Fair loue, lete us go pleye!
Applis ben ripe in my gardayne,
I schal þee clope in a newe aray,
þi mete schal be mylk, hony, & wiyn.
[page 12] ¶ Fair loue, lete us go digne,
þi sustynaunce is in my crippe, lo!
Tarie þou not, my faire spouse myne,
Quia amore langueo.

(8)

¶ In my syde / I haf made hyr nest, — The wound in My side is her nest;
loke in me / how wyde a wound is here!
this is hyr chambre / here shall she rest,
that she and I may slepe in fere.
here may she wasshe / if any filth were; — here may she wash herself.
here is socour for all hyr woo;
cum if she will / she shall haf chere,
Quia amore langueo.

(9)

¶ I will abide / till she be redy, — I will wait till she be ready.
I will to hyr send / or she sey nay;
If she be rechelesse / I will be redy,
If she be dawngerouse / I will hyr pray.
If she do wepe / than byd I nay;
myn armes ben spred to clypp hyr to; — My arms are outspread to embrace her.
crye onys, "I cum!" / now, soule, assaye!
Qui amore langueo.

(10)

¶ I sitt on an hille / for to se farre, — [leaf 43]
I loke to the vayle / my spouse I see; — I sit on a hill' [Calvary] to see far.
now rynne she awayward, now cummyth she narre,
yet fro myn eye syght she may nat be;
sum waite[1] ther pray / to make hyr flee, — Some await their prey, but I run to chastise her foe [Satan].
I rynne tofore / to chastise hyr foo;
recouer my soule / agayne to me,
Quia amore langueo.

[1] MS. "make," corrected in margin to "waite."

(11)

¶ My swete spouse / will we goo play; — Come, spouse, into My garden;
apples ben rype in my gardine;[2]
I shall clothe the in new array,
thy mete shall be / mylk / honye / & wyne;[3] — thy meat shall be milk, honey, and wine;
now, dere soule, latt us go dyne,
thy sustenance is in my skrypp, loo!
tary not now / fayre spousë myne, — tarry not!
Quia amore langueo.

[2] Sol. Song, iv. 16.

[3] Sol. Song, v. 1.

(12)

Iff þou be foul, y schal þee make clene;
If þou be sijk, y schal þee hele;
If þou moorne ouȝt, y schal þee meene;
Whi wolt þou not, faire loue, *with* me dele? 92
¶ Foundist þou euere loue so leel?
What woldist þou, spouse, þat y schulde do?
I may not vnkyndeli þee appele,
Quia amore langueo. 96

(13)

What schal y do *with* my fair spouse,
But a-bide hir of my gentilnes
Til þat sche loke out of hir house
Of fleischli affeccioun? loue myn sche is. 100
¶ Hir bed is maade, hir bolstir is blis,
Hir chaumbir is chosen; is þer non moo.
Loke out on me at þe wyndow of kyndenes,
Quia amore langueo. 104

(14)

[page 13] My loue is in hir chaumbir: holde ȝoure pees,
Make ȝe no noise, but lete hir slepe:
My babe, y wolde not were in disese,
I may not heere my dere child wepe. 108
¶ *With* my pap y schal hir kepe.
Ne merueille ȝe not þouȝ y tende hir to;
þis hole in my side had neuere be so depe,
But quia amore langueo. 112

(15)

Longe þou for loue neuere so hiȝ,
My loue is more þan þin may be;
þou wepist, þou gladist, y sitte þee bi,
ȝit woldist þou oonys, leef, loke vn-to me! 116
¶ Schulde y alwey fedë þee
With children mete? nay, loue, not so!
I wole preue þi loue wiþ aduersite,
Quia amore langueo. 120

(12)

¶ yf thow be fowle / I shaH make [thee] clene, — If thou be foul, I will make thee clean;
if thow be seke, I shaH the hele;
yf thow owght morne / I shaH be-menë,
spouse, why wiH thow nowght *with* me dele?
thow fowndyst neuer / love so lele;
what wilt thow, sowle / that I shaH do? — what wilt thou, O soul of man, that I shall do?
I may / of vnkyndnes the appele,
Quia amore langueo.

(13)

What shaH I do now *with* my spouse? — [leaf 43, back]
abyde I wiH hyre iantilnesse,
wold she loke onys / owt of hyr howse — O that she would look out of her house of flesh!
of flesshely affeccions / and vnclennesse;
hyr bed is made / hyr bolstar is in blysse, — Her bed, her bolster, is in heaven.
hyr chambre is chosen, / suche ar no moo;
loke owt / at the wyndows of kyndnesse,[1]
Quia amore langueo. [1 Sol. Song, ii. 9.]

(14)

¶ Long and love thow neuer so hygh, — Though thou love much, yet I love more.
yit is my love more / than thyn̄ may be;
thow gladdyst / thou wepist / I sitt the bygh,
yit myght thow, spouse / loke onys at me!
spouse, shuld I alway fedë the — Must I always feed thee, O spouse, with child's meat?
with childys mete? / nay, love, / nat so!
I pray tho, love, *with* aduersite,
Quia amore langueo.

(15)

¶ My spouse is in chambre, hald ȝowre pease![2] — My spouse sleeps; wake her not;
make no noyse / but lat hyr slepe; [2 Sol. Song, ii. 7 and viii. 4.]
my babe shaH sofre noo disease, — My love shall suffer no discomfort:
I may not here my dere childe wepe,
for *with* my pappe I shaH hyr kepe;
no wondyr / thowgh I tend hyr to, — no wonder though I tend her.
thys hoole in my side had neuer ben so depe,
but *Quia amore langueo.*

(16)

Wexe not wery, myn owně wijf!
What mede is it to lyue euere *in* coum*fort*?
In tribulacioun y regne moore rijf
Ofttymes þan in dispert.
[page 49] ¶ In wele & in woo y am ay to supporte;
Myn owně wijf, go not me fro!
þi meede is markid whan þou art mort,
Quia amore langueo.

(16)

¶ Wax not wery, myñ owne dere wyfe, [leaf 44]
what mede is aye to lyffe in comfort?
for in tribulacion, I ryñ more ryfe
ofter tymes / than in disport;
In welth, in woe, euer I support;
than, derë soule, go neuer me fro!
thy mede is markyd, whan thow art mort,
in blysse; *Quia amore langueo.*

What reward is it to live in comfort always in this life?

Thy true reward is after death, in heaven.

FINIT.

The Complaynt of Criste.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *ab.* 1460–70 A.D., *leaf* 145, *written in* 8-*line stanzas, though to l.* 135 *it is in* 12-*line ones.*]

(*Christ's First Complaint against Man.*)

(1)

This is the comepleynt off god
Fro manꝺ to manꝺ that he haþe bouȝte,
[1 MS. thus thus] And thus[1] he seyetħe to here Ateynt,
"My people, why art thou so cold to Me "Myne owne pepuħ, what haue yee wroughtꝰ
that thowe to me Art so feynt,
And I thy love so sore have soughtꝰ?
Inꝺ thyn Answer no thyng þou peynte
to me, By-cause I knewe þy þoughtꝰ.

(2)

Who have done all for thee, "Haue I nat Do alle that me oughte?
have I lefft ony thynge be-hynde?
why wrathyst þou me? I greve þe noughtꝰ;
why arte thowe to thy Frende onkynde?
have made thee like to Me, I shewed thè Love; and that was seene
whane I made thè lyke to me;
putting all My works in thy power! On erthe my werk*is* bothe quyk & grene,
I put hemꝺ vndyr in thy poweste.

(3)

I delivered thee from Pharaoh, "And frome pharos (that was so keene)
Of egyptꝰ I delyuerdꝰ thee,
I kyllyd hymꝺ and his by-deene.
I dried the Red Sea for the inꝺ to flye,
I bad that hit drye shouldë bee;
[leaf 145, back] I seassidꝰ the wate*r* and the wynde,
I lede the ou*er*, and made þe Free:
why art thowe to thy freende onkynde?

Goddis owne Complaynt.

"WHI ART THOU TO THI FREEND VNKINDE?"

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 81, *written without breaks.*]

(*Christ's First Complaint against Man.*)

(1)

This is goddis owne co*m*playn*t*
To eue*r*y man þat he haþ bou3t,
And þus he seiþ to he*m* ataynt,
"Myne ownë peple, what han 3e wrou3t,
¶ þou þat to me art so faynt,
And y þi loue so fer haue sou3t?
In þine answere no þing þou paynt
To me; for whi, y knowe þi þou3t.
¶ Haue y not doon al þat me ou3t?
Haue y left ony þyng bihynde?
Whi wraþþist þoù me? y greue þee nou3t;
Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde?

(2)

I schewid þee loue, & þat was sene
Whan*n*e y made þee lijk to me;
On erþe my werkis [1]boþe quycke & grene,
I putte he*m* vndir in þi poste.
And fro farao—þat was so kene—
Of egipt y delyue*r*ed þee,
I killid hi*m* & hise bidene.
þe reed see atwo to flee
¶ I bad, þat drie it schuldë be;
I ceessid þe watir & þe wynde,
I ledde þe ouer, & made þee free:
Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde?

[1 page 82]

(4)

I fed thee with angels' food,

"And xl yere in wyldurnesse,
with angels foodë I thè Feed;
Into the londe of grete Ryches,
to schewe thè love, there I thè led.
to do thè more of kyndenes,
I toke þè kyndely, and nothyng dred,

and shed My heart's blood for thee!

I lefft my[1] myght, ant toke mekenes, [1 MS. my my]
And my harte bloode for thè I bled.

(5)

"Thy soule to save, this lyffe I led,

I bound Myself to unbind thee;

I bounde my selffe, þe to onbynde,
thus *with* my woo thy ned*is* I spede;
why art thowe to thy frende onkynde?

I gave thee a place in Paradise;

for the in paradyse I ordeynnyd A plase;
fulL Rychë was thyn énfeftment;
howe myght þou me þus dispyse ony more,
than to breke my comaundement,

(6)

and yet thou sinnedst and agreedst with mine enemy! He put thee down.

"And to synne In vij Maner wyse,
and to myne Enemy so soone Assent?
he put the Downe, thowe myghttyst nat Ryse;
thy strenkythe, thy wytt, A-way is went!
poore, naked, shamed, and shent,

No friend hadst thou but Me, torn on the Cross.

that Frendeshype myghttest þou nat fynde,
But me that on the Roode was Rent;
why art þou to thy freende onkynde?

(7)

I loved thee,

"Man, I love the! whome Lovyst thowe?
I am þy frende; why wolt þou feyne?

and thou slewest Me!

I for-yave, and þu me slewe:
ho hath dep*ar*tyd oure lowe A tweyne?

Yet turn to Me,

Turne to me! by-thenke the howe

come home again!

thowe haste go mys! come home Agayne!

I will welcome thee.

And thowe shalt be as welcome nowe
As he that synne neu*er* ded fayne.

(3)

And fourti ȝeer *in* wildirnes
Wiþ au*n*gelis fodë y þee fedde;
Into þe lond of greet richesse,
To schewe þe louë, y þee ledde.
¶ To do þe more of kyndënes
I took þi kinde, and noþi*n*g dredde,
I lefte my myȝt, & tooke meekenes;
Myn hertë blood for þee y bleed.
¶ Thi soule to saue, þis lijf y ledde;
I boond my silf, þee to vnbinde;
þus w*ith* my wo þi nedis I spedde;
Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde?

[Page 83]

(4)

For þee y ordeyned paradijs;
Ful riche was þin enfeffëment;
How myȝtist þou me ony more dispise,
þau to breke my cómaundement,
¶ And syn*n*e in seuene mane*r* of wise,
And to myn enemy so soone assent?
He putte þee dou*n*, þou myȝtist not rise;
þi strengþe, þi witt, awei is went!
¶ Pore, nakid, schamed, & schent,
þat frendschip myȝtist þou noon fynde
But me, þat on þe roode was rent;
Whi art þou to þi freend vnkynde?

(5)

O Man, y loue þee! whom louest þou?
I am þi freend; whi wolt þou feyne?
I for-ȝaf, & þou me slouȝ:
Who haþ dep*ar*tide oure loue a tweyne?
¶ Turne [1] to me! biþinke þee how
þou hast goon mys! come hoom ageyne!
And þou schalt be as weel-come now
As he that syn*n*e neue*r*e dide steyne.

[1 Page 84]

(8)

[leaf 146] Mary I forgave, and Thomas;
"Wayte what ded Mary Mawdeleyne,
And what I seyd to thom*as* of Inde;

I grant thee bliss,
I graunte the blysse, why lovys þou peyne?
why art þou to thy Frende onkynde?
of A Frende the fyrstë preffe
Is love, & drede, & nought displease.

for nothing was ever so dear to me as man.
there was neu*er* thyng to me so leffe
As mankynde that nought may peasse.

(9)

"For the I suffyrde grete repreffe:

To ease thy soul I was uphung;
In hyghe hevyn thy soule to easse·
I was on-hanged as A theeffe;
thowe dedest the deede, I had þe disease.
thowe canst me neyd*ur* thank nor pleasse,
Ne do goode deede, ne haue me in mynde;

I was thy comfort in thy distress.
I am thy leche in thy Disease,
thowe cannyst me nowd*ur* thanke nor pleasse,[1]

[1 These lines are repeated by mistake.]

(10)

"Ne do goode deede, we have in mynde,[1]
I am thy leche in thy diseasse,[1]

Why art thou to thy Friend unkind?
Why art thowe to þy Frende on-kynde?
vnkynde,—for thowe kyllyd thy lorde,

Wounding Him every day anew,
And eu*er*y day þou wounedyst hym newe,
for thowghe wee ben brought to oone Acorde,
In co*m*unaunt, wreche, þou art one-trewe,
And Redy also to Resorte,

(11)

following Vice,
"To folowe vyces and sle vertu;
All Rybawdry thowe canste reporte,
And Day by daye hit to Renewe;
[*No gap in MS.*]

persecuting the Poor,
And redy also to pursewe
the poore peepull w*ith* sleyghtt*is* blynde;
thowe shalt owte of this worlde remeve;
why art thowe to thy Frende onkynde?

¶ Waite what y dide to marie maudeleyne,
And what y seide to thomas of ynde;
I graunte þee blis, whi lovest þou peyne?
Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde?

(6)

Of a freend the first[ë] preef
Is loue wiþ drede, & nouȝt displese.
Þere was neuere þing to me so leef
As mankinde þat nouȝt may þese.
¶ For þee y suffride greet repreef:
In hiȝ heuene, þi soule to ceese,
Y was an-hangid as a þeef;
Þou dedist þe dede, y hadde þe disese.
¶ Þou canst me neuere þanke ne please,
Ne do no good dede to haue me in mynde;
Y am þi leche [1]in þi disese, [1] Page 85]
Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde?

(7)

O vnkinde! for þou haste slayn þi lord,
And euery day þou woundist me newe,
For þouȝ we ben brouȝt to oon acoord,
In couenaunt, wrecche, þou art vntrewe,
¶ And redy also to resorte
To folewe vicis & flee vertu;
Al ribaudie þou canst reporte,—
Woo is him þat þi wraþþe may not eschewe!—
¶ And redi also to pursue
þe poore peple with sleiȝtis blynde.
Þou schalt out of þis world remewe,
Bi-cause þou art to þi freend vnkinde.

(12)

tempting Him,

"The devyll me tempttyd neuer but thrye,
But þou me temptyst frome day to daye
with curses, to take vengeance.
whythe cursyng affter vengeaunce to crye,
to styr my wrathe þou wylt assaye,
Thou wouldst betray me worse [leaf 146, back] than Judas did,
thowe woledyst, and ony woulde me by,
Wele worsse than Iudas me be-traye;
at my werke þou haste e[n]vye;
that wele ne woo is to þy paye.

(13)

and bind Me too, hadst thou power o'er Me as I o'er thee.

"And thowe me myghttyst, as I þe maye,
wele byttyrly thowe woldyst me bynde;
I for-yave, and þou seyest nay,
why arte thowe to þe frende onkynde?
And yet I bought thy love full dear:
I have bought thy love full dere:
Onekynde! why for-sakis þou myne?
I gave thee My heart and blood.
I yave the myn hart & bloode in Fere
Onkynde! why wolt þou nat yeve me þyne?

(14)

Unfaithful homager, thou servest my foe;

"Thowe art on-kyndë homagere,
for with my Fo þou makest me fyne;
thowe servyst me with febull chere;
to hym thyn hart wolte fully enclyne.
And I am lorde of blysse and pyne,
and alle thyng may I lousse & bynde,
but whilst thou dost I will shut thee out.
Ayenst the wole I my yatis tynde
All whyle þou arte to þy frende onkynde.

(15)

Man, think whence thou camest:

"Man! by-thenk the what þou Arte,
fro whens þou come, & whedeer þou mone,
for thowȝe þou to-day be in hele & quarte,
how I may put thee down!
to-morowe I may put þe A-doune.
lett mylde mekenes melt in þyn hart,
Have pity on My sufferings,
that þou Rewe on my passyone,
with my woundis depe and smarte,
with crosse, naylys, spere, & crowne.

(8)

Þe deuel me temptide neuere but þrie;
But þou me temptist from day to day
Wiþ cursynge, aftir venicaunce dooþ crie;
To stire mi wraþþe þou wolt a-saye;
¶ þou woldist, & ony wolde me bie, [Page 86]
Weel worse þan iudas me bitraie;
At my werk þou hast enuye,
þat weel ne woo may þee noon paye.
¶ For & þou ouer me myȝtist, as y ouer þee may,
Weel bittirli þou woldist me bynde:
I forȝaf, & þou seiest naye;
þus y am freend, & þou vnkynde.

(9)

I haue bouȝt þi loue ful dere:
Vnkinde! whi forsakist þou myn?
I ȝaf þee myn herte & blood in fere;
Vnkinde! whi nyl þou ȝeue me þin?
¶ þou art an vnkynde omagere,
For with my foo þou makist þi fyn;
þou seruest me with febil chere;
To him þin herte wolt hooli enclyne.
¶ And y am lord of blis & pyne,
And al þing may y lose [1]& bynde, [1 Page 87]
Aȝen þee wole y my ȝatis tyne,
Al þe while þou art to þi freend vnkynde.

(10)

Man! biþinke þee what þou art,
From whens þou come, and whidir þou art boun!
For þouȝ þou to-day be in hele & qwart,
To-morewe y may putte þee doun.
¶ Lete mylde & meekenes melte in þin herte,
þat þou rue on my passïoun,
With widë woundis depe & smerte,
Wiþ crossë, nailis, spere, & crowne.

(16)

and yield thy Will wholly to Me.

"Let god, and discressione
thy wyll holy vp to me sende:
thowe hast wyttys & Reasone,
And yff þou wylt, þou mayst be kynde." 124

(*Man's First Answer.*)

¶ "A! lorde, A-yeenst the wee wole nat plette,
for as þou wouledyst, hit is, and was,

Lord, we have deserved hell fire.

And wee have deservyd hellë hete,
But nowe wee yelde us to thy grace. 128

(17)

[leaf 147]

"Wee wole boowe, and thowe shalt bete,

Chastise us for our sins,

And Chastice us, lorde, for oure trespase,
And lett mercy for vs entrete

but let no fiends chase our souls.

that neuer no feondis oure soweles chase. 132

Mary! help us!

A! blysfuH lady, fayre of face,
helpe! for wee been fer be-hynde;

Alas for our unkindness!

that wee nowe with weepyng crye 'alas,
for that wee were to oure frende onkynde.'" 136

EXPLICIT [in a later hand. The Manuscript goes right on with the continuation, really a separate Poem.]

(18)

(*Christ's Second Complaint.*)

Thus oure gracius god, prince of pyte,
whos myght', whose goodenes, neuer by-gan',
at whose wyH aH by-hovythe to bee,
Compleynnyng hym thus to synfuH man: 140

My people,

"Myne owne pepuH, Answer me,
Excuse thy selffe yf þou can':

why servest thou Satan?

what haue I trespassyd vnto the?
thowe for-sakyst me, þou servyst' Sathan'. 144

¶ Lete drede & good discresïoun
þi wil holli up to me send:
þou hast fyue wittis & reasoun,
And if þou wolt, þou maist be kynde."

(11)

(*Man's First Answer.*)

A! lord, aȝens þee wole we not plete,
For as þou wolt, it is, & was;
We han deserued hellë hete,
But now [1]we ȝeelde us to þi grace. [1 Page 88]

¶ We wolen bowe, & þou schalt bete,
And chastice us, lord, for oure trespace,
And lete merci for us entrete,
þat neuere no feendis oure soulis chase.
¶ A! blissid lady, fair of face,
help! for wee be fer bihynde;
þat wee wiþ weepynge moun crie, alas!
For that we were to oure freend vnkinde."
A-M-E-N.

["Iff þou wole be wul with god" follows.]

Christ's own Complaint,

"MAN, MAKE AMENDIS OR ÞOU DIE."

(otherwise called the Remorse of Conscience.)

(12)

(*Christ's Second Complaint.*)

Thus oure gracious god, prince of pitee, God [Page 193]
whos miȝt, whos goodnes, neuere bigan,
At whos wil al bihoueþ to be,
Compleyneth him þus to synful man:
"Myn owne peple, answere ȝe me,
Excuse þi silf if þat þou can:
what haue y trespasid vnto þee
þat þou forsakist me, & seruest sathan?

(19)

I loved thee so, "Mane! suche A loue to the I hade!
this worlde in vj dayes whan I wroght,
I made thee last that thou mightest want nothing; thau) was the last thyng that I made
By-cause I woulde þou wantyd nought.
what thyng the mygHt helpe or glade,
[2 *lines wanting in MS.* . . . . .
. . . . . .]
to thy be-hoffe alle forthe is brought.

(20)

I gave thee power, "More-ou*er* I yave the suffraunt[e]
that alle Best*is* shoulde bowe þe vntyH;
I made the also lyke to me,
and Free-will And yaffe the connyng[1] of Fre wyH, [1 MS. *comyng*]
me to serve, that thowe mygHt see,
to choose the good and leave the ill. god chese the goode, and leve the yH.
I ax no thyng Agayne of the
Then serve Me! But be my[2] servaunt, as hit is skyH. [2 MS. *thy*]

(21)

But thou dost not; "But vnto this, takys thowe no tent
thowe wyrchyst A-waye fuH onkyndely,
Aloone one-lefully that love is lent;
thy hart be-holdythe nat hevyn) one hye,
thou never once saidst thanks. For alle the goodenesse I have the sente,
[leaf 147, back] The lyst nat onys to saye gram*er*cye.
Repent before thou diest! In tyme comyng lest þou Repent,
Man)! make Amend*is* or þou dye."

(22)

(*Man's Second Answer.*)

A crysten soule conseyvyd *with* synne
Resceyvyd in consyence þis compleynt;
he fyH downe flatt *with* dulfuH synne,
Lord, mercy; And seyd, "lorde, m*er*cy, souerayne seynt!
I, moste vnkynde wreche of mankyn*ne*,
I acknowledge my treachery and sin. I knowelege I am) thy traytur atteynt;
this wykkyd lyffe that I lyve in),
I may hit nat frome þy knowyng glent:

(13)

¶ "Man! such a loue to þee y hadde! [Page 191]
þe world *in* sixe daies whanne y it wrouȝt,
þou were þe laste þing þat y maad,
By-cause y wolde þee wantid nouȝt.
Whát þing myȝte þee helpe or glade,
What þat þou nedidist durst nouȝt be souȝt;
Foul, fische, al þing, þee to glade,
To þi bihoue al was forþ brouȝt.

(14)

¶ "More-ouer y ȝafe þee souereynte
þat alle beestis schulde bowe þee vntille;
I made þee also lijk to me,
And ȝaf þee kunnynge and free wille,
Me to serue þat þou myȝtist se,
To chese þe good, and leue þe ille.
Y aske no þing aȝen of þee
But be þi souereyn, as it is skille.

(15)

¶ "But vnto þis, takist þou no tent,
But wriþist awey ful vnkindely,
On loue onleefful þi loue is lent;
þin herte biholdiþ not heuen an hiȝ,
For of al þee good y haue þee sent, [Page 195]
þou list not to seie oonys 'gramercy.'
In tyme comynge lest þou repente,
Man! make Amendis or þou dye."

(16)

(*Man's Second Answer.*)

A Cristen soule conceyued with synne Man.
Receyued in conscience þis compleynt;
Fallyng doun flat with doolful dynne,
And seide, "lord, mercy, moost souereyne seynt!
I, moost vnkynde wretche of mankynne,
Y knouliche y am þi traitour atent;
þis wickid lijf þat y lyue ynne,
Y may it not from þi knowynge gleynt:

(23)

I want words to express Thy kindness:

"I want wordis and Also wytte,
of thy kyndenes to carpe A clawse;
AH that I haue, þou gave me hytt
Of thy goodenesse with-owten cause;
thowe I have grevyd the, and do yeett,
thowe thy benefittis nought with-drawes;

I have deserved the pit of hell.

I haue deserved to haue heH pytt,
So haue I levyd Ayenst thy lawes.

(24)

But Thou knowest how frail man is,

"but, lorde, þou knowest mannys febullnes,
howe FreH he is, and haþe beeN aye,
for thowȝe the sowle have thy lyknesse,
ManN is but lothesum eorthe and claye,
In synne conseyued, and wrechchydnes,
And to the soule RebeH Alleweye.

growing as grass, fading like hay.

furst A manN growys As A gras,
And Afftyr-warde welkythe as flowre or hay

(25)

"sithe manN is thaN so freH A thyng,
And thy power so grete in kynde,

Thy power is so great that Thou canst destroy this world

this worlde, man, aye twynkelynge
thowe maye distroye, noone may defende,

except Thou showest mercy.

with that god mercy wole meenge,
and to my soule gostely þou sende;

Have mercy, then I will amend.

Sore me Repentythe my mys-levyng;
Mercy! lorde! I wole A-mende."

(26)

(*Christ's Third Complaint.*)

[leaf 148]

"Man, I sende the bodyly helthe
that thowe shouldyst spend hit in my servyce,

Man, I give thee health and fairness,

fayrenes and Also feturs fele:
But, manN, what doste þou with aH this?

and with these thou doest the devil's delight

thowe doestH the delytys of þe devyH;
thy delyte is to me to dispyse;

and lechery.

thowe levyst A lecherous lyfe one-lelle;
frome yere to yere þat lyst nat to A-Ryse.

(17)

¶ "I want wordis and also witt;
Of þin kindenes to carpe oon clause;
Al þat y haue, þou ȝaue me it
Of þi goodnesse, wiþ-outen cause;
þouȝ y haue greued þee, & do ȝitt,
þou þi benefetis not wiþdrawis;
I haue deserued hellë pitt,
So haue y lyued aȝens þi lawis.

(18)

¶ "But, lord, þou knowist mannis febilnes, [Page 196]
How freel he is, & haþ ben ay,
For þouȝ þe soule haue þi lijknes,
Man is but wlatsum erþe and clay,
In synne conceyued & wretchidnesse,
And to þe soule, rebel alwey.
First a man growith as dooþ a gras,
And anoon after welewith as flouris of hay.

(19)

¶ "Siþen man is þan so freel a þing,
And þi power, lord, is so fer ykend,
þis world, is an iȝës twynkeling
þou maist distroie, noon may defende.
Wiþ þi riȝt, lord, mercy mynge,
And to my soule goosteli salue þou sende!
Sore me repentiþ my mys-lyuynge,
For, merciful lord! y schal amende."

(20)

(*Christ's Third Complaint.*)

"A Man, y ȝaf þee bodili hele
þat þou schuldist it spende in my seruice,
Fairnesse also, and feturis fele:
But, man, what doist þou with alle þeise?
þou doist þe delicis of þe deuel: [Page 197]
þi delite is me to dispise;
þou lyuest a letcherouse lijf vnleel;
From ȝeer to ȝeer þou list not rise.

(27)

Thou studiest dress,

"Thowe stodyest affter more Araye,
And makest gret cost on) clothyng,
to make the semely, as who shoulde saye
as if to amend the making of thee.
thowe cowdest Amend[e] thy makyng. 212
thowe cannyst Dygħt the Rychely day by day
to steere the peopuħ to synnyng,
thy wrechchyd wyħ þou folowyst alle daye;
what ende syn) hathe, thowe thenkyst nowght.[1] 216

[1 The rhyme requires *no thyng*.]

(28)

Think what vengeance came for lechery in Noah's time,

"In noyes tyme, by-cause of synne—
for lechery In Especyaħ—
what vengeaunce cam) þan) to mankyn)!
Save viij persowenys they were drowenyd alle. 220
and on Sodom and Gomorrah. Of sodome and gom*er* the ought to meene,
howe I made fyre and brymston) falle
frome heven) on men) that bade there-in);
for synne were distroyed bo*þ*e grete & smalle. 224

(29)

Thinkest thou My might is less than it was then?

"Man, wenyst thowe my mygħt be lesse
than) hit was than), or ell*is* I
hathe nat as mychë wykkydnesse
As whan I smote so spiteously? 228
But yett I wyħ thy fawtes Redresse,
I am merciful now; make amends ere thou die!
thoowe I nowe sparë for my m*er*cy;
Man, thenke vppon) my Ryghtwysnes,
And make A-mend*is* or that þou dye." 232

(30)

(*Man's Third Answer.*)

I know sin must be punished,

"I wott wele, lorde, þou Ryghtfuħ arte,
And þat synne mut be ponysshed need;
but Thy mercy exceeds my misdeeds.
But o thyng holdythe hope in) myn) harte,
that m*er*cye passithe my mysdede; 236
[leaf 148, back] I knowë wele I may nat *with*-starte,
I have so doone, I ought to dreede.
I have not served Thee; *With* beaute and *with* bodyly quarte
to servë the I toke noone heede. 240

(21)

¶ " þou studiest aftir nyce aray,
And makist greet cost *in* cloþing
To make þee semeli, as who schulde say
þou cowdist ameendë my making.
þou atirist þee richeli day bi day,
To stire þe peple to synnynge;
þi wrecchid wil þou folewist alway;
Whȧt eende sy*n*ne haþ, þou þinkist no þing.

(22)

¶ " In noes tyme, by-cause of synne—
And for letcherie moost in special—
Whȧt veniaunce came þa*n*ne to ma*n*kyn*n*e!
Saue .viij. persoones, drowned were al.
On sodom and go*m*mor þou ouȝte to my*n*ne,
How y made fier & brymstoone falle
Fro*m* heuene on me*n* þȧt abood þerynne;
In sy*n*ne were distroied boþe greet & smal.

(23)

¶ " Man, wenest þou now my myȝt be lesse [Page 198]
þan it was þanne? or ellis y
Hate not so mychë wickidnesse
As whanne y smoot so spiteuoseli?
But ȝit y wole þi fautis redresse,
þouȝ y now spare for my mercy;
Man, þinke vpon my riȝtwijsnessë,
And, man, make amendis or þou die."

(24)

(*Man's Third Answer.*)

" I Woot weel, lord, þou riȝtful art,
And þȧt sy*n*ne mote be ponyschid neede;
But oon þing holdiþ *in* hope my*n* hart,
þi merci passiþ my mysdeede;
I knowe weel y may nat *with*-start;
I haue so doon, me ouȝte to drede.
With bewte & *with* bodily qwart
To seruȝ þee, y took noon hede.

(31)

I have misspent my youth

"I haue mysspendyd my yonge age
In synne, and wantonnehed also,
I have been slowe and lovyd outerage;
in gluttony and lechery; A gloton, A lechur, I was bothe to.
I am worthy noon odyr wage
I deserve to dwell in endeles woe; But for to dwell in eendeles woo;
Alas! why haue I been so outerage,
And servyd the fende þat was my Foo?

(32)

But, Lord, Thou forsakest no repentant sinner,

¶ "But, lorde, in holy wrytt Rede wee
that þou for-sakyst no wrechchyd wyght
that leuythe his syn and turnythe to the,
and I now turn to Thee, And I to the turne have tyght.
ffull prowde and Rebell haue I been,
But I wele meke me to my myght,
and will fight against my flesh; frome hens forwarde I purpose me
A-yenst myn owne flesche to fyght.

(33)

"My Flesche to fell I wole faste,
My louys to travell I wole sende,
And thorowe thy grace I am nat A-gast,
I will suffer what punishment soever Thou sendest. what sorowe or sykenes to me þou sende,
to suffyr whyle my lyffe wole laste;
for vttyrly to this Entent,
to ponysche þat I haue trespassed,
Mercy, Ihesu, I wole Amende."

(34)

(*Christ's Fourth Complaint.*)

Man, I gave thee wealth, "Man, I haue sende þe sylu*er* & gollde,
And alle the welthe w*ith*in þy woone,
to susteyne the and thyn houssolde,
and with part thou mightest have relieved the sick and woe-begone; And w*ith* the Resedewe many one
tho myghttyst þou haue yonge and olde
that been diseassyd and woo-by-goone;
[leaf 149] My servaunt*is* suffyr hunger and colde,
Releffe of the yeet haue I noone.

(25)

¶ "I haue myspendid my ȝong age
In synne, & wantownesse also;
Y haue be slow, and loued to rage;
A glotoun, a letchour, y was boþe two.
I am worþi to haue noon oþir wage [Page 199]
But for to dwelle in eendelees woo;
Alas! whi haue y ben outrage,
And serued þe feend þat was þi foo?

(26)

¶ But, lord, in hooli writt rede we,
þat þou forsakist no wretchid wiȝt
þat leueþ his synne & turneþ to þee;
And y to turne to þee have tiȝt.
Full proud and rebel haue y bee;
But y wole meeke me in my siȝt;
From hens forward, y purpose me,
Aȝen myn ownë fleisch to fiȝt.

(27)

¶ "My fleisch to feble, y wole faste;
Mi boonis to traueile y wole bende;
And þoruȝ þi grace, y am not agast,
What sorewe or sijknes to me þou sende,
To suffre whilis my lijf may laste;
For vttirli to þis y wole entende,
To ponysche þat y haue trespast;
Mercy, ihesu! y wole amende."

(28)

(*Christ's Fourth Complaint.*)

"MAn, y haue sente þee siluer and golde, [Page 200]
And al þe welþe *with*inne þi woon,
To susteine þee and þin householde;
And with þe residue, manye oon
þou myȝtist han holpe, ȝong & oolde
þat ben disesid and woo-bigoon;
My seruauntis suffren hungir & coolde,
Releef of þeŏ ȝit haue þei noon.

(35)

but thou givest with a heavy heart,
" yff þou yeve for my love A ferthyng,
thowe doest hit *with* An hevy harte;
In almys dar þou Do nothyng
fearing to fall into poverty.
for Drede þou fallë in pou*er*te,
In word*is* and in vayne spekyng,
what-eu*er* þou wastyst, mery þou arte;
Of suche I wole haue Rekenyng;
But at Doomsday
A Domys day þou shalt not starte.

(36)

thou shalt give account,
" than shalt þou yeve A-counte fuH strayte,
howe thowe come by thy goode, eche dele,
whed*ur* *with* trouthë or Dyssayte,
And howe þou spendyst hit, evyH or wele.
Noone odyr grace than afftyr wayte:
and as thou hast wrought, so shalt thou fare.
As þou haste wroughtt, so shalt þou fele.
No pounds then will profit thee,
what shaH than prophyte þi gowne p*ur*fylled?
Poundes and markes of the I peele.

(37)

but a pure conscience,
" A clene conscyence shaH þ*at* daye
More p*ro*phyte be, & more sett bye,
than aH thy muke and alle þy moneye
that eu*er* was, or shaH be vndyr þe skye.
and no pleas.
than wole nat helpë plete nor playe,
for ar Right-wole than Deme shaH I;
Make amends, then, ere thou die.
And there-for, whylë þ*at* þou may,
Make Amend*is* or þou dye."

(38)

(*Man's Fourth Answer.*)

Lord, I have grieved Thee,
" I wote wele, lorde, frome yere to yere
fuH gretely grevyd the, I have;
that I wete wele; nor, þy m*er*cy were,
My modyrs wombe hade be my grave.
for what profyttythe my levyng here
But þou wolt aff*ter*-warde me save?
but leave not my soul in the cave of hell.
But Ihesu, as þou boughttest me dere,
Leve nat my soulë in hellë Cave!

(29)

¶ "If þou ȝeue for my love a ferþinge,
þou doist it *with* an heuy harte;
In almesse þou darist ȝeue no þing
For drede þou schuldist falle *in* pouerte.
In wordis and in veyn spekynge,
what eue*r*e þou waastist, þou myrie art;
Of such y wole haue rekenynge;
On doomysday þou schalt not starte.

(30)

¶ "þa*n*ne schalt þou ȝeue acou*n*tis ful streite,
How þou come to þi good, eue*r*y deel,
Whe*þ*ir þou it wan *with* trou*þ*e or *with* disceite,
And how þou spendist it, yuel or weel.
Noon o*þ*er grace þa*n*ne aftir waite; [Page 201]
For, as þou hast wrou*ȝ*te, so schalt þou feele.
Wh*a*t schal þa*n*ne pr*o*fite þi gowne y-pleite,
Pou*n*dis or markis þ*a*t ȝe of þe peple peele?

(31)

¶ "A clene conscience schal in þat day
More pr*o*fite, & be more sett by,
þan al þe muk & þe money
þat eue*r*e was or schal be, vndir þe sky.
þa*n*ne wole not helpe to plete ne pray;
þerfore, as ri*ȝ*t wole, þa*n*ne deme schal y:
And þe*r*-fore, man, whilis þou may,
Man, make amendis or þou die."

(32)

(*Man's Fourth Answer.*)

"I Woot weel, lord, fro*m* ȝeer to ȝeer Man.
Ful greetli greeued þee y haue;
þ*a*t y wolde neer þi mercy were,
My mod*i*rs wombe had be my graue.
For wh*a*t pr*o*fitiþ my lyuynge heere,
But y my*ȝ*te aftirward be saaf?
But ihesu, as þou bou*ȝ*tist me deere,
Lete not ny soule come *in* helle caaf!

(39)

[leaf 149, back] I will cut off my wastefulness and vainglorious expenditure,

"My waste expensis I wyll *with*-drawe,
Nowe, sertayne, 'waste,' wele colyd þei be,
for þou were spent my boste to blowe,
My name to bere by londe and ssee.
wele I wott me thought nat trewe
with many A man of my cuntre;
yff they me mett, they me nat knewe,
Ne neu*er* yett harden speke of me.

(40)

"fondely haue I wrought & wyrchyd on wyse;
which would have earned me reward if spent in almsdeeds: I myght haue goton mychë meede
had I spent hit in godd*is* seruyce,
On men disceisyd and almys deede.
but now all my surplus But thorowe thy grace I wyll A-Ryse,
for, haue I and myne, oure bare mede,
I will spend on the needy; *with* the Remnaunt, lorde, at þy devyse,
the poore, the nakyd, to clope & ffeede.

(41)

I will visit the sick "Syk men that lyen in godd*is* bond*is*,
they haue no sylu*er* for to spende,
and those in bonds, And p*r*isonners bounden *with* fete and hond*is*,
Offt for to vesyte I wyll hem Amende:
what I see howe hit *with* hem stond*is*,
and give them all I can. Suche as I haue, I shall hem fynde;
But, lorde, lett þy worke be þy bond*is*;
Have mercy! I will amend. A, mercy, Ihesu, I wyll Amende!"

(42)

(*Christ's Fifth Complaint.*)

Make amends by doing alms, "Man, yff thowe wylt Amend*is* make,
Do thyn Almes *with* thyne owne goode,
and taking no vengeance. And wayte þou wyrkë no man wrake,
to venge Anodyr manys goode.
yff thowe ontrewly frome one take,
And there-*with* fynde xl. her goode;
Suche sacrefysis I for-saake,
they been to me as sowre as soote.

(33)

¶ " My waast expensis y wole *with*-drawe; [Page 202]
Now, certis, 'waast' weel callid þei be,
for þei were spent, my boost to blowe,
My name to bere boþe on londe & see.
Weel y woot me dare not trowe,
þouȝ many a man of my cou*n*tree,
If þei me mette, þei me not knowe,
Ne neue*re* ȝit herde speke of me.

(34)

¶ " Fo*n*nedli haue y wrouȝt, as a wretche vnwijs,
Where y myȝte haue gete me myche meede
Had y it spend in god-is seruyce,
On men diseesid, and almesdeede.
But þoruȝ þi grace, lord, y wole rise;
For, haue y or myne, oure barë neede,
with the remenau*n*t, lord, at þi dyuyse,
þe poore & nakid y wole cloþe & fede.

(35)

¶ " Sijke me*n* þ*at* liggen in god-is boondis,
þat han noo sìluer for to spende,
And p*ri*soners bounde*n* feet and hondis,
Ofte for to visite y wole to hem tende:
Whanne y se how it *with* hem stoondis, [Page 203]
Such as y haue, y schal hem sende;
B*ut*, lord, lete þese werkis be þi sond*is*;
For, merciful lord, I wole amende!"

(36)

(*Christ's Fifth Complaint.*)

" MAn, if þou wolt amendis make, God.
þan do þin almes of þi*n* owne good,
And waite þou worchë no man wrake,
to venge anothir man-is mood.
And þou vntruli from oon take,
And þerw*ith* fynde fourty her foode,
Al suche sacrificis y forsake,
For þei bèn to me as sour as sood.

(43)

Now thou oppressest the Poor;

" the poore peopuℍ þou doest opresse
with flyghttis & wylys many also:

[leaf 150] but thou buildest churches and mendest roads.

thowe makyst chyrches, and syng messes,
thowe Amendystꝫ wayes, menꝫ onꝫ to go;
and some menꝫ banꝫ the, & some menꝫ blesse:
Whedur shaℍ I here of theese twoo?

Banish falseness from thee.

yff þou wolt haue grace as þou thenkis,
lett falsnes be Flemydℍ the froo.

(44)

Moths eat thy clothes, and the poor go bare:

" the mothes that thy clothys etys,
andℍ þou lettestꝫ poore menꝫ go bare,
thy drynkis soweren, þou mouledestꝫ metis
where-*with* the febuℍ myghtꝫ wele fare.
thyꝫ Rustes þat thy syluer ffreete,

thy ill-gotten goods cry for vengeance on thee.

thy goodis that evyℍ goton are,
they cryenꝫ vpponꝫ the vengeaunce grete,
there for to spyℍ, yeet I þe spare.

(45)

Thou withholdest thy servants' dues;

" *with*-holdynꝫ hemꝫ A-yenst the Ryghtꝫ,
thoowȝe thy servaunttis vpponꝫ þe crye;
Andℍ, manꝫ, offtymes þou hast me hyghtꝫ
thowe woulde Amende, & leve folye.
thowe spekyst soore by day andℍ nyghtꝫ,
thowe brekystꝫ couinaunt contenually;

yet I am loth to punish. Make amends.

yett is me lothe *with* the to fyghtꝫ;
yett make Amendis, manꝫ, or þou dye." [See note on p. 214]

(46)

(*Man's Fifth Answer.*)

" Swete lorde, I may nat Ayenst þe saye, [on leaf 152]

Lord, I have not kept my vow,

I have nat holdenꝫ þat I the heete:
I greve the gretely every daye,
I do nat as I amꝫ inꝫ dett,

but I am beset with foes;

I woulde do wele, but wele-A-waye,
With Enemyes I amꝫ euer by-sett;

my flesh hinders me;

whanꝫ my soule woulde faynest þe paye,
My flescℏe is the fyrstꝫ þat wole it lett.

(37)

¶ "Þe poore peple þou doist oppresse
Wiþ sleitis and wilis ful manye also;
Þou makist chirchis, and doist singe messe,
And mendist weies, men on to go;
And sum men þee banne, & summe blesse:
Which schal y heere of þeisë two?
If þou wolt haue grace as þou doist gesse,
Lete al falsnes be fleemyd þee fro.

(38)

¶ "Þe moþþis þat þi cloþis ete, [Page 204]
And þou letist poore men go bare,
Þi drinkis þat sowren, & þi mowlid mete
Wherwith þe febil myȝte weel fare,
Þe rust þat þi siluer doiþ freete,
Þi goodis þat yuel gote[n] are,
Þei crien vpon þee veniaunce greete
Þee for to spille; but ȝit y spare.

(39)

¶ "With-holden hire, aȝen þe riȝt
Of þi seruanntis, vpon þee crye;
And, man, ofte tyme þou hast me hiȝt
Þou woldist amende, & leue folie;
Þou spekist faire boþe day & nyght,
Þou brekist couenaunt contynuely;
Me is ful looþ wiþe þee to fight;
Þerfore make amendis, man, or þou die!"

(40)

(*Man's Fifth Answer.*)

"Sweete lord, y may not aȝen say, Man.
Y haue not holden þat me hette:
Y greeued þee greetli euery day,
Y do not as y am in dette;
I wolde do weel; but, welle-away! [Page 205]
Wiþ enemyes y am euere bisette!
Whanne y wolde þee faynest pay,
My fleiscit is þe first þat wole me lette.

(47)

"Euer the fatter that I [hit] Feede,
Euer the Fressher hit is my foo,
and with it about me, yett must wee bere hit Abowtë nede,
But febull hit is, hit wole me sloo.
the worlde, the fende, my batayle byde
Some tyme *with* wele, some tyme *with* woo;
how can I fight the world and the devil? whate may I do *with* a wykkyd weede,
to fyȝte A-yeen my enemyes soo?

(48)

When I resolve to live a true life, "whan I in-force me wother wyles,
And thynke I woulde lyve a trewe lyffe
and for-sooke all batayllis & gylys,
the World challenges me. the worlde byddythe me batell blyve,
And, but I wole vse wrenchis wylys,
to comyn wyse as I shall nat stryve,"

[MS. ends, and is incomplete.]

["The Stacyons of Rome" follows on leaf 152, back.]

[After line 360 the MS. runs on with line 383, p. 216, and transposes Man's Fifth Answer, ll. 361–382, to the end, p. 224. I fetch it back to its right place above.—F. J. F.]

(41)

¶ "Euere þe fattir þat y it feede,
Euere þe freischer it is my foo,
3it y muste bere it a-boutë nede:
Ful febil it is, it wole me sloo.
þe world, þe feend, me [bataile] beede,
Sumtyme with weele, sumtyme with woo;
What may y do with a wekkid[1] wede, [1 MS. welkid]
To fi3te a3en þree enemyes soo?

The fatter I feed my flesh, the more it fights against me.

The world and the devil tempt me too.

How can I fight these three foes?

(42)

¶ "Whanne y enforsoþe me oþir whilis,
And þinke y wolde lyue a trewë lijf
And forsake all batailis & gilis,
þe world biddiþ me bataile blijf;
And, but y wole vse wrenchis & wilis,
þe comoun uoice is, y schal not þrijf.
Summe at me mowis, summe at me smylis,
And counten me but a kynde caitif.

When I strive to live a true life

the world bids me fight,

and the common voice mocks me.

(43)

¶ "But y þinke, not-withstonding þis,
To forsake falsnes wiþ-outen eende,
To restore a3en þat y took mys,
And to paie my dettis fair and hende;
And whanne y haue 3euen eche man his,
As resoun is, þanne wole y spende,
And 3eue myn almës þere nede is;
Mercy, ihesu! y wole amende."

[Page 206]
Nevertheless I purpose to forsake sin, to restore all falsely gotten goods, pay my debts,

and give alms to all who need them.

(44)

(*Christ's Sixth Complaint.*)

"MAn, y sente þee kindeli in-si3te
Of vndir-stondyng, skil, & witt,
To rewle þi silf bi resoun ri3t;
More-ouer þou hast holi writt,
þat cleerli schewiþ þee goostli li3t,
How þou schuldist deedli synne with-sett,
And, how þou me pleasë myght:
What eiþ þee, man, þin i3e to schett?

Man, I sent thee understanding God.

and Holy Writ

to show thee how to resist sin.

Why hast thou shut thine eye?

(49)

(*Man's Sixth Answer.*)

I cannot answer; only cry for mercy.

"Swete Ihesu, answer I [ne] can,
But oft I crye mercy with hart stable;
Alas for woo! why is man
wele woorse than beste onresonáble?
All bestis, sithe this worllde by-gan,
In kyndely wyrchyng be duráble,
Save onely I, off wyttys wanne,
that wofull many dedis dampnáble.

Man is worse than reasonless beasts.

(45)

¶ "Wordli richesse, & rial repaire,
Ieewels, and þingis, and myrþe of iolite,
Fischis, beestis, briddis of þe eir,
þese þinkiþ þee semeli for to se.
If þo þingis þat schulen perische & paire,
Vnto þi sighte þus semeli bee,
Weel maist þou wite, y am weel faire,
Of whom ech þing haþ his bewte.

If worldly riches and jewels,
and birds seem comely to thee,
[Page 207]
thou mayst well know that I am fair, of Whom all have their beauty.

(46)

¶ "But, man, as þou wittlees were,
þou lokist euere doumwarde as a beest;
It heeuyeth þee of me to heere,
Foule speche is to þee a feeste.
I coumforte þee and make þe cheere,
And þou aȝenward louest me leest;
I calle þee to me ȝeer and ȝeer,
ȝit wolt þou not come at my request.

But thou ever lookest downward like a beast,
and delightest in foul talk.
I am kind to thee
and call thee,
and thou wilt not come.

(47)

¶ "As from þi foo, þou from me flees,
Y folewe feste, and on þee crye,
þou wrappist þee wiþ vanytees,
And þinkist my speche is but folie:
For þing þat nouȝt is, þou wolt leese[1]
My ioie þat lastiþ euere eendeleesly.
Man, ȝit leue vice, and vertu chese,
And amendis make, or þou die."

[1] MS. leesee]

Thou fleest from Me,
and wrappest thyself in vanities,
losing for nought my endless joy.
But, man, leave vice and amend ere thou diest.

(48)

(*Man's Sixth Answer.*)

"SWeete ihesu, answere noon y can,
But ofte cry mercy with herte stable:
Alas for woo! whi is a man
weel worse þan a beeste vnresonáble?
Alle bestis, siþen þis world bigan,
In kindeli worchinge ben duráble,
Saaf oonly I, of wittis wan,
þat haue doon manye dedis ful dampnáble.

Man.
[Page 208]

(50)

I was made to know my Maker,

" I, man), was made to knowe my maker,
And to love hym) ouer alle thyng;
And I, A wreche, was neuer maker
[leaf 150, back] to cache kynde knowyng of my kynge;
but have minded only trifles; to tryfyllis have I be tent-taker.
A songe for sorowe wele may I synge,
for hade I of syn) be for-saker,
of cryst shoulde I have hade knowynge.

(51)

my spirit's eye has been blinded with covetousness;

" My gostely than) blysefuH off duste,
Curssyd covetyse hathe so blyndedyd me,
they been shotyn) with ffleschely luste,
than) hevenly thyngis may I noone see.
But, lorde, thowȝe I have been) on[i]estH,
but help me, Lord, with penance to cleanse my sight. thorowe helpe of thy Benyngnyte
I hope to Rube A-waye the Ruste,
with penaunce, frome my gostely syhte.

(52)

" And where that I haue A-fore this
My worledly synnys spente,
Henceforward I will learn Thy law, frome hens forwarde my purpose is
to lerne thy lawe to my lyvys ende.
and keep Thy Ten Commands. thy x comaundëmentis I-wys,
hem) for to kepe I wyH me bende,
And there as I haue doone A-mys,
Mercy! I will amend. Mercy, Ihesu! I wyH Amende."

(53)

(*Christ's Seventh Complaint.*)

Man, I have showed thee mercy oft, " Man), my mercy, yf þou it mende,
I have the hit shewed in) many wyse
Sythen) the tyme that þou fyrst synned
Ayenst myne hest in) paradyse.
In heH preson) when) þou were pyny(d
for doyng of the develys devyse,
have helped thee from hell; owte of thy teene for to be teny(d,
Mercy and love þe holpe or this.

(49)

¶ "I, man, was made to knowe my maker,
And to loue him aboue al oþir þing;
And y, a wrecche, was neuere waker
To catche kinde knowing of my kyng;
To triflis y haue be a greet tent-taker;
A song of sorewe weel may I synge,
For hadde y of synne ben a verri forsaker,
Of crist schulde y haue had knowyng.

(50)

¶ "Mi goostli iȝen ben ful of dust,
Cursid coueitise haþ so blyndid me,
þei ben blood-schoten *with* fleischli lust,
þat heuenly þingis may y noon se.
But, lord, þouȝ y haue ben vniust, [Page 209]
ȝit þoruȝ þe help of þi benignite
I hope to rubbe aweye þe rust,
With penaunce, from my goostli yȝe;

(51)

¶ "*And* where þat y haue to-forë þis
My witt in wordli þingis spende,
From hens forþward my purpos ys
To leerne þi lawe to my lyuës eende.
þi ten comaundementis, so haue y blis,
Them for to kepe, y wole me bende;
And þere as y haue a-fore doon mys,
Now, merci, God! y wole amende."

(52)

(*Christ's Seventh Complaint.*)

"MAn, my merci, if þou it mynned, God.
Y haue schewid it þee on many wise
Siþen þat tyme was þat þou first synned
Ayens my precept in paradijs.
In helle prisoun whane þou were pynned
For doinge of þe deuelis deuyce,
Out of þat prisoun for to be twynned,
Mercy and loue þee halp; þinke on þese.

(54)

"Mercy was þyn advocate cheffe
for thee have taken flesh, that I for the tooke Flesche & bloode;
loue made the to me so leffe,
that I for the was Rente on Roode; 426
and suffered on the Cross. I suffyrde dethe to chaunge þy greffe,
And In-to heH than doune I yeede;
I brought þe to preeffe to the blysse:
[leaf 151] Man! I haue been thy frende fuH goode. 430

(55)

I became poor to make thee rich, "I be-gan poore, thé Ryche to make;
to make thé whyte, I was made Rede;
my sorowe, my syknes, made thé to slake,
My hunger booke the blysfuH brede. 434
I was bound to break thy bonds. I bonde my selffe, þy bondis I braake;
to gett thy lyffe, I suffyrd dede;
what shoulde I do more for thy saake?
to hele thy foote, hurt was my hede. 438

(56)

"yff þou thynk I myght more do
For thee I am ready to die again, for thy saake, saye, I am Redy
to dye A-yeen, yff neede were there-too:
I love thee so! Suche loue, man, to the haue I. 442
I hygHt the myrthe & Ioyës moo,
But þou Art thy moste Enemy,
And thou wilt not love Me! for nought that I do but þou wylt so;
Man! make Amendis or thowe dye." 446

(57)

(*Man's Seventh Answer.*)

Lord, when I think on Thy death and wounds, "Lorde, whan I thynke on þy pouerte,
and how wylfuH þou were and fayne;[1]—
to sle my syn, þou were slayne,[1]—
to suffyr for me woundis smarte; 450
And howe wylfuH þou were and fayne; 450*a*
I feel my heart is harder than iron. harder than Iren is my harte
that hathe no pyte of thy payne!
Euer the kynder to me þou arte,
the more vnkynder I am A-gayne. 454

[1] Lines 449 and 448 are transposed, and 450*a* repeated wrongly.]

(53)

¶ "Mercy was þin aduoket cheef [Page 210]
þat y for þee took fleisch & blood;
Loue madë þee to me so leef,
þat y for þee was rent on roode;
I suffride deep to chaunge þi greef,
And vnto helle þan doun y 3oode;
Y brou3te þee to blis from repreef:
þus haue y be, man, þi freend ful good.

(54)

¶ "I bicame poore, þee riche to make;
To make þee whi3t, y was made reed;
Mi sorewe, my sijknesse, made þin to slake,
Myn hungir book þi blisful breed.
I boond my silf, þi boondis y brake;
To gete þee lijf, y suffride þe deede;
What schulde y more do for þi sake?
To hele þi foot, hurt was myn heed.

(55)

¶ "What woldist þou, man, þat y schuld do?
My mercy to þee is ful redy
Yf þou wolt dispose þee perto;
Such loue tó þee, man, haue y,
I hi3te þee myrþe and ioiës moo, [Page 211]
But þou art þin owne moost enemy;
for ou3t þat y þee bidde, þou wolt so;
Man! make amendis or þou die."

(56)

(*Man's Seventh Answer.*)

"LOrd, whanne y þinke on þi pouert, Man.
And how wilful þou were, & fayn,
To suffre for me woundis smert;—
To slee my synnës þou were slayn,—
Hardir than iren is myn hert,
Which haþ no pitee of þi payn!
Euere þe kyndir to me þou art,
þe more vnkyndir am y agayn.

(58)

Why shouldst Thou be slain for Thine enemy?

" Why wouledyst þou, lorde, be slayne for me?
than) Am) I thyne Enemye moste vnhende,
Sithen) no man) hathe more charyte
than) deethe to suffyr for his Frende? 458
what skyH is þou shouledyst slayne bee,
Sythen) I made þe thraH to þe Fende?

Why didst Thou not smite me?

I trespassyd, lorde, why smott*is* þou nat me?
Nowe, blessyd be þou *with*-owttyn) eende! 462

(59)

[leaf 151, back] I see Thou lovest me.

" I see wele, lorde, that þou lovest us
for oure profyte, & nought for yeve; [pyne]
for what were þou, ne were Ihesus,
thoughe aH wee were in) eendeles payne. 466

But, alas, we are so vicious that we leave our gracious and merciful God.

Alas, wee been) so vysyous,
And so onkyndely frome hyr declyne,
that is oure god so gracïus,
And is so lothe, mannys soule to tyne. 470

(60)

Have mercy, though, sweet Lord,

" But, swete lorde, as þou haste bygoone,
so lett thy m*er*cy forthe extende;
Put thy crosse and thy passyon)
By-twene my werk*is*, they ought to be brent, 474
And thy dome that I may nat shoone,
that bond*is* of heH can) me nat hende.

help Thy son; I will amend!

Who but the fad*ur* shoulde helpe þe soone?
Mercy, Ihesus! I wyH Amende." 478

(61)

(*Christ's Eighth Complaint.*)

If thou wantest mercy,

" Man, yff þou wolte my m*er*cy gete,
thorowe my passyon) of grete v*er*tu,
why lovyst nat þou me for to bete? 481

why dost thou crucify Me daily with thy great oaths,

Eche day on) crosse þou doest me newe
with deedly syn), at morne, at mete,
thowe turment*is* me on-trewe,
And namely, w*ith* thyne othis grete,
to swere þou wolte nat me eschewe 486

(57)

¶ "Whi woldist þou, lord, be slayn for me,
  Þat am *þin* enemy moost vnhende?
Siþen no man haþ more charite,
  Þan deeþ to suffre for his freende,
What skile is *þou* schuldist só slayn be,
  Siþen y made þee þral to þe feend?
I trespaside, lord; whi smoot *þou* not me?
  Now, blessid be þou wiþ-outen eende!

(58)

¶ "I se weel, lord, þat þou louest us [Page 212]
  For oure *pro*fite, & not for þine;
For what were þou þee werse, ih*esus*,
  Þouȝ alle we weren in eendelees peyne.
Alas, whi ben we so vi[ci]ouse,
  And so vnkyndeli from þee declyn*n*e
Þat oure god art so gracïous,
  And so looþ art, ma*n*nis soule to tyne?

(59)

¶ "But, sweete lord, as þou hast bigu*nn*e,
  So lete þi mercy forþ extende:
Putte þi crosse & þi passioun
  Bitweene my werkis worþi to be bre*n*de,
And þi doom þat y may not schou*nn*e,
  Þat þe boondis of helle come me not hende.
Who but þe fadir schoulde helpe þe son*n*e?
  Merciful ih*esu*, y wole amende."

(60)

(*Christ's Eighth Complaint.*)

"MAn, if þou wolt my m*er*cy gete God.
  Þoruȝ my passiou*n* of myche v*er*tu,
Whi leuest þou not of me to bete?
  Eche day on crosse þou doist me newe
With deedli syn*n*e, at morn, at meete, [Page 213]
  As a turmento*ur* to me vntrewe,
And nameli, *with* þin oþis greete,
  To swarë þou wolt not eschewe.

(62)

rending my limbs, "No lym) on) me, man, þou for-beryste :
why doyst þou evyH Ayenst goode ?
By my soule thowe offt-tyme sweryst',
" by my body, and by my bloode ; 490

tearing Me to pieces with thy tongue ? *with* thy tunge me aH to-teryst',
whan) þou arte wroþe & wel ny woode ;
Man), *with* thy onkyndnes more me derest'
than) they that rent me on) þe Roode. 494

(63)

Thou pitiest thy toe when it bleeds more than Me. "thowe haste more pyte vppon) þy too
yff hit be hurt, and lytyH bleede,
than) eu*er* þou haddyst for aH þe woo
that eu*er* I Suffyrde for þy mysdeede. 498

[leaf 152] But thou shalt soon be sorry for thy needless swearing. Whan) þou arte toughT', than) þou shalt woo
of sweryng, but yff hit were neede :
thowe scorenest hem) than) seyne þe soo,
thowe takest to my heste no kepe. [heede] 502

(64)

Thou liest loudly on me to get a halfpenny, "Lowde lesyng*is* on me þou makyst',
Some tyme to wynne An halpenye,
what tyme to wytnes þou me takyste,
And yeet the for-sweryst þe wyttyngly. 506
Byyng and syllyng, þou nat for-sakyst' ;

and often swearest wrongfully. bothe veyne & wronge þou sweryst wronge ;
whan) þou doest' thus, there bale þou bakeste ;

Man, make amends. Man) ! make Amend*is* or thowe dye." 510

[*See note on p. 214.*]

(61)

¶ No lyme on me, man, þou forbeerist:
Whi doist þou yuel aȝens good?
By my soule þou ofte tyme sweerist,
Bi my body, and bi my blood.
Wiþ þi tunge þou me al to-teerist
Whanne þou art wrooþ, as wiȝt moost wood.
Man, with þin vnkindenes þou more me deerist
þan þei þat diden me on þe roode.

(62)

¶ þou hast more pitee on þi toō
If it be hurt, and a litil bleede,
þan euere þou haddist for al þe woo
þat euere y suffride for þi mys-deede.
Whanne þou art tauȝt þat þou schuldist hoo
Of sweering, but whanne it were neede,
þou scornest hem þat sayn þee soo;
To myn heestis takist þou noon hede.

(63)

"Lōwdē lesyngis on me þou makist, [Page 214]
Sum tyme to wynne an halpeny,
What tyme to witnes þou me takist,
And ȝit þou forsweerist þee wityngly.
Biynge & sillynge þou not forsakist,
Boþe veyn & wrong to sweere me by;
Whanne þou þus doist, þi bale þou bakist;
Man! make þou amendis or þou die."

(64)

(*Man's Eighth Answer.*)

"Sweete ihesu, how schulde y aȝen say, Man. Jesu! I can only answer that I am more curst a caitiff
But þat y caitife am, more curst
þan þo þat doon þee on þe crosse eche day
With greet ooþis & werkis wurst,
And myche more þee greeueþ þan þei than those who slew Thee on Calvary.
þat on calueri slowen þee firste;
For hadde þei knowe þee for god verray, They knew Thee not for very God,
þee to deȝ þei hadde not durst.

(65)

but I know Thee as the Almighty,
¶ But ỳ knowe, aftir my bileeue,
þat þou art god omnipotent,
and yet I cease not grieving Thee.
And ȝit y ceesse not þee to greue!
Weel worþi am y to be schent! 560
[Page 215]
How maist þou, lord, suffre me to meeue?
Alle creaturis owen me to turment;
I wonder that I have not been killed or burnt.
Merueile it is þat y not myscheeue,
þat y neere kild, drowned, or brent. 564

(66)

The earth swallowed up Dathan and Abiram, who were not so wicked as I.
¶ The erþe opened and swelewid al quicke,
Daton & abiron for her synne;
And y weene þei were neuere so wick
As y, moost caitife of mankynne! 568
Though dire disease prevails now, I stick in my sins.
In deedly synne men dien now þicke;
Disese ful greet now dooþ bigynne,
And ȝit in my synne y stonde and sticke;
Evil habits are hard to give up.
Yuel custum ys ful hard to blynne. 572

(67)

I do evil, and will let no one reprove me.
¶ I wolde be wantowne, and do ille,
But y wolde noon me reprehende,
But lete me lyue aftir my wille:
þis was leefful, sumtyme y wende, 576
But now y se þat it is skille,
Send me light!
þat such light to me þou sende,
But if y leue synne, it wole me spille.
I will amend.
Merciful lord ihesu, y wole amende!" 580

(68)

(*Christ's Ninth Complaint.*)

[Page 216]
" Man, of þi silf it schal be-long
If so be þi soule be spilt;
Forgive those who work thee wrong, and I will forgive thee.
Forȝeue þou hem þat worchen þee wrong,
And y schal forȝeue þee þi gilt; 584
And if þou be of herte so strong,
And on no wise forȝeue þou wilt,
But venge þi silf with herte & tunge,
As a traitour þou schalt be ouer tilt. 588

(69)

¶ þou getist no *mer*ci, þi silf to saue,
þat no mercy on oþir has:
How may þou me of *mer*ci craue,
And þou wolt grauntë no man grace?
Merciful men schulen *mer*cy haue;
Fel folk, schal y fleeme fro my face;
What ensaumple þat y þee ȝaue,
Whanne y deeþ suffride, no tent þou taas.

(70)

¶ I *prai*ed for he*m* þat me disesid,
þouȝ y myȝte he*m* haue da*m*pned for ay;
For, and þou be a litil displeside,
þou bannest & cursist nyght and day;
For no preching wolt þou be pleside,
But for to venge þee is þi wil alway;
Ful foulë schulde þi foos be fesid
If þou myȝte ouer he*m*, as y ou*er* þee may.

(71)

¶ W*ith*outë cause ofte art þou wrooþ
Vnto þi freendis vnskilfully;
Whanne þei þee techen & cou*n*celle boþe
To leue þi wraþþe and þin enuye,
W*ith* wordis greete and spiteful ooþ
þou defendist þee of þi foule folie;
But þee to leese, y am ful looþ;
Man, make amendis or þou die."

(72)

(*Man's Ninth Answer.*)

" Sweete lord, þinke þou madist us alle,
And how kinde and pr*o*pir it is to þee,
On synful men þat to þee calle,
On hem to haue mercy and pitee.
þouȝ y haue be as bettir as galle,
For þi greet merci, haue mercy on me,
And fro þi loue þat y no more falle!
But kindele þou me in charitee.

But thou shalt have no mercy if thou wilt show none.

Thou takest no bid of the example I set thee:

I prayed for those who injured Me,

[Page 217]
but thou cursest those who displease thee, and desirest revenge on them.

Thou art wroth with thy friends without reason

when they advise thee to give up sin.

Still I am loth to lose thee. Make amends.

Lord, it is Thine to have mercy on sinners.

Have mercy, then, on me, and kindle me in Charity.

(73)

[Page 218] ¶ Fór þouȝ y cowþe al kunnynge ken,
And speke *with* aungils tungë cleer,
For though I gave all my goods among the poor, And þouȝ y delide among poore men
My wordli goodis alle in feer,
and my body to be burned, And ȝaf my bodi for to brenne,
For loue of þee þat bouȝtist me dere,
all would be nought if I were not in Charity. ȝit al þis *profitiþ* me not þen,
In loue and charite but if y weere.

(74)

And it is more pleasing to Thee that I should love Thee and be in charity with my neighbours, ¶ And y woot it is more plesyng
To þee, ih*es*u, my souereyne lord,
þat y loue þee ou*er* al þing,
And be in charite and acoorde
With alle my neiȝboris, oolde & ȝyng,
than that I should go wool-clad and hearing masses. þan for to faste & goo wollewarde,
And heere alle þe massis þat preestis syng;
But if y loue, y gete no coumfort.

(75)

Alas! why will not Love come to my heart? ¶ Alas! whi haue y so wraþful ben,
þat loue my*n* herte myȝte not come hende?
I have been full of hate; I hatide he*m* þat me neue*re* dide teen,
Y loued not hem þat me good kende,
[Page 219] I castide me no þing to be in þat meen;
To loue myn enemyes, y wolde not entende;
but I will curse my enemies no more: I will amend. But ȝit schal y hem neue*re* curse, y weene;
Merciful ih*es*u! y wole amende."

(76)

(*Christ's Tenth Complaint.*)

Man, if thou wilt cease from strife, bide in charity, and be contrite for thy sins, thou shalt have mercy. "MAn, if þou wolt of bataile blynne,
And charite kepe *in* echë chaunce,
My merci soonë schalt þou wynne,
So þat þou do fruytis of penaunce.
Loke þin herte be contrite *with*-ynne,
And sory for þi mys-gouernaunce:
What *profiȝtiþ* þee to schryue þee of þi synne
But þou in herte haue répentaunce?

(77)

¶ þou scornest, and penaunce doist þou noon
For þi synne, but þin herte be soor;
For wordli losse þou makist moone,
þou siȝest and sorewist myche þerfore.
And if þi body were woo bigoon,
What bittir medecyn ȝeuen þee wore,
Ioiyngly þou woldist it take anoon,
Thi bodily helë þee to restore.

But thou doest no penance except thy heart aches.
Thou sighest for worldly loss; and for bodily pain takest bitter medicine;

(78)

¶ þi soule *with* synne is goostly slayn,
And þou *with*oute sorewe þi synnë tellis,
To do such penaunce, þou art not fayn,
As þi schrift-fadir þee counсellis.
Thou wolt neuere restore agayn
Fals-goten good þat þou wiþ mellis:
Man, þou must þerfore suffre payn
For þi synnes, heere or sumwhere ellis.

[Page 220]
but thou sorrowest not for thy sins, thou doest not penance ordained,
restorest not false-gotten goods.
For this thou must suffer.

(79)

¶ It is impossible, and may not be,
To passe fro ioie to ioie: for thi,
Take þi crosse to þee, and folewe me,
If þou wolt to my blis up stiȝe.
Greet sijknesse and al aduersite,
What-so-euere comeþ, suffre paciently;
Hate alway synne, and euere it flee,
And, man, make amendis or þou die."

Take up thy cross and follow Me,
suffer sickness and adversity,
hate sin, and make amends before you die.

(80)

(*Man's Tenth Answer.*)

" LOrd, ȝeue me grace amendis to make,
For of my silf me failiþ poweer:
Synne þat is deedli y wole forsake,
And to do deedis þat worþi merite weere.
In þis world sende me woo & wrake
For synnis þat y haue doon ful seere:
Who haþ no desese, heere he may quake;
Hem þat þou louest, þou chastisist heere.

Give me grace, Lord, to forsake my sin and do good works.

[Page 221]
Punish me here; for whom Thou lovest Thou chastisest.

(81)

For my sake, þritti ȝeeris & moo,
greet traueile for me *in* erþe þou hadde;
Thou, Thy Mother, and apostles
þi modir, wiþ þin apostolis also,
suffered great distress on earth;
In greet disese her lijf þei ledde: 688
In aduersite and mychë woo
martyrs and confessors
martris & confessouris weren clad:
confessors too; I'll gladly go with them.
in such a companye to goo
in þi leuerey, y schulde be glad. 692

(82)

For if they suffered in this life,
Siþen þi derlingis þat *with* þee dwelle
hadden such aduersitee *in* þis lijf,
what tongue can tell what damned men shall endure in hell?
what herte may þinke, or tungë telle,
þe payne, þe anguische, & þe strijf 696
þat dampned men schulen haue *in* helle,
þere eendelees woo & sorewis ben riyf?
I will forsake my sins and shrive me;
Y wole forsake my synnes so felle,
& to a discreet preeste y wole me schryue. 700

(83)

[Page 222]
¶ In trewe penaunce is myn entent,
will do penance, and keep Thy commandments.
Fro hens forward my tyme to spende,
And kepe y wole þi comaundëment,
Ellis in helle fier y schal be brende. 704
Rial repeire, riche roobis, and rent,
What mowe þei helpe me at myn eende?
Unless I do, I shall be ruined. I will amend.
But y þee serue, y schal be schende;
Mercy, lord ihesu, y schal amende." 708

(84)

(*Christ's Eleventh and last Complaint.*)

Man, I wait for thy repentance day by day.
"MAn, do penaunce whilis þou may,
Lest sudeynli y take veniaunce:
Do y not abide þee day bi day
Bicause y wolde þou dide penaunce? 712
I am ready to forgive
Man, y am more redy alway
To forȝeue þee þi mys-gouernaunce
þan þou art mercy for to pray,
and to exalt thee.
For my wille were þee to enhaunce. 716

(85)

¶ Whanne þou alle þi freendis hast asaied,
  þou schalt fynde no freend lijk me;
'þou wolt amende,' þus ofte þou seide,
  And aȝen amendis wole y not be;
Do trewe penaunce, & y am payed,
  From eendelees peine y wole make þee free;
For whi? for þi loue my lijf y laied:
  What freend wolde haue so doon for þee?

Thou shalt find no friend like Me.

[Page 223]

Repent, and I will save thee.
I gave My life for love of thee.

(86)

¶ With soruful herte þi synne þou schryfe,
  Make amendis with þi myȝt & mayn,
And if þou þus leeue þi wickid lijf,
  Myn aungils wolen be þerof fayn.
þinke þou ofte on lottis wijf,
  And turne not to þi synne agayn;
Lete not dispeirë þee doun drijf;
  þinke on petir & on mawdeleyn.

Make amends for thy sins.

Think on Lot's wife: return not to evil,

and do not despair.

(87)

¶ Man, þus wipe awey þi wickidnes,
  And kepe my biddynge bi and by,
And þou schalt haue in my blis,
  Worschip wiþoute ony velonye,
No pouert, but al richesse,
  Hele, strenþe, & wijsdom eendeleesly;
þou schalt be ful of al swetnesse
  Where þou schalt lyue & neuere die."

Do My bidding, and thou shalt have honour,

riches, health, and wisdom, for ever, in heaven,

where thou shalt never die.

(88)

(*Man's Eleventh and last Answer.*)

"GRaunte mercy, ihesu, crop & roote
  Of al frenschip, for þou neuere failis;
Aȝens þee nyle y not moote,
  But, as ofte as me yue[l] aylis,
I wole fallë flat to thi foote,
  To helpë me in goostli batailis.
Aȝens al bale, lord, þou be my boote,
  Whanne synne & sorowe me sore asailis.

[Page 224]

Jesu, I will pray to Thee whenever sin tempts me;

be Thou my help and cure.

(89)

I will hide me

¶ Now woot y wh*e*re y schal me hide
Wha*n*ne y am stirid to ony synne;

in the wounds of Thy right side,

In þe greet wou*n*de of þi right side;
And, be y veryli hid þer-ynne,

there secure against all the fiend can do.

As in a tour þere may y a-bide
For au3t þat þe feend can ymagyne,
For al þis world þat is so wiyde,
þere is for man moost sou*e*reyn medicyn.

(90)

I will not despair

¶ þere may no wanhope make me care,

If Thy angels and Mother keep me.

þat haþ oon of þin au*n*gils so good
To kepe me þat y not mys fare,
And þi modir, myldest of mood,

[Page 225]

þat schewiþ to þee hir pappis[1] bare
(For me) of which þou soukedist foode;
And to-fore þi fadir, [&] m*e*re[2] maree,
þou schewist þi wou*n*dis rent on roode.

(91)

I shall not miss Thy mercy.

¶ How my3te y of þi mercy mys,
Siþen to helpe ma*n* þou art so hende?
Now, ihesu, lord, þou weel us wisse,

Lord, send us grace that we may be with Thee in bliss.

And, whilis we lyue, such grace us sende
þat we may bide wiþ þee in blis,
And wiþ aungils, world w*ith*outen eende,
þat to be chosen, ordeyned ys
To leeue al sy*n*ne, & hem amende.

Amen.

Amen: Amen : **Amen** Amen."

["In my 3onge age" follows in the MS., p. 226.]

[1] Compare Hoccleve's *Mother of God*, p. 47, l. 112; p. 54, l. 72. Are these paps referd to in English poetry before the 15th century?

[2] MS. not clear. ?mere = mother.

The Virgin's Complaint.[1]

Filius Regis Mortuus est.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 74, *written without breaks.*]

[12 stanzas of 12 lines each, *abab abab bcbc.*]

(1)

AS resoun rewlid my richelees mynde,
Bi wielde waies as y hadde went,
A solempne citeę me fortuned to fynde;
To turne þerto was myne entent.
¶ A maiden y mette, a modir hynde,
Sobbinge & siȝynge, sche was neer schent;
Sche wepte, sche wailid, so sore sche pined;
Hir heer, hir face, sche tuggid & rent,
¶ Sche tuggid, sche taar *with* greet turment,
Sche racide hir skyn, bothe body & brest;
Sche seide þeise wordis eu*e*re as sche went,
"Filius regis mortuus est.",

As I walked by wild ways,
I turned to Jerusalem,
and met a maiden mother sobbing,
tearing her hair, her face, her breast,
and saying ever, "The Son of the King is dead.

(2)

"The kingis sone," sche seide, "is deed,
þe ioie, þe substaunce of my lijfe:
þe modir to se hir sone so blede,
It kittiþ myn herte as *with* a knyf.
¶ My sone þat y was woont to fede,
To lulle, to lappe, *with* songis rijf;
Out of his herte his blood to schede,
Makiþ me, his modir, in myche strijfe.
¶ I am boþe maiden, modir, & wijf,
And sones haue y no mo to souke my brest;
I may make sorewe *with*out relijf,
For 'filius regis mortuus est.'

My joy is gone.
It cut my mother's heart to see Him bleed,
my Son whom I lulled with songs.

[Page 75]

No more sons have I to suck my breast.
The King's Son is dead;

[1] In the first edition, this and the following poem from Harl. 3954, having the same first two stanzas, were printed opposite one another, for the contrast of their later stanzas. But as in this second edition the parallel arrangement would have left p. 233 blank, the Resurrection poem is now put after the Death one.

(3)

Thus filius regis, myn owne dere child,
I saw Him on the cross, defiled with spitting, wounded with spear.
Hangiþ on þe croos: y stoonde and se
How he is wo*u*ndid & defilid
With spitti*n*ge & speeris so piteuousli.
I cried to my own dear Son.
¶ I cried upon him as y were wielde,
'Mi swete dere sone, seest þou not me,
þine owne dere modir?' þo he me biheld,
He said, 'Mourn not, I shall come to thee,'
And seide, 'moorne not, modir, þi sorowe lete be;
¶ I schal be þin & come to þee.'
and I swooned.
He spak; y swowned, y neue*re* ceest;
A! sone my*n*, sone my*n*, upon a tree!
Filius regis mortuus est.

(4)

My bliss is dead.
He dieþ, he dieþ, þ*at* is my blis;
He swelte, y swowned, y cried 'a-las!
No wonder I am wo!
No wondir is of my greet heuynes!
He was my Spouse, my Brother, my all.
Mi fadir, my broþir, my spouse, he w*as*,
¶ My modir, my socour, & al þat ys!
[Page 76]
Now I am fatherless;
Now fadirlees & modirlees y mai forþ passe,
a thing forsaken,
Broþ*er*lees, spouselees, ful wrecchid y-wis,
As a þing forsake*n* þat no þing has!
not full of grace,
¶ A! gabriel, þou clepidist me ful of grace.
but full *of* sorrow,
Nay! ful of sorowe þou now me seest;
weeping tears.
þe teeris trikilen dowu*n* on my face,
The King's Son is dead.
For 'filius regis mortuus est.'

(5)

I asked the Jews to hang the mother by the Son.
I lokide up," sche seid, "vn-to my child,
I cried on þe iewis, & bad hem hang
þe modir bi þe sone þat neue*re* was filid:
O Death, thou killedst my babe;
O deeþ, deeþ, þou doost me wrong!
¶ Mi babe þou sleest, þat neue*re* w*as* wielde;
kill me!
Come, sle þe modir! whi tariest þou so long?
Murderer, why
þou morþ*er* man, whi art þou now myelde

Vn-to þe modir þat wolde deeþ fong? spar'st thou me?
¶ Þou pynest my sone *with* peynës strong;
Pyne þan þe modir at hir reqwest! Torture me too.
Alas, y may synge a soruful song,
þat [1] 'filius regis mortuus est.' [1 Page 77]

(6)

A! þou erþe! on þee y clayme apeel Oh earth, thou drankest His guiltless blood!
þat þou receyuedist his giltlees blood.
Þou stoon! whi woldist þou be so freel Oh stone, thou barest His cross!
To be þe morteis *þere* þe crosse stood?
¶ He made þe erþe and stoonis feele,
And ȝe ben instrume*n*tis now to þe roode Ye help to slay your Maker,
To sle ȝoure maker! ȝe wite ful weel
He dide neue*re* yuel, but eue*r*more good.
¶ He was eue*re* meeke & mylde of mood; ever meek,
Now is he stikid as it were a beest! now stuck like a beast.
Alas my babe, my lyuës foode,
Filius regis mortuus est!

(7)

Thou tree, þou crosse, how durst þou be Oh tree, oh cross, ye made the gallows for your Maker.
A galow to hang thi maker so?
Vnto his fadir y may apeele þee
þat woldist be cause of þe sonës woo;
¶ Not cause, but help þat he deed be!
ȝe trees! crie mercy, ȝe be my foo;
Hadde ȝe be ordeyned [2]a roode for me, [2 Page 78]
To hang me bi hi*m*, it hadde be*n* weel doo. Why did ye not make a cross too for me?
¶ But what may y seie? whidir schal y do? [go]
þe tree haþ hangid a king, a preest;
Of allë ki*n*gis suche ben no mo
As 'filius regis mortuus est.'

(8)

O ȝe creaturis vnkynde! þou iren, þou steel, Oh steel and thorn,
þou scharp þorn!
How durst ȝe slee ȝo*ur*e best fre*n*d, ye slew your best friend,

þe holiest child þat euere was born? 88

wounded, and tare him. ¶ 3e haue him woundid, ye haue him pyned;
Spere & nail his bodi haþ schorn!

Spear! why didst thou let the smith grind thee? þou spere! whi suffridist þou þe smyth þe grynde
So scharpe, þat al his herte þou hast to-torn? 92

¶ I may crie out on þee boþe euen & morn;
Thou slew'st my blameless son. A wemlees maydens sone þou sleest!
I am forlorn. I wringe & wepe as þing for-lorn!
Filius regis mortuus est. 96

(9)

Thou knotted scourge, Thou scourgë maad of ful tou3 skyn,
Knottid & gnaggid, y crie on þee!

[1 Page 79] why didst thou beat my bairn and not me? þou [1]beet my barn þat neuere dide synne:
Whi beet þou him, & fórbare me? 100

¶ Made he þee nou3t? my3te þou not blynne?
Thou mangledst For ouermyche þou fraiedist þat free;
þoru3-out his bodi no place was inne,
His flesh and blood. Boþe fleisch & blood þou pullidist *with* þee: 104

¶ þou madist ful blac þat was bri3t of blee,
þou schalt oonis come to oure conquest.
Father, have pity now He is dead! O fadir of heuene! now haue pitee
þat 'filius regis mortuus est.' 108

(10)

Thou beast, too, who bore the gall for Him to drink: Also þou beest must bere þe galle
þat he schulde drinke; þou pynest him more!
Vpon my knees here dowun y falle,
I ask heaven's judgment on you all, and above others, on you Jews And axe iuggement of heuen þerfore; 112

¶ And moost y crie on 3ou iewis alle,
For 3it my3te noon of hem so him haue to-tore,
Of alle þese þe instrumentis þat y on calle,
who wounded Him so. But 3e hem made to greue him so sore. 116

He made you! He came to restore you! and ¶ He made 3ou iewis: 3ou to restore
He come to 3e erþe; & now 3e encreest
[2 Page 80] you increase His pains! His pyne: [2]alas, þat euere 3e were bore!
For 'filius regis mortuus est.' 120

(11)

O ȝe fals iewis! whi dide ȝe þus, — Ye, false Jews,
Him þus to slee, ȝoure sauyour?
Whanne he sittiþ for iuge, whidir wole ȝe trus? — where will ye go when He sits as
ȝe moun not hide ȝou from his reddour. — Judge?
¶ Alle oþere creaturis ben peteuose; — All other creatures were pitiful; the sun and clouds were dark,
þe sunne, þe cloudis, for his dolour,
Schewith her moornynge; but ȝe viciose,
ȝoure lauȝinge doop him dishonour.
¶ þe erþe qwakid temple & tour — the earth quaked; but you mocked.
To bere ȝou synnful, proud, & prest;
þe sunne ȝeue ȝou no liȝt þis hour, — May the sun give you no light.
For 'filius regis mortuus est.'

(12)

Now 'mortuus est' my fair lord! — My lord, my child, is dead.
Now deed is my dere child, alas!
Now y may walke in þis world — I, wretched, walk the world.
As a wrecche þat wantiþ grace!
¶ Al þis y seie to bere recorde;
Noo lengir myȝte y loke in his face; — I could no longer look in His face, and now am coming from Calvary.
þus y come fro caluerìward,
Weping & wailing þat y born was.
¶ If ony man loue me, lene me a plase — Give me a place to weep my fill,
Where y may [1]wepe my fille & reste, — [1 Page 81] and rest.'
And my sone wole graunte him sum þat he has:
Filius regis mortuus est." — The Son of the King is dead."

The Virgin's Complaint and Comfort.

Filius Regis Mortuus est. Resurrexit: Non Mortuus est.

[*Harl. MS.* 3954, *ab.* 1420 A.D.; *leaf* 90 *a.*]

[12 stanzas of 12 lines each, *abab abab bcbc.*]

(1)

as reson hathe rulyd my recles mynde,
Be a wey wandryng as I went,
A solom cite me fortunyd to fynde.
To turne þer-to was myne entent;
A louely lady, a maydyn hende,
I met here mornyng; but wath sche ment
I kowde noȝt knowyn; but fast sche pynyd,
Sche swonnyde, sche seyd, & was nere schent.
þat blissid beerde fro grownd I hent,
Wyth water I wesche here face & brest;
Her here, her skyn, sche raside & rent,
And seyd "**filius regis mortuus est.**

As I wandered I found a solemn city,
and met a lady who mourned,
sighed, and swooned.
I dashed water on her.
She cried "The King's Son is dead.

(2)

þe kynges sone," sche seyd, "is dede!
Hyest in heuene his father is;
I am his moder þorowe his manhede,
In bedlem I bare ȝour alderes blisse,
In circumsicion I saw hym blede,
þat prince present I-wys.
In a tempille, as lawe gan lede,
Tirtildovys I offerid a-bouyn al þis;
In-to egipt I fled, as m[o]der his,
And lost hym, & fond hym at a fest
þer he tornyd water in-to wyn I-wis;
And nowe: **filius regis mortuus est.**

His Father is God,
His mother I:
I bare Him in Bethlehem;
I offered turtle-doves for Him,
I took Him into Egypt,
and found Him in Cana of Galilee.

(3)

" Whan he was ded & hang on a tre, — When He was on the Cross
iiij flod*es* of p*a*radice fro hym ran;
I cried, 'dere sone, seist þu no3t me, — I cried out, full of care, to Him,
Thi karefulle mod*er* blo & wanne?'[1]
A doleful loke þan lokede he,
That p*er*cyd myn hert, bo þe blode & bon;
I criede on deth, 'why wilt þu fle? — and prayed Death to slay me,
Cu*m*, sle his mod*er*, þu mord*er* mañ!
Why slest þou my sone? cu*m*, sle me þan!
Why comst þu no3t at my request?
þou takist fro me alle þ*at* I wan, — now that my Son is dead.
Nowe **filius reg*is* mortuus est.**'

(4)

" What wond*er* is it þowe I be wo,
For he is dede þ*at* soke my pappe?
His cors-is graue I come nowe fro, — I come from His grave,
þ*at* su*m*tyme lay quyke on my lappe. — He who lay on my lap.
A-las! for sorwe I haue no mo; — Alas!
I, ka[r]fuHe mod*er*, where is myn happe? — [leaf 90, back]
Nowe ligi3t he ded, bo þe blok & blo! — He is dead.
þe so*m*ne lost his lith, þe clowd*es* gan clappe, — The sun lost its light,
The elemente*s* go*m*ne to rusche & rappe,
And smet downe chirches & templis w*ith* crak,
Dede men out of here g*r*aue gan skappe, — dead men arose, and said, 'The Son of the King is dead.'"
And seyd **filius regis mortuus est.**"

(5)

Why deyed þi sone, þou maydyn cha[s]t? — Why did He die?
þe secund p*er*sone, & þe godhede nowt,
Nore þe thirde p*er*sone, þe holigost,
þis m*er*ueli3t me meche in my thowt. — I marvel why, for wisdom was given Him.
For wysdome to þo sone was be-tawte[2]
Whan Adam to synne was browt,
iij for iij þ*at* we xulde trespace nowt;[2]

[1] MS. wanme.
[2] These lines do not rhyme with 1 and 3 of this stanza, as the others in this poem do.

He was before we were created.

But maker of redempcion was or we were wrowt.
Adam to a tre his handës cawt;
Cristis handis to a tre were fest;

He fought to fell our foes, and is dead.

To feƚe *our* fon *our* frendis fawt,
And þer **filius regis mortuus est.**

(6)

St. Paul says He died for all.

Seynt poule seythe he deyed for alle;
Why were not alle men sauyd þan?

St. Augustine says for all believers.

Sent austyn answerid in generaƚe,
He deyid for euery leuyng man.

Unbelievers will not credit this.

Hym selfë þat wille not god caƚe,
He wyƚe not leue þat he hym whan;[1]
What wonder is it, þowe he be thraƚe
That byndiȝt hym selfe, & not vn-lose can?

But for His blood that was shed I cry, 'The Son of the King is dead.'

þe blod þat fro his sydës ran
Whan aƚe þis werlde was derke, est & west,
Ther-for I syng as I be-gan,
Filius regis mortuus est.

(7)

"Go and see Him."

"Go, loke," sche seyid, "whiƚe þou mayst se,
I may no lenger taryon out of towne."

So I went to the Cross,

I toke my gate up to þe tre
þér þe blod was rennyng downe:
iij dayis I dithe me þer to be,
For pete of his passïon,
Sithen to his graue he went a-lone fro me.

and met three women,

iij women I met with precessïon,
I askyd hem whedir þat þei were bone;

who said, [leaf 91] 'The Son of the King is dead.'

Fulle sone þei toke sorowe with-outyn rest,
ȝet þei answerid with dollefuƚe sone,
And seyd, **Filius regis mortuus est.**

(8)

Then I went to His grave,

So to his graue I went ful rythe,
And pursuyd after to wetyn an ende;

[1] *for* wan.

I sawe angelis *with* gret lithe
  Of seraphynnys *order* adowne gan sende.
þe women, þei sobbid, & mornyd sore *in* sithe;
  þei seyd, " we leyd hym here *with* oure hande."
þe angelis answeryd *with* word*is* rythe,
  And seyd, " is not here þat ȝe wende;
  He is resyn, as he ȝowe kennyd,
    And in to galalye forthe is prest."
  Here chere & comfort gan a-mende,
    For **resurrexit! non mortu*us* est!**

I saw Angels, Seraphim, descend from heaven,

who told the women that Christ was risen.

He is not dead.

(9)

To telle þis tale I hied me fast,
  That **filius regis.** was resyn a-geyn;
Bé a tempiłe as I forthe past,
  I herd wepyng *with* mechë peyn;
A woman I sawe þere at þe last
  That I first met, *with*-outyn layn,
Ful doofuły on me here eyn sche cast;
  But howe sche ferd, fast I gan frayn:
" A-las," sche sayd, "I am vn-fayn
    To se my sone in þis dissesse."
  þan to þat ladi I answerid a-gayn,
    And seyd, "**filius regis non mortu*us* est.**"

I hastened to spread the tidings;

and by a temple met the Mother

I had seen before.

Sad she was,

but I told her, 'The Son of the King is not dead.

(10)

Seynt thomes seythe, & od*er* doctours an heppe,
  þat first he apperid to *our* ladi dere;
His dethe to here hert sanke most depe
  For sche was most of his chere;
So bryth, so gloriouce, þe so*n*ne increppe,
  His schynyng merke*s* here bodi bare,
He salutyd his mod*er* *with* gret worchepe,
  þat salutac*i*on I herd neu*er*e are,
" **Salue, *sancta* parens!**" I trowe it ware,—
    In latyne is wretyn fulle honest,—
" My blissid mod*er* for eu*er*-mare!
  For **recurrexit! no*n* mortu*us* est!**"

To Her, His Mother, did He first appear,

and saluted her,

saying Hail, holy parent!

I am risen, not dead.'

(11)

"Þis was gret m*er*vayle for to se,
Þe ertdly mod*er* þ*at* kyng to susteyne;
No such joy was ever before or since! Sweche ioy and solemp[ni]te,
Be-forn ne aft*er* was neu*er* seyn; 124
[leaf 91, back] The erde is glad, þe su*n*ne is fre,
The earth was glad, the sun, Þe su*n*ne is glad þ*at* it brythe xalle bene,
And neu*er* aft*er* so blac to sene.
the world, Þe werlde[1] is glad, & hath g*r*ace sene, 128
and all Christian men. AHe c*r*isten pepiH glad xal bene
Christ is King! Þ*at* c*r*ist is boþë k[i]ng and prest;
This day He rose. He is not dead! Nowe is seyd **hec dies** for ioye, I wene,
That **resurrexit! non mortu*us* est!**" 132

(12)

Why did the King of all die Syn he was lord & k[i]ng ou*er* aHe,
Had mythe & powe*r*e of good & iHe,
Whi wolde he not at oo word caHe
Þe soulis fro heuene at his owyn wiHe, 136
and be in thraldom? But *þus* to be ded & thraHe?
To þis oure gloce wylle answe*r*e tyHe:
He leet his mythe at þ*at* tyme faHe,
And wrowt wisdomys foHe sotyHe, 140
To redeem our souls from the Devil, To bie *our* soulis þ*at* were hese *with* skiHe.
who was conquered when the Son of the King died. Þe fende of mankende had gret tryste;
There lost he his cause; þ*at* lekid hym iHe,
Whan **filius regis mortuus est.** 144

Explicit Filius Regis . . .

[1] MS. welrde

Part of a Meditation of St. Augustine.

In the 1866 issue of the stereotyped edition of Mr. Craik's *Compendious History of the English Language*, v. 1, p. 193, is the following passage quoted from Sir Frederic Madden's Preface to *Havelok:* "Between the years 1244 and 1258, we know, was written the versification of part of a meditation of St. Augustine, as proved by the age of the prior who gave the MS. to the Durham Library, MS. Eccl. Dun. A. iii. 12, and Bodl. 42." On my applying to the Librarian at Durham for further information about this piece of verse, the Rev. W. Greenwell answered, "It is upon a small piece of vellum, inserted, and forms no part of the original volume. I send you a correct copy." The Rev. H. O. Coxe, Bodleian Librarian, has also kindly sent me a copy of the Bodleian version, which I print side by side with the Durham one. Mr. Coxe dates the Oxford copy at from 1300 to 1320 A.D.

MS. Eccl. Dun. A. III. 12.	*MS. Bodl.* 42, *fol.* 250.
Wyth was his halude brest	Wit was his nakede brest
and red of blod his syde	and red of blod his side
Bleye was his fair handled	Blod was his faire neb
his wund dop ant wide	his wnden depe an uide
And his arms ystreith	Starke waren his armes
hey up-hon þe rode	Hi-spred opon þe rode
On fif studes on his body	In fif steden in his bodi
þe stremes ran o blode.	Stremes hurne of blode.

(P.S.—See Sir F. Madden's print of the Oxford copy, with the original Latin, in *Warton*, v. 1, p. 24, note, ed. 1840.)

The Seven Deadly Sins,

OR "GYF ME LYSENS TO LYVE IN EASE."

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. 1. 6. fol. 56 *b*. Handwriting of the 15th century. Every *ll* has a stroke through it, and most of the final *n*'s have a stroke over them as here indicated.]

(1)

As I walked out on a May morning,

As I walkyd apoñ a day
To take the eyre of fylde & floure,
Apon a mylde mornyng of may,
when floures ben full of swete savoure,

I heard one say, "O God, how long?

I harde on say, "o god! for ay?
hough long shall I leve in my doloure?"
Apoñ hys knëys he gañ pray,

Succour me, Jesu, and comfort me now in my languor.

"Swete Ihesu, sende me sum socoure,
Maryes soñ, most of honoure,
That ryche & pore may ponyche & please,
lys me now in my longoure,
And gyf me lysens to lyve in ease.

(2)

To lyve in ease, thy lawes to kepe,

Grant that I may never creep into the cabin wherein Lucifer is locked.

Graunt me grace, lorde in blys soo bryght,
That I neu*er* in that cabañ crepe
Ther lusifer ys lokyñ w*ith*-outyñ lyght.
My myddell woundys, they beñ derne & depe,
Ther ys no plast*er* that p*er*syth aryght,
her smertyng wyll nat suffre me to slepe,

None can cure my wounds but a 'knight,'

Tyll a leche w*ith* dewte have thēm dyght.
hit most be a cnect, a crouned wyght,

who knows that sickness from beans and peas.

That knowth that quaysy from̄ ben & pese,
Or ellys theyre medsyns they haue no myght
To geve a mañ lysens to lyve in ease.

(3)

This wound norysshyth woundes sevyn;
'Superbia' ys the most prinsipall,
'pryde *per*tly' in englysshe steven,
For he ys more byt*ter* then eu*er* was gall.
I haue had ther-to lechys aleven,
and they gave me medysins all.
The souereynyst medysyn that ys vnder heven,
hyt growes nother in ground nother wall;
'vmylitas' I hard a clerke it call;
had I hit, I were at ease.
larde! sende it vnto the syke thralle,[1]
and gyff me lysens to lyve in ease.

Of the seven wounds,

Pride is the principal, and is bitterer than gall. [leaf 57]

The best remedy for it is called Humility.

Lord, send it me!

(4)

A wycked wound hath me walled,
And traveyld me from topp to too;
This wracched worlde hit may be called,
hit hath many a blayne black and bloo.
hit hurtys my soule, it makes me to halt,
In hed, in hond, in hart al-soo.
Nad I ben babtyzyd in wat*er* and salt,
This ferdly fest*er* wolde neu*er* me froo.
This leche lyssyd me, lazars, & moo,
Davith and danyell, of her dysease.
Amend my wound that doth me woo,
And gyff me lysens to lyve in ease.

Another wound, which is called this World, hath scored me,

and left me black and blue.

Had I not been baptized in water and salt, it had never left me.

(5)

'Invidia' the therd wound ys,
A wyckkyd gnawer, or venym, or gowt;
he ys a wyckyd wound, I gess,
Ther he hath power to Reyne or Rought.
The condyssion of the wound ys this,
To bren my brest *with*-in and *with*-oute.
I asked a lech what myght me lyss,
he toke me 'carytas,' and put it in a clout,

The 3rd wound (or 2nd sin)

is Envy, which burns my breast.

The remedy for it is Charity, or Love.

[1] MS. tharlle.

[leaf 57, back]

And bade me bame me well aboute,
whe̅n hit wolde other water or wese;
And sone after, *with*-outyn doute,
Than shold I have lysens to lyve in ease.

(6)

The 3rd sin is Anger, which confounds my body.

'Ira' ys a wyckyd wound;
he ravesshith me, both raw and rede;
And all my cors he woll confound,
so sore he swellyth in hart and hede;

There is no remedy that may ease that evil, but Love joined with Patience.

There ys no̅ erbe that growyth on grounde,
Nor no coresy may queth that qued,
Set 'amor cum paciencia,' in a littyll stound;
For he wyll drey ham and make ha̅ ded.

Lord, send me some 'Amor' seed.

Lord! sende me sum 'amor' sede,
In my gardyn to rote and ryse;
Or ellys, as seker as me̅ ete bred,
I shall neu*er* have lysens to lyve in ease.

(7)

The 4th sin is Avarice, which makes me swell.

'Auaryssia' ys a [balefull bane,][1]
he bladdyrth and byldeth all in my boure;
he makyth me to swell, both flesh and veyne,
And kepith me low lyke a cochoure.
I have herde of an erbe to lyss that peyne,
Me̅ seyth it bereth a doubyll floure;

The remedy is Watch-and-Pray,

'vigilate, et orate:' vse well they tweyne,
That shall help the of thy doloure,
As sekere as bred ys made of floure,

a herb which should be smelt with the nose.

Smell them̅ in sesy̅ *with* thy nese;
The swetness of that savoure
Shall geve the lysens to lyve in ease.

(8)

[leaf 58]

The 5th sin is Sloth, which requires many plasters.

'Accidia' ys a souking sore,
he traveylyth me from̅ day to day,
And eu*er* he wyll have more and more
Plast*er*s than̅ he purvey may.

[1] MS. "a souking sore," copied from l. 85.

I axst a mayst*er* of fysyke lore,
what wold hym̄ drye and dryve away?
'*Elymosina*' ys an erbe ther-fore, — The remedy is a herb called
Oon of the best that euer I say; — Almsgiving,
Noynt hem̄ ther-wyth ay whem̄ thow may, — with which you should anoint
Thingk that Requiem shall in the rent & sese, — the wounds.
And sone aft*er*, w*ith*-in a nyght & a day,
Thou shalt haue lysens to lyve in ease.

(9)

'Gula' ys a grevous gall; — The 6th is Gluttony, which makes me strain my stomach.
he bereueth my rest all in my bed;
So sore I streyne my stomake w*ith*-all,
wyth many festys when I am full fed;
I walow as worme doth in wall,
I may nat trest tyll a schamely sched.
Mercy! lorde! to the I call,
For vs thou lettest thy brest be bled.
A leche hath layd hys hed to wed — A leech hath pledged himself to find a remedy
To make a plast*er* that wolde me please,
Off abstinaunce; and I it had, — it is called Abstinence.
Then sholde I haue lysens to lyve in ease.

(10)

'Luxiria' ys a lyther mormale; — The 7th is Luxury (Lechery), that imperils body and soul.
Mercy! lorde! full of pite;
Thou bringest my body in bitt*er* bale,
And fraill my sowle w*ith* thy frailte.
Sumtyme a surioune tolde me a tale; — [leaf 58, back]
This was the lessyñ that he lerned me;
The rote of an erbe I sholde vp hale, — The remedy is a root called
Men call it 'chastite';[1] — Chastity.
and pounde it w*ith* penytencie;
Whem̄ the ryb wode wyll on the rese,
Drayne it and dringke it w*ith* confescionè,
Then shalt thow haue lysens to lyve in ease.

[1] This line and the next are written as one; cf. l. 128.

(11)

Other good herbs are these three:

ether Erbys ther beñ alsoo,
That suffer the sores they may nat swell;

Confession-with-the-mouth,

'Orys confescio' ys on of thoo,
he wyll nat suffre no ded flessche for to dwell;

Contrition-of-heart, and

'Cordys contrycio' ys the too,
A wasshyth the woundes as doth a well;

Satisfaction-by works."

'Operys satisfaccio' the souereyne sauetyff,[1]
For seth as I yow tell."

God give us all licence to live in ease!

God, that made both hevyn and hell,
geve vs grace to serue and please,
In that worthy blys that we may dwell,
And gyff vs all lysens to lyve in ease!

Explicit in veritate
Da michi *quod* merui } Quod Iewestoñ.

[1] Or 'sanctyff,' sanative.

SHORT RELIGIOUS POEMS

FROM MS. HARL. 7322

(FIRST TREATISE, OF THE END OF THE 14TH CENTURY, WHICH HAS ENGLISH VERSES MIXED IN THE LATIN PROSE).

[The full stops are mostly those of the MS.]

Christ on the Cross.

[leaf 7]

Ho þat siþ him one þe Rode.
iesus his lemmon.
And his moder bi him stonde
Sorë wepinde, and seynt iohan.
And his syden istongë sore.
For þe loue of þe, man.
Wel shulde he his sunne forsake.
Wetë terës and eke leten.
þat of loue can.

Whoever sees Christ on the Cross should forsake his sins.

All is Lost on Death.

[See p. 253.]

Memento nouissima tua, quia hec sunt signa mortis, videlicet:—

[leaf 7, back]

Whanne þe ffet coldetȝ.
and þe tunge ffoldetȝ.
And þe shyne sharpetȝ.
And þe þrote Roteletȝ.
And þe hew ffalewetȝ.
And þe Eyȝen dasewetȝ

When the throat rattles and the eyes dazzle,

And him atroketȝ his bretȝ.
and the soul goes, And þe soule a-wey getȝ.
And on flore me him strecchetȝ.
little is thought of him who was so proud. And litel of him þanne me recchetȝ
And he þas er so proud.
Ne shal he haue bote a cloud.
And of þat erer was his
Then he has nothing. Nou shal he hauen mys.
Et nichil de mundo portabit.

All too Late.

[See p. 253.]

[leaf 169, back] Wonne þin eren dinet : and þi nese scharpet.
And þin hew dunnet : and þi sennewess starket.
When thine eyes sink And þin eyen synket : and þi tunge foldet.
And þin honde stinket : and þin fet coldetȝ.
and thy lips turn black and thy throat rattles, And þin lippes blaket : and þin teth ratilet.
And þin hond quaket : and þi þrote rutheletȝ.
then is it too late; the wain is at the gate. —Al to late. al to late. þen is to wayn atte yate.
For may þor no man þenne : penaunce make.

Three Certainties of the Day of Death.

[leaf 8] Hit beoþ þreo tymes on þo day
þat soþe to witen me mai :
1. I shall hence, þat on ys, þat i shal henne;
2. I know not when, þat oþer, þat y not whenne;
þat þridde is my moste care,
3. or whither. þat y not whider i shal fare.

Marriage.

¶ Nupcie moriar, quia nubere dulce est.
For hit is mury to beon a wife.
Anglice sic :
ich wolle leose my life.

Sins of our Time.

[*Written as prose.*]

¶ ȝissinge and glosinge and felsship beon riue. [leaf 64]
luþer lustes ouer floten. with fals gile and strife Our Covetousness, Backbiting, and
hardnesse and bakbiting wiþ scornes out bersten;
Bote almus dede and trouþe, wiþ semli plei þei resten.
vnkundenesse, vnkunninge, vnclannesse, beon arerd Uncleanness
so þat harmes þei boden, as ich am aferd. bode harm.

Some go up, and some go down, in this World.

[*Printed in Rel. Ant.*, v. 1, p. 64.]

"Kinge i sitte, and loke aboute, [leaf 79]
to morwen y mai beon wiþoute."
"Wo is me, a kinge ich was; I was once a king.
þis world, ich louede bote þat, ilas!
Nouth longe gon i was ful riche;
Now is riche and poure iliche." Now poor and rich are one.
"Ich shal beo kinge, þat men shulle seo,
When þou, wrecchë, ded shalt beo." [leaf 79, back]

Four Proverbs.

[*See Wright's Political Songs* (*Camden Soc.*, 1839), p. 386-7.]

¶ primus dixit { Mitħȝ / litħȝ / Fitħȝ } is { Riţħȝ; / nitħȝ; / flitħȝ. } [leaf 91, back] Might is Right.

¶ secundus dixit { On / frend / wil } is { two; / foo; / wo. } Friend is Foe.

¶ tercius dixit { lust hath leue; / ȝistʳ is Reue; / prude hath sleue. } Lust is rife.

¶ quartus dixit { wil / wit / God } is { Red / qued / ded }

---

nota de mirabilibus mundi.

[leaf 103] Among the Wonders of the World is a Bird that makes one eastern and one western hole in its nest, to see the sun rise and set. This typifies the Christian who makes two doors in his heart, at the eastern of which are found three horrible welcomers—

Narrat solinus de mirabilibus mundi de quadam aue, que in nido suo facit duo foramina, vnum versus orientem, et aliud versus occidentem, vt per primum cicius videat solem de mane, & per 2^m^ diucius de sero. Et per primum exit de mane, & per secundum intrat sero. Spiritualiter auis iste est quilibet fidelis qui sibi facit duo foramina in nido, 1. in corde suo, & in prima porta orientali, per quam ingreditur mundum, inuenient tres 'welcomeres' horribiles, videlicet.

1. Nakedness, 2. Crying, 3. Weakness,

Welcomers { nuditas / Fletus / debilitas } Anglice { nakednesse / Reminge / feblesse }

Vel aliter sic quilibet intrat per portas, scilicet,

crying A!

nasty / sory / vnmiʒty { Et certe clamat .A. quod est primum nominis Ade; in qua

When each of us is born we cry

litera sunt Anguli ad designandum tria incomoda, que quilibet nostrum incurrit quando noscitur; vnde quilibet nostrum quando flet & clamat, .A. quasi dolens, diceret in Anglico sic, videlicet,

A! as if saying,

[leaf 103, back] I am born in woe!

Wiþ wo & drede i am born;
Al for adam y am lorn;
To wo and sorwe brouʒt y am,
Þat haþ mad þi sinne, Adam.

Trouble and travail shall be my life!

Teone and trauail shal beo my lif.
ʒeruþe, Adam, haue þe stiþ.

Vt pro isto dici potest istud psalmi: "In peccatis concepit me mater mea." iob., etc.

Signs of Death.

[*Printed in Rel. Ant.*, v. 1, p. 64-5. *See* p. 249-50 *of this Text.*]

[leaf 121]

Alle his frendes he shal beo loþ, — All his friends
And helud shal ben wiþ a cloþ, — shall loathe him.
Hyse eres shullen dewen,
& his eyen shullen dymmen,
& his nese shal sharpen,
& his skyn shal starken,
& his hew shal falewen, — His colour shall fade,
& his tonge shal stameren, oþer famelen,
& his lippes shulle bliken,
& his hondes shulle quaken,
& his teþ shulle Ratelen, — his teeth shall rattle;
& his þrote shal Rotelen,
& his feet shullen streken,
& his herte shal breken; — his heart break,
& of al þis wordles b[l]isse,
ne woldy ȝeue a pese iwis.
Þou þat art so proud, — and the proud man have but a clout.
Ne shalt þou haue bote a clout.

The Covetous Man.

[leaf 121, back]

On hit is, and ne haueþ noþer
sone, ne suster, ne nouþer broþer; — He has no kin.
Ne he nere blynneþ of travaillinge,
he nis no child of god halewinge, — He is no child of God's blessing.
for one him self he ne þenkeþ,
for wham he wakeþ and harde swinkeþ,
he wakkeþ boþe dai and niȝt,
& leteþ his soule ben vuel diȝt.

Death.

[leaf 124, back]

Death is

Est enim mors { mendacissima / Occultissima / repacissima / seuerissima

þo dedtur so is fals and falende,
Stille and eke stalkinge,
Gredy and Crepynge,
steorne and eke stellende

false, still, greedy, and stern.

Christ announces his Coming.

[leaf 133, back]

Christ comes to lead us:

"Nou ȝe alle beo glad and bliþe,
For i come to leden ou swiþe."
In quibus verbis quatuor proponam questiones.
quatuor questiones sunt:
"Ho art þou þat comest so litel and so mithful?
Ho art þou þat comest so dredful And so Rithful?
Ho art þou þat comest so ȝonge And so connynge?
Ho art þou þat comest so pore And al weldynge?"
¶ Ad primam reponem, & ad omnes alias:—

a Knight to fight for us,

"ich am a knyth for ou to fithten;
ich am a pledour ou lede to Rithte;

a Master to teach us.

ich am a maister to teche þe lawe;
ich am an emperour, a god felawe."

Learn Love from Christ's Sufferings.

[leaf 134]

See the knotted Scourge that beat my back;

Biholt, þou man wiþ Routhful herte,
þe sharpë scourge wiþ knottës smerte!
Mi blodi bak wiþ hit his beten:
Leornë, mon, þi lust to leten;

the Spear that stung my heart,

For, wiþ þis sper þat is so gril,
Min herte was stoungen, so was my uel,

for love of thee.

For loue of þe þat was so dere;
Wel auȝtest þou of loue to lere.

Love Christ who Loves Thee.

Leorne to loue, as ich loue þe; [leaf 135, back]
On alle my lymës þou mith seo Love me, man, as I love thee,
Hou sore ich quake for colde;
For þe ich soffre muche colde & wo; for whom I suffer.
Loue me wel, and nomo;
To þe i take and holde.

Et Re*gi*na mat*er* sua nichil habuit vn*de* posset eum induere; *ide*o dixit sibi:—

(The Virgin's Song to her Baby Christ.)

(1)

Iesu, swetë sonë dere! [leaf 135, back]
On porful bed, list þou here, Son, I weep that Thy bed is poor,
And þat me greueþ sore;
For þi cradel is ase a bere,
Oxe and assë beþ þi fere; Thy fellows, ox and ass.
Weope ich mai þar-fore.

(2)

Iesu, swete, beo noth wroþ
þou ich nabbë clout ne cloþ I have no cloths
þe on for to folde,
þe on to foldë ne to wrappe; to wrap Thee in.
For ich nabbë clout ne lappe;
Bote ley þou þi fet to my pappe, Put Thy feet on my breast.
And wite þe from þe colde.

The Vanity of this Life.

þe lif of þis world [leaf 136, back]
Ys Reuled wiþ wynd. This world's life is governd by the wind.
Wepinge, derknesse,[1] a[n]d steriynge;
Wiþ wind we blowen,
Wiþ wind we lassun.

[1] 'derknesse' probably for 'drednesse.' The Latin has Flatum, Fletum, Motum, Motum.

We are born weeping: we die so.

Wiþ weopinge we comen,
Wiþ weopinge we passun.
Wiþ steriinge we byginnen,
Wiþ steriinge we enden;

We live and die in fear.

Wiþ drede we dwellen,
Wiþ drede we wenden.

Man made God's Brother.

[leaf 138, back] Christ has robd Hell.

Þis timë man haþ ouercome
Þe fend, and Robbed helle;
Lokë þat, on his seruise,
Lenge þat þou ne dwelle;

He has made man ruler of all things,

Þis time man is mad kniȝth
And shuppare ouer alle þinge;
Loke, on non erliche þinge
Þou settë þyn endinge;

God's own brother.

For now is erlich man bicome
Godës owene broþer;
Loke, man, on nonë wyse
Þou chaunge for non oþer.

In Weal think of Woe.

[leaf 139, back]

In die bonor*um* non inmemor sis malor*um*.
yn time of wele þenke on þi wo.
for þe wele of þis world wole sone go.

Four Evils.

[leaf 140, back]

. . & facit quatuor mala v*bi* regnant *secundum* quod *componitur* ex quatuor liter*is*. P. R. E. D. Vn*de* Angl*ice*:

Anglice
Hey Priuetȝ gritliche;
Hey Robbetȝ holliche:
Hey Endetȝ shameliche:
Hey Drawеþ dredfulliche.

Humility.

A tokne of godes louiinge, [leaf 141, back]
A sheld of mithful wynninge,
A Celer of siker kepinge,
A keye of Redi vndoinge. 4

Ebe, Mary, and Paradise.

Þe ȝates of Parais [leaf 143]
Þoruth eue weren iloken;
and þoruth oure swete ladi,
Aȝein hui beoþ nouþe open. 4

Ideo ista humilitas dici potest 'clauis Dauid,' de quo habet*ur* Apoc*alypsi* 3, que claudit, & nemo ap*er*it.

Enby.

De isto malo dicit Angustinus, q*uo*d est aliene felicitatis t*r*isticia, et adu*er*sitatis leticia: ista est mala condic*i*o, & su*m*me cauenda p*ro*pter quatuor: videl*icet*: [leaf 143, back]

q*uia* hit { Roteþ and brenneþ, / Hit freteþ and twynneþ. }

& *ideo* est sicut anglice dicit*ur*, videlicet:

Ase { Þe worm on þe treo, / and þe hul on þe see, / and roust on þe knif*e*, / and ase deþ to þe life. }

The Evils of this Time.

Set heu . . . raro inuenitur amor siue caritas! ideo dolorose potest dici modo istud Anglice: [leaf 145]

Loue is out of lond iwent;
Defaute of loue þis lond haþ shent. 4 [leaf 145, back]
Reuthþe and treuthþe and charite
Beþ out of lond, alle þreo:

Prude, enuye, and lecherie,
Couetise, and tricherie, 8
Habbeþ þis lond one here baillye.

Cupidity.

[leaf 145, back]

hit falseþ
hit reymeþ
hit falleþ
hit shendeþ
} Cupiditas.

A Triad.

[leaf 150]

Frendsshiꝑ
serte
wonynge
} þat is { worsshipful / blisful / ioyeful

Inscriptions. (*See page* 260–1.)

[leaf 153]

Þi wyckede dedis þe broutte to care. bot is þe forȝoin,[1] þou sinne no mare.

Þe wickede dedis þe made syke sore. bot al i for-ȝiue þe, & sinne no more.

Alius rex sⁱ dedit coronam auream memoratiuam in qua sic sculpebatur:

Þeng wat þou art, & wat þou was, & þat al þi worssepe of me has.

Þou þeng wel on þese þinges þre; wat tou art, & wat tou were, & al þe worsse[þe has of me.]

Propugnator dedit anulum in quo sic scribebatur per girum.

Sicut te dilexi disce me diligere / nam in toto corpore poteris illud cernere.

Lere to loue as Ic loue þe; on al my lemes þou mait it se. [*Repeated, p.* 262.]

For þe I suffrede mikel wo. þou loue [me] treuli ant no mo

[1] forȝouin, p. 264, near the foot.

Anulum in quo sic insertum erat:

Noble þou art þat were a-file. be war be onis
þat nout þe gile. [*See p.* 261.]

Mediator dedit ei tercium anulum in quo sic scribebatur:

Wou michel, ant wat, & werfore. wat I haue
þoled for loue of þe.

Germanus proprius sibi dedit quartum anulum in quo sic erat scriptum:

I am þi broþer, be nout in wer; be nout agast
to come me ner;
I am þi broþer, be nout agast; be hende, &
trewe, & stedëfast.

A sponso proprio dabatur sibi sigillum vnum per quod hereditas sibi assecurabatur in quo sic:

Here I take þe to my liue; tac þou non oþer to
terme of liue.
Here I take þe to my spouse; & ȝiue þe boþë
land & house.

The Signs of Faithful Love.

Nam quatuor sunt signa fidelis Amoris, que ostendit [leaf 144, back]
Christus, in quibus nobis exemplum reliquit, videlicet,

On word [and] ȝiuinge,
On werke and soffringe.

Christ Comes.

Wat is he þis þat comet so brith [leaf 153, back]
Wit blodi cloþes al be-dith?
respondentes superiores dixerunt:
"He is boþe god and man:
swilc ne sawe neuere nan.
for adamis sinne he suffrede ded.
& þerfore is his robe so red."

Lobe.

[leaf 145] Bene debent ista exempla nos mouere ad opera caritatis, & eciam valor ipsius amoris qui habet condiciones secundum quod ibi sunt quatuor litere, scilicet, L. O. V. E.

Hit is Lawe þat saillep noth̄,
Hit is Ouer al þat mai beo wrouȝth̄,
Hit Werkeþ wonderliche,
And Ernes ȝeueþ sikerliche. 4

Poberty.

[leaf 147, back] Nota. non habuit ubi capud potuit reclinare, Moriendo ubi capud potuit tegere. Inde, bene potuit dicere 'pauper sum ego.' Istud exemplum debemus sequi propter quatuor que faciunt in possessore:

hit resteþ, hit richeþ } and { hit quemeþ, hit demeþ

Lechery.

[leaf 148] Luxuria facit hec { hit wasteþ, hit Fileþ., hit wrappeþ, hit bigileþ. } primo

Chastity.

[leaf 149] Castitas est {
A tresour of gret Richesse.
A vertue of douhtynesse,
And is a worsshipful Cloþinge
And an help of gret wynn[i]nge.

Inscriptions, p. 258–9, repeated.

(y *and* þ *are the same.*)

[leaf 152] Þi wyckede dedis þe broute to care; bot is þe for-ȝoui; þou sinne no mare.

þe wickede dedis þe made syke sore; bot al i for-ʒiue
þe; & sinne no more
þeng wat þou art & wat þou was; & þat al þi worssepe
of me [þou] has.
þou þeng wel on þese þinges · yie, wat tou art, & wat
tou were, & al þe woisse. 4
Lere to loue as Ic loue þe: on al my lemes þou mait
it se;
For þe I suffrede mikel wo; þou loue [me] trueli, ant
no mo.
Noble þou art, þat were afile; be war be onis þat none
þe gile,
Wou michel, at wat, & werfore, wat I haue þoled for
loue of þe. 8
I am þi broþer, be nout in wer; be nout agast to come
me nere;
I am þi broþer, be nout agast; be hende & trewe, &
stedëfast.
Here I take þe to my liue, tac þou non oþer to terme
of liue;
Here I take þe to my spouse, & ʒiue þe boþë land
& house. 12

The Sinners' Lament.

al þe ioʒe of oure herte nou is went a-weȳ: [leaf 153, back]
for into serwe & into wo, tornid is al oure pley.
þe croune of oure heued is felle to gronde:
þat euere we sennede, weylawey þe stonde! 4

Christ's Woe.

ʒe þat be þis wey pace, [leaf 154]
abidid & behaldit my face;
& loket wer ani wo or pine
may be licnit nou to mine! 4

A Lover's Complaint.

Loue, þou art of mikel mit;
Mi day þou tornis into nit,
& dos me sikë sore;
and al for on so swete a wit
þat onis þorw loue me trouþë plit,
to ben myn euere more.

Christ's Call to Love.

Lere to loue as .i. loue þe,
for on al mi lemes þou mait it se. [*See* p. 258.]

True Love.

[leaf 155, back] þey loue be stro[n]g & mikel of mith,
for wele, for wo, trewloue mat lith.

treuloue is largë, fre & hende,
& loue ȝif alleþing bleþeli to his frende.

in wele & wo, loue sto[n]dit faste,
for lif, for det, trewloue wil laste.

fer & frey loue hat on heu,
for trewloue is fress & euere neu.

Four Inscriptions.

(1) fir & watir, wind & lond.
i desire bo haue vnder myn hond vel bond.

(2) bede faste, for i come sone.
yif þou serwe onli for me,
sikerly þou tit þi bone.

(3) wil ȝe biddin, redi i am;
ȝif ȝe leuin, i go you fram.

[leaf 156] (4) smertlike i helpe, & noman forsake;
bleþeli i fitte, þe maistri forto take.

Trust not the World.

worldis blissë, strif hat wrout, [leaf 157]
for it is wit *ser*we to endë brout.

worldes catel [1]passet sone. [[1] leaf 157, back]
þat wacset & wansit rit as te mone.
*tri*st nout to þ[*i*]s wonder world þat lastit bot a wile;
for it is not bot wiles of wo a hasardour þat wil þe gile.

Purity.

He is wel siker þat hat cle*n*nesse;
for al þat o*þer* renena*n*t[2] is not bot wrechedenesse.

Mortality.

allas! *in* gret sinne, alle beȝete we were: [leaf 158]
stronge pines þoleden þe mode*r*is þat vs bere.
here we liue bisiliche wit strong *ser*we & care:
deȝe we ssulin siker*l*iche; bot god wot wanne & were.

Pride.

in alle mane*r* þrifte,[3] y passe allë þi*n*gge;
ȝif oni þi*n*g be lic me, to det i ssal him bringe.

Mercy.

ȝif sinne nere, *mer*ci ne*r*e non;
wan Merci is cald, he comet anon.

þer merci is rediest wer sinne is mest.
þer merci is lattest were sinne is lest.
Merci abidet & loket aldai,
wan mon fro sinne wil torne away.

[2] remena*n*t? [3] *vr* þristè

Christ, Man's Help.

god help hastou, man & prest;
þe moder here sone sewet here brest;
þe sone his fadir ssewet his side,
hise wondir wondis depe & wide;
þanne mai þer be no maner werning,
þer of so gret loue is so gret tocning.

The King's Letters to his Son.

Fulgencius in gestis romanorum: quidam rex duos habuit filios, quorum senior cum patre in pallacio fuit; Iunior vero in castro pernoctauit periculoso. cui pater litteras 5. transcripsit. prima erat ista, sic:

sinne & folye[1] only for-sake;
to clennesse of lif, for mi loue tac.

2ª fuit ista, sic:

loue god boþe wit herte & þout.
for to his licnesse þou art wrout.

3ª erat ista, sic:

[leaf 158, bac.] wit-outin louë þou art lorn;
wose hat nout loue, were bettre on-born.

4ta erat ista sic:

of al þi wele i bidde non oþer,
bot loue me wel, as dot þi broþer.

vel sic:

of al þi richesse i bidde no more,
bot loue me wel for euere more.

5ta erat ista.

Come nou, my swete chilt, wan þou come wilt,
for redi is þin heritage, & forzouin is þi gilt.

The Ills of our Time.

Charite, chaste, pite, arn waxin al colde;
[leaf 162] Couetise, Lust, & maistrie, arn be-comin al bolde;
Consel, god acord, & wedloc ben nou noþing of tolde.

[1] MS. may be 'fulþe.'

Stronge, trewe, & corteis, kepte þe land;
Bot now feynte, false, folis, it han vndir hand;
þeues, liers & fowlwimmen boldëli ferth stand. 6

Vnder dercnesse, darket lit of stedefastnesse. [leaf 162, back]
vnder sleuþe, darkit þe loue of holinesse.
For faute of rit domusman, þe lauwe slepit of
ritwisnesse. 9

wif, wille, and richesse, han þe maistrie ta[ke];
vertu, godede, & almisdede, arn al for-sake; 11
Oker, lieyng, & wantonesse, mickel serwe make.

Look to the End.

þis is a wondir merie pley, & longe ssal laste:
bot, for þi sete is perilous, war þe ate laste.

A Lover's Saying.

me þing Rit þou art so loueli, so fair, & so swete,
þat sikerli it were mi det, þi companie to lete.

Ware the Wheel!

þis wondir wel vndir þis trone,
it changit ofte as dot þe mone;
al þat euere come þer-on,
it fondit forto gile: 4
& bot þey [1]be war be-forn, [[1] leaf 163]
it ȝelt hem euele her wile.

The Lion.

þe lion is wondirliche strong,
& ful of wiles of wo;
& weþer he pleye
oþer take his preȝe,
he can not do bot slo. 5

Ware Bear's Play!

war þe from þe bere plei auantir / last he bitè;
for selde he stintit of his pley, bot yif he bite or smite.

The Dragon.

I wile ȝou alle swelewe wit-outin oni both:
dot[1] some wile y saue, & some wile y noth.

Fortune's Wheel.

þou most fort, wit wele or wo,
be þou lef, oþer be[2] þou lot,
forto gon vp on þis wel
þat euеremore aboutè got.

ȝif þou be cointë, þou ssalt liue:
& ellis dedis dint i ssal þe ȝiue.
vel sic
ȝif þou go cointeli on þis wel,
þou ssalt liue euеremore:
bot ȝif þou falle, & go amis,
wit dulful det i wonde þe sore.

Foolish Love.

I am a fol, i can no god:
ho þat me louit, hi halde him wod;

[leaf 163, back]

.I. brennë hote, I smitë sore,
ho þat me louit ssal þe no more.

dredful det out of me sprong,
fo[r] i am welle of wo:
I slou a wis king, fair & strong;
& ȝit .i. ssal sle mo.

[1] bot?

[2] MS. bo

The Ten Stages of Man's Life.

Vita hominis decurrit in { 10. horis. / 10 dictis / 10 radiis } In { ten times of þe day / ten stappes of oure way / ten spokes þat tornen ay }

1 waich & wreschede þou art in sith;
of alle maner beste, lest is ti mith.

2 Al þis world þe tornit to play;
þe more þou playst, þe more þou may.

3 Richesse makes man beholden aboute;
for to þe riche, men bowe & louthe.

4 Nou hastou fondin þat tou hast sout:
be wel war; it lastit nout.

5 strong þou was, nou failit þi mith;
þou waxist heui, þat was wel lit.

6 Al mi lif ic sorwe & care,
for det comit sone, þat noman wil spare.

7 Lore þou hast, bope tonge & minde:
as tou hast liuid, þou ssalt sone finde.

8 al þis wo[r]ld þou ssal forsake,
for det is comun, þat wil þe take.

9 man & wimman han on ende;
for, esye he comun al; esye ho[1] ssuln wende.

10 Of þi lif nou litel lete, [1 *or* he]
for þou art tornid to wormis mete.

Four Inducements to Repentance. [leaf 166, back]

[Q]Vatuor monent ad penitentiam. videlicet:

benignitas diuina,	anglice	Godes here, [leaf 167]
Christi doctrina,		Cristes lere,
horrendum dei iudicium. in impenitentibus inferendum,		Godes grisliche dom,
& premium eternum, vere penitentibus repromissum.		And the blisse þat ner mis don.

God's Goodness.

expectat pacien*ter*,		he abit þolemodliche,
p*ar*cit faciliter,		he fur-geft litliche,
suscip*it* libe*ral*it*er*,	anglice	he vnd*er*-fenget f*r*eliche,
& obliuiscit*ur* tot*ali*-ter.		and he fur-þet holliche.

[leaf 168, back] *Written at the foot of the page in pale ink.*

Hou þi fairnisse is bi-spit,
Hou þi swetnisse is i-betin and ipit,
Hou þi lotleschipe to scharp detȝ is of set.

Against Temptation.

[leaf 172] of vr vife wittes, a wel witiynge;
of þing þat vs egget, a vast vleynge;
and of þe laste ende, a bisi biþenkynge.

Alas, that we ever Sinned!

[leaf 172, back]

Strong it hus to flitte
Fro worldes blisse to pitte; } 1
Strengore is to misse
Heuene-richë blisse; } 2
Strengest is to wende
To pine wit-outen ende. } 3
þe blisse of oure herte, al it is ago;
Al vre welë torned is to wo;
þe croune of vre heued
Fallen is to grounde:
þat we euer syngeden,
Weylawey þe stounde!

Job said:

[leaf 181] þat ylke day be out of Muinde
þat y was bron to[1] Monnes kuynde!

[1] *do* alterd to *to*.

The Saved says:

For foulë lustës .I. witsted,
In blisse .I. werë [1]ȝys garlond.

The Lost says:

Alas! worldes yissyng Me haueth sceheñt, [leaf 182]
[1]ȝat euere My soule *in* helle beth brent.

The Saved says:

In heuene blisse .I. am in hele,
For I forsok [1]ȝys worldes wele.

The Lost says:

Alas! helle me hath in[2] holt in muyde; [leaf 183]
[1]ȝe deuel *in* pine for worldes *pride*. [2 *or* an. ? MS.]

The Reward of the Meek.

For þou were Meke, an laftuste pruyde, [leaf 183, back]
Wite blisse in heuene I schal þe scruyde.

Matthew's Feast.

Matheu hat mad a grete gesteny[n]g
te Ihesu at home *in* his whonyy[n]g.

The Virtues serve us.

Inuitant *igitur* fides, pietas & beneuolencia;	vs preyen, bileue, god wille, & pite;	[leaf 184]
Recipiunt spes, *humilitas* & *con*tinencia;	vs kepen, god hope, Mekenes & kastite;	
Recumbunt pauperes caritate & paciencia;	vus sit by, pouert, wisdom, & god leuy[n]g;	
Ministrant sanctitas, zelus & modestia.	vus seruen clannesse, rych & feyr bery[n]g.	

[a] This scribe uses ȝ for þ; and þ for ȝ in "fur-þet," forgets, 268/4.

Lord, come to my Feast.

Lord .I. bidde beȝe day & nyth,
cum to my feste [1]ȝat .I. haue dyth.

[leaf 181, back] ȝif hit *que*me Mi lord ȝe ky[n]g, ȝy[n]g[2] ȝat I *him* preye.
I bidde he come to My gesteni[n]g, wit *vus* to gome*n* & pleye.

ȝif *in* þi sith i *grace* haue fonde,
ȝif me Mi wille at [1]ȝis stonde.

Hindrances of the Debil.

[leaf 186] *promissio* fallax. } *anglice* { A fals by-hety[n]g.
promocio mendax. } { A lyeres auansyng.
prolacio Mordax. } { A bitynde fondi[n]g.

[1] This scribe uses ȝ for þ. [2] thing

An A B C Poem on the Passion of Christ.

[Harl. MS. 3954, leaf 87. The A B C, etc., are not rubricated in the MS., but are made black here to catch the eye. The initial þ and y are the same.]

(1)

IN place as man may se,
Quan a chyld to scole xal set be,
A bok hym is browt,
Naylyd on a brede of tre,
þat men callyt an abece,
Pratylych I-wrout.

When a child is put to school, a book calld an A B C is given him, naild on a slab of wood,

(2)

Wrout is on þe bok with-oute,
.V. paraffys grete & stoute
Bolyd in rose red;
þat is set with-outyn doute,
[*No gap in the MS.*]
In tokenyng of cristis ded.

and rubricated on the outside with five paraffes,

in token of Christ's death.

(3)

Red letter in parchemyn
Makyth a chyld good & fyn
Lettrys to loke & se.
Be þis bok men may dyuyne
þat cristis body was ful of pyne
þat deyid on rodë tre.

(Red letters tempt a child to look at them.)

By this book we may understand that Christ

(4)

On tre he was don ful blythe
With grete paraffys, þat be wondis .v.
As ȝe mou vnder-stonde.
Loke in hys body, mayde & wyfe,
Qwon hee gun naylys dryue
In fot & in honde.

was put on the Cross with Five Wounds,

when nails were driven through His feet and hands,

(5)

Hond & fout þer was ful woo,
And þer were lettrys many moo
With-in & *with*-oute,
With rede wond*is* & strok*is* blo
He was dryue fro top to þe too,
Hys fayre body aboute.

and He was covered with wounds and stripes from top to toe.

(6)

About þis, a pece I wyl spede,
þat I myth þis lettrys rede
With-out*yn* ony dystaun*ce*;
But god þ*at* let hys body sprede
Vp-on þe rode for manys nede,
In heuene vs alle avaun*ce*!

I will tell you about this,

and may God bring us to heaven!

(7)

God *with* spere was wondyd for vs;
Fals iudas, to m*en*dy*n* hys purs,
To ded hath hym̄ sold:
On goodfryday, clerkys seyn þ*us*,
"Mortuus est, ded is Ih*esus*,
In ston is ded & cold."

Christ was sold to death by Judas to fill his purse.

On Good Friday clerks say, 'Jesus is dead.'

(8)

[leaf 87, col. 2]

A madful mone may m*en* make
Q*uan* þ*at* suete Ih*esu* was take!
Lystyn a lytyl pas:
þe iewys wrouty*n* hy*m* wo & wrake;[1] [1 MS. warke]
Hee ledyn hy*m* forth a gret shake
Aforn busshop Cayfas.

The Jews took Him before Bishop Caiaphas:

(9)

Bondy*n* he was for *our* bounte,
And suffryd strok*is* gret plente
Be-forn cayfas þ*at* nyth.
On þe morn, I tel þe,
Eft was he bety*n* at þe tre
Be-forn pylat*is* syth;

bound Him,

and beat Him before Pilate.

(10)

Cananis hym crodyn to heroudis kyng, Cananites mocked Him
Per had he gret scornyng, before Herod,
Pei bodyn hym turne pe gate.
Hee leddyn pat maydynus sone 3yng and led Him for judgment
For to takyn hys damnyng to Justice Pilate.
Be-forn iustice pylate.

(11)

Dempt he was on a stounde, Doomed He was, and beaten,
Sethen betyn with many wonde.
He tokyn a clout, as it is founde, wrapped in a clout,
And wondyn hus body per-inne.
With dry blod quan was he bounde,
Tho iewys, egre as ony hounde, thrown on the ground,
Threwyn hus body to pe grounde, and His skin rent.
And rentyn of cloth & scynne:

(12)

Euene in hus eyne greye Even in His grey eyes they spat,
Hee spyttyd on hym, pe sope to seye:
He lokyd on hem ful mylde. and He looked tenderly on them.
Mary hys moder went pe weye
To caluery per he xuld deye, Mary went to Calvary.
And waytyd per here chylde.

(13)

For feyntyce fel pat fayre fode, For faintness Christ fell,
Nakyd he bar pat hard rode carrying His cross;
To-ward caluery,
Al be-ronne with red blod; streaming with blood,
Among pe iewys wylde & wod,
He suonnyd eekerly. He swooned.

(14)

God! with iewys gret was pi pyne, God, great was Thy suffering!
Naylyd on rode, soth for to seyne.
Hee leydyn pe on pe gronnde Laid on the ground,

[leaf 87, back]

And ryuyn þi body holy & dygne,—
On þe he madyn a gret sygne,—
Hee naylyd þe fot & honnde; 86

(15)

Harde þei bondyn þat heuy rode;
þer-on hys body heng al on blode,
As beryt wytnesse sen Ion. 89
þe wyckyd iewys, wyld & wode,
Hard þei dryuyn þat heuy rode
In-to a morteys of ston. 92

(16)

Ihesu, with iewys gret was þi pyne!
Hand & fot, for soþe to seyne,
Al to-toryn in þat tyde, 95
Al to-broste synwe & veyne,
As beryt wytnesse Maudeleyne;
She sau þe wondis wyde. 98

(17)

Kyng crist was klad in poure wede:
Al þe syn of manys dede
He hath bout wol dere; 101
To byȝyn vs heuene, þat mery mede,
Al hys blod he gan blede,
And sythyn water clere. 104

(18)

Loue made crist fro heuene to comyn,
Loue made hym with man to wonyn,—
As clerkys in bokys rede,— 107
Loue made hus hert to bledyn,
With hus blod oure soulys to fedyn,
To bryngyn vs to oure mede. 110

(19)

Man, for þi mekel mercy,
Maydymnus sone Mary,
On godfryday þus deyide! 113

nailed through foot and hand.

Hard they bound the Cross, and hung Him, bloody, on it,

driven into a mortice of stone.

Jesus, great was Thy suffering! Hand and foot torn,

sinew and vein burst! Magdalene saw the wounds.

King Christ paid for our sins full dear.

To buy us heaven He shed blood and water.

Love made Him dwell with man,

and made His heart bleed to feed our souls and bring us to bliss.

Man, to get thee mercy, Maid Mary's Son died on Good Friday

þus he heng on caluery
With wondis weyde cekerly,
A thef on eyþer[1] syde. [1 MS. eyeryer]

(20)

Nout he hadde at hys nede
To restyn *hus* hed, as clerkys rede,
But al was hym be-reuyd.
Fox & foul may reste & hede,
But *crist*, þat deyid for manus nede,
Hat nout to reste in *hus* had.

(21)

Out ran *hus* blod þat was so bryth;
þan seyde *our* lord god almyth
A word of gret pete, [leaf 87, back, col. 2]
"Al þus *with* iewys I am dyth,
I seme a wyrm to manus syth."
Man! for loue of þe,

(22)

Prycks hym peynyd, ȝe may here;
Hys hed was broydyn on a brere,
þis is þe soþe to seyne;
With red blod was wet *hus* lere;
þo pryckis, þoru *hus* panne so dere,
Wentyn in-to þe brayn!

(23)

Qwen of heuene, wo was she
To sen hangyn on rode tre
Ihesu, here sone so suete;
Here tendre hert myth breste on iij
Quan she sau here sonë fre
On rode hys lyf lete.

(24)

Ragyd & rent, in red blod,
þus heng he vp-on þe rod
Aȝen þe sonë glem.

at Calvary,
between two thieves.
Nothing had He to rest His head on.
Though birds may rest,
Christ could not.
Out ran His bright blood, and He exclaimed,
"I am slain by Jews, and seem a worm in man's sight!"
Man, for love of thee,
Pricks pricked Him;
His head was crowned with briar,
the thorns pierced through His skull into His brain.
Queen of heaven, woe wast thou to see thy sweet Son on the Cross.
Thy heart burst in three when thou saw'st Him die.
Rent, with red blood streaming, hung He on the Rood.

Worse than mad were the Jews to slay Jesus so good.

For sope he weryn werse þan wod
To slon Ihesu so good,
þe iewys of ierusalem.[1] [1 MS. ielrm] 146

(25)

Slit was His flesh,

Slyt was hus flech, & slawe;
þe iewys in here falcë lawe,
þei dedyn hym mekel peyne: 149
As seyt þe gospel in hus sawe,

limb torn from limb.

Euery lyth fro oþer was drawe;
þat is nout to layne. 152

(26)

Tugged with trouble was our Lord,

Togyd with tene was god of prys;
To don hym sorwe was here delys:

and yet spake no angry word,

He seydë no word loth. 155
Quan he was naylyd at here a-vys,

while the Jews cast lots for His clothes.

þo iewys kestyn at þe dys
Qweþer xuld han hys cloth. 158

(27)

Wide were His wet wounds from hand to foot.

Wyde weryn hus wondis wete,
Fro þe hond[es] to þe fete
With deth he was [i]slawe. 161

His blood will conquer our foe.

Hys lomeber blod our bale may bete,
Of qwom spac Moyses þe prophete,
Ryth in þe held lawe. 164

(28)

Xt. (Christ) on Cross was slain, [leaf 88]

Xpc crist on croys was sleynt;
To hys fader he made a pleynt,
Hys cry was, "hely! 167

and cried to God,

Fader god in trynite!

'Father, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

Qwy hast þou forsakë me?"
Cryst seyde on caluery. 170

(29)

(Y stands for I.) Christ

Y for I, in wryt is set.
Cryst for vs on croys was knet,
Nalyd on þe rode: 173

Out of thraldam he vs fet,
þat we þoru syn hadde get,
And bout vs *with* hys blode.

(30)

Ȝet he was *in* suffryng
Of trokys & nayl*is* clynkyng,
Tyl it was pacyd non;
Ne blenchyd he neu*er* for betyng;
To dede hee dedyn heuene kyng;
þis was a ruful mon.

(31)

Ꝺ is to seyn, god is ded,
Of hys blod hys body is red.
He ros on estryn morwe;
To helle he ȝede *with*-outy*n* abod,
For to stroy*n* þe fendys wod,
To sauy*n* vs fro sorwe.

(32)

Loke þ*at* we be*n* seker & kende,
And kepe þ*is* apece[1] *in* oure mende, [1 *for* abece]
þ*an* sekere be we of blys *with*-outy*n* ende
In tyme q*uan* we xul dey;
Afterward me*n* xal vp-ryce,
And wende for, bo þe fol & wyce,
To Iosaphat sekerly;

(33)

And west, nort, & south,
Eue*ry* man, bo þe fremyd & kouth,
Xul comy*n* *with*-outyn ly.
þ*er* xal be gret asyce
Be-forn ihes*u*, þ*at* hey Iustyce,
With woun*dis* al blody.

(34)

Q*uan* man*nus* soule hat *in* mynde
þe blod þ*at* cryst let for man*kende*
With terys & woun*dis* smerte,

brought us out of the thraldom of sin,
and bought us with His blood.

Zet, or still, did He suffer
till past noon,
and heaven's King was slain.

& means God is dead.
He rose on Easter Morn,
to destroy the fiends in hell,
and save us from woe.

Let us remember this
when we die.
Hereafter all shall rise,
and go to the Valley of Jehoshaphat,

friend and stranger too,
to the Great Assize
before Jesus with bleeding wounds.

Man, when thou thinkest on the blood Christ shed for thee,

Man fynde þou non vnkyndnesse
Quan þe wey of suetnesse
[leaf 88, col. 2] Wyl entryn in-to þin herte; 207

(35)

say, "Ah, Jesu, why wert Thou hurt for my sin?" Sey, "a, ihesu! quat hast þou gylt?
Qwy art þou for my syn spylt,
Flour of lowënesse? 210

I am a thief, and Thou payest I am a thef, þou for me deyist,
I am gylty, & þou abeyst
For my wykydnesse; 213

(36)

so great a ransom for so vile a thing. What benefit hadst Thou by this So gret raunsom for so wyl thyng!
Quat hast þou wonne with þi peynyng,
þou hey in blysce aboue? 216

Thy great goodness alone made Thee hang on the cross for man's soul. Gret godnesse hat þe makyd
For to hangyn on rode nakyd
For mannus soulë loue! 219

(37)

Lord, I beseech Thee, But, lord ihesu, I kan no more
But þe besekyn with al my myth,

make me weep night and day for Thy pains, þat I motë wepyn sore 222
Thyn hardë peynus day & nyth,

and that love for Thee may be stuck as fast in my heart as the spear was in Thine when Thou diedst for me." And þat loue mote also faste
In-to myn hertë stykyd be,
As was þe spere in-to þin herte
Quan þou suffrydyst ded for me. Amen. 226

The Fifty-First Psalm.

[*Additional MS.*, *No.* 10,036, *Brit. Mus.*, *leaf* 96, *bk.*[1]]

(Twenty 4-measure stanzas of 8, *abab abab.*)

(1)

MIserere mei deus, *secundum* magnam misericordiam tuam!

Mercy, god, of my mysdede! — Have mercy on me, O God!
For þi mercy þat mychel ys,
Late þi pite sprynge & sprede,
Off þi mercy þat I ne mys.
Aftur gostliche *grace* I grede; — I cry for grace
Good god! þou *graunt* me þis,
That I may lyue in loue & drede, — that I may sin no more.
And neu*er* ef*ter* to do more amys.

(2)

Et *secundum* multitudinem miseracionu*m* tua*rum*, dele iniquitatem meam.

And af*ter* þi *mercies* þat ben fele,
Lord, fordo my wickydnesse. — Blot out my wickedness,
3yue me *grace* to hyde & hele
The blamë of my bruchelnesse.
3if any sterynge on me stele,
Out of þe clos of þi clennesse
Wysse me, lord, in wo & wele, — and guide me in wo and weal.
And kepë me fram vnkyndnesse.

(3)

Amplius laua me ab iniquitate mea: & a peccato meo munda me.

[1] There is another copy of this Poem in Harl. MS. 3810, Part I.

[leaf 97]

Wash me from my sin.

More-ouer, wasche me of my synne,
And of my gultës clanse þow me;
And serche my soule *with* out & Inne,
That I no more defowlid be.
And as þyn hert aclef atwynne
With doleful deth on þe rodë tre,

Let me do nothing but what pleases Thee.

Late me neu*er* no werke bigynne,
Lord, but ȝif it lykë þee.

(4)

Q*oniam* iniquitatem meam ego cognosco:
& pe*ccatum* meu*m* con*tra* me est semp*er*.

I acknowledge my sin.

For al my wickidnesse I knowe,
And my synne is euer me aȝeyn;
Ther-fore laťe þi gracë growe,
Ihesu, þat was *with* iewis sleyn.
Ryche & porë, hye & lowe,

Small and great will be glad of Thy mercy at the day of judgment.

Smale & gret[ë], in certeyn,
Atte domesdaie, when þou schalt blowe,
Of þi m*er*cy schul be ful feyn.

(5)

Tibi soli peccaui, & malu*m* coram te feci:
ut iustificeris *in* sermonib*us* tuis, &c.

Against Thee only have I sinned.

To þee only trespassed haue I,
Wrouȝt wickidly aȝens þi glorie
With wordes & eke with trecherie.
Thou demyst riȝt, & hast þe victórie;

[leaf 97, back]

Ther-fore, þee biseche now I,—
For tolde hit is in many story,—

Him that trusts in Thy mercy, Thou keepest ever in mind.

That who so trusteþ to þi mercy,
Is endëles in þi memórie.

(6)

Ecce e*nim* in iniquitatib*us* concept*us* sum:
& *in* pecc*at*is concepit me mat*er* mea.

I was conceived in sin;

Biholde, in synne I was conceyued
Of my modre, as we ben alle:

Off my fadre I nouȝt conceyued
But flesche ful frel, & fayn to falle.
And sithe þi flesche, lord, was furst perceyued,
And for oure sake laide streiȝt in stalle,
Was neuer synful man deceyued,
That to þi mercy woldë calle.

but since Thou wast laid in the stable,
no sinner ever cried in vain for mercy.

(7)

Ecce enim ueritatem dilexisti: incerta & occulta sapiencie tue manifestasti michi.

Lo! þou hast louyd ryȝt,
And schewid me counceil of þi wyt,
How, þorw mercy & þorw myȝt,
Two kyndës ben to-gidre knyt:
Thral ys fre, & knaue is knyȝt,
And god is man, as gospel wryt;
And ȝit my soule in perel be pyȝt,
Mereyful god, help þou yt!

Thou hast showed me how two natures are knit together.
If my soul is in peril, God help it.

(8)

Asperges me ysopo, & mundabor: lauabis me, & super niuem dealbabor.

[leaf 98]

With holi water þou schalt me springe,
And as þe snowe I schal be whyt;
And ȝif my soule in synnë stynke,
With wepinge water I may it quyt.
Dedly drauȝtes al-þouȝ I drynke,
Of répentaunce ȝyue me respit;
For who-so on þi þrowës þynke,
In worldës welþe is no delit.

Sprinkle me, and I shall be white as snow.
He that thinks on Thy throes has no delight in worldly wealth.

(9)

Auditui meo gaudium & leticiam: et exultabunt ossa humiliata.

To myn heryng þou schalt ȝyue
Gladnesse, to gladë bonës meke.
In lownesse lernë me to lyue,
Leuë lord, I þee by-seke!

Cause me to hear gladness.

The thief was forgiven on the cross.

The þeuës gult, hit was forȝyue
On rodë wher his bonës breke.
A contryt hert, & clene yschryue,
Saueþ soule & body eke.

(10)

Auerte faciem tuam a *pecc*at*i*s meis: et om*n*es iniquitates meas dele.

Turn Thy face from my sins.

Fro my synnës *tur*ne þi face,
Do al my wickidnesse a-way!

[leaf 98, back]

Grete is my gult, gret*ter* is þi[1] grace,
And ellis, faileþ al oure fay.

My faults face me,

And fawtës fele þat me doþ face,
Makeþ þat I may noȝt say,

and make me cry for mercy.

But crie m*er*cy when I trespace;
I-wis I wote no bett*er* way.

(11)

Cor mu*n*du*m* crea in me deus: & sp*iritu*m rectu*m* innoua in uisceribu*s* meis.

Make my heart clean

God! make þou myn hert[ë] clene,
And a riȝtful spirit in me newe;
Fro seuene synnes þou make me schene,

that I may follow Thee.

That where þou go, I may þee seewe.
Al þi *tur*ment and þi tene,
Thi bodi blacke, þi bonës blewe,—

May Thy grief be seen in my heart.

Now, *gr*aunt, cryst, þat it be sene
In myn hert, þat hidowes hewe.

(12)

Ne *proicias* me a facie tua: & sp*iritu*m *sanctu*m tuu*m* ne auferas a me.

Cast me not away.

Cast me nouȝt fro þi visage,
Take noȝt fro me þine holigost!
To byholde þi faire ymage,
Of allë murþës hit is most.

A blessed bird was born

A blisful bryd was born in cage,
Cowþe ykid in eue*r*y cost,

[1] my *alterd to* þi.

When he were drawe in tendre age,
To dryue adoun þe deueles bost. [leaf 99] to abate the devil's boast.

(13)

Redde m*ich*i leticiam salutaris tui:
& sp*irit*u principali confirma me.

Of þine helþe ȝyue me þė blisse, Give me the joy of Thy salvation,
And strengþe me *with* þi spirit cheef;
And alle my fyuë wittes þou wisse, and guide my five wits.
That I may lyue as þee is leef,
And þou maist my langor lysse,
That brouȝtest man to gret boncheef;
So late me neu*er* þi *mer*cy mysse, Let me never miss Thy mercy when I am smitten with grief.
When I am gurt *with* gostly greef.

(14)

Docebo iniquos uias tuas:
& impij ad te co[n]uertent*ur*.

To þe wickid I schal þe[1] waies teche, I will teach the wicked Thy ways.
The synneful schulle to þee co*nuer*te.
Synful man, be war of wreche, Sinful man, think in pity on Christ!
And þenke on crystës hede & herte!
Brest & hert was bete to bleche,
On barë bodi, *with*-outë sherte;
To rewe on him I wol þee preche,
But alas! *þer* wolde no teer oute sterte.

(15)

Libera me de sang*uin*ib*us*, deus meus salutis
mee: & exaltabit lingua mea iusticia*m* tua*m*.

Delyu*er*e me fram blameful[2] blode, [leaf 99, back] Deliver me from blood, O Lord!
My lord, god of myn[2] helþe;
And my mouþe schal *with* myldë mode
Apertely schewe þi sely selþe.
Thi riȝtful blode ran dou*n* on rode Thy blood ran down to wash us from our filth.
To waschen vs *fra*m oure fleschly felþe;
Agayn many a storme þou stode
To wyssen vs fro þe worldës welþe.

[1] *for* þi [2] m, n, *altcrd.*

(16)

Domine, labia mea aperies:
& os meum annunciabit laudem tuam.

Lord, open my lips to praise Thee.

Lord, my lippes þou schalt vndo,
And my mouþe schal þi *prechinge*[1] spelle;
Thi mercy & þi myȝt also,
Soþfastly no tunge may telle;
For when we dedly synnë do,
Thi riȝt vs demeþ doun to helle;
When we ceese from sin, Thy mercy is our washing-well.
But when we ceesen & wol saie 'ho!'
Thi mercy is oure waschynge welle.

(17)

Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium dedissem
utique: holocaustis non dilectaberis.

I would willingly give sacrifice;
ȝif sacrifice hadde ben offrynge,
I hadde to þee ȝyuen *with* hert fre;
but Thou hast no pleasure therein.
But certeynly hit is none suche þinge,
That, to þi, plesaunt may be.
[leaf 100]
Thi self was offrid a child ful ȝynge,
And afterwarde on þe rodë tre
I offer Thee my heart.
Oute of þin herte þat blode gan sprynge,
And *þer*-fore myn hert I offre to þee.

(18)

Sacrificium deo spiritus contribulatus:
cor contritum & humiliatum, deus, non despicies.

It is a sacrifice to God when a sinner sorrows.
To god hit is a sacryfice,
A synful spirit to sorwe sore;
A meke hert [þou] schal noȝt despice,
Whan répentaunce hit wol restore.
I have neglected Thy service and Thy lore;
I haue for sleuþe [left] þi seruyce,
And litel lyued aftur þi lore;
but I repent.
But I repente, & wille now aryse;
Mercy, god! I wolle no more.

[1] *for* preisinge

(19)

Benigne fac *domine* in bona uolu*n*tate tua syon: & edificen*tur* muri ier*usalem*.

With benygne wil, do to syon,
That ier*usalem* walles were wrou3t.
Ierusalem, as telleþ seynt Ion,
Is holy churche þat erreþ nou3t:
Tho testamentis cordiþ in on.
The wallës were to-gidre brou3t,
When cryst hym self was corner ston,
That mannës synne haþ dere ybou3t.

Do good to Zion, and build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is holy Church;

Christ, the corner-stone.

(20)

Tunc acceptabis sacrificiu*m* iusticie oblaciones & holocausta: tunc imponent sup*er* altare tuu*m* [vitulos][1] *domine*.

[leaf 100, back]

Than schalt þou sacrifice accepte
Of ri3twisnesse & treuþe entere;
And caluës, aftur þi precepte,
Schulle be leide on þine autere;
On caluarie a calf þer erepte.
Cryst on cresse, boþe clene & clere!
For þo teeris þat þi modre wepte,
Thow schelde [us] fro þe fendes fere! Amen!

Then shalt Thou accept sacrifice;

calves shall be laid on Thine altar.

For Thy mother's tears, shield us from the fiend!

[*In a later hand:*]

now, lord, be thou our helpe & guide,
and pardon things that cause vs slide!

[1] vitulos *omitted.*

Verse Prolog and Epilog to a Book on Medicine.

Verses written as a Preface to an English Treatise on Medicine.
(From Dr. J. F. Payne's vellum MS. of the first half of the 15th century.)

The man þat wol of lechecraft lere,
Red ovyr this book, and he may here
This book contains medicines to heal sores and save men's lives: Many medycinis both[1] good and trewe[2]
To helë[3] sores both oolde and newe,
[4]And preciouse medycinis, þorw goddis grace,
To save men lyves in diverse place.
Cryst, þat made bothe Est and West,
Geve grace her sowlës have god rest,
Evere more in hevene for to be,
In hevene wyt þe Trinite.
Her-inne be medycinis, wythout-yn fable,
all kinds of sores made by knife, To hele alle sores þat ben curáble,
Of swerd, of knyf, and of arwe,—
Be þe wounde wyde or narwe,—
spear or dart, Of sper, of quarel, of dagger, of[5] dart,
To make him hool in ylkë[6] part,
So[7] þe seek wol do wysely,
so that you keep from surfeiting. And kepe him-self fro surfety.[8]
Be þe wounde nevere so deep,
þer-of dar[9] him take no kep,

(S. is Sloane 1314; Sl. is Sloane 2584, of the same type as P.
[1] Many a medicyn S. Sl. [2] trewe S. Sl., newe P.
[3] To alle S., To leche Sl. [4] S. and Sl. leave out lines 5-10.
[5] of dagger of PS., or . . . or Sl. [6] in ilka S., on eche Sl.
[7] ȝyf S., So þat Sl. [8] from queysy S., fro serfetric Sl.
[9] thar S., þar hem (*om.* no kepe) Sl.

So þat he drynke save[1] or anteoche, — Drink sage,
Him dar not drede of þat outrage:[2]
Be þat on and twenti days be goon,[3] — and in 21 days you'll be well.
He schal be hol, both[4] flesch and bon,
To ride and go in ylk[o]n[5] place,
Thorw þe verteu[6] of goddys grace;
Thus seyth Ypocras, þe good surgien, — Hippocras and Galen say so,
And socrates and Galyen,
þat weren[7] philisophres alle thre,
þat tyme þe best[8] in any countree:
In þis we[r]ld were non her pere,
As fer as any man coude[9] here.

[*Sloane* 1314 *adds*:]

þei[10] practised medicyn*us*, wit[11] god*us* grace, — who practist medicine to save men's lives.
To saue men lyues[12] in many a[13] place.
Crist þat made bothe est and west,
Grant her soules in heuen,[14] good rest,
Euermore in ioy to be
In heuen *with* god *in* trinite.[15]
Amen![16] Amen! for charite.

(The verses in the Payne MS. are written in double columns, and the order of the first eight verses is a little confused; so I have corrected it.)

The above agrees very nearly with a poem printed by the Rev. G. Henslow, in his *Medical Works of the 14th Century*, p. 125 (1899), from Sloane MS. 2584; with variants from Sloane MS. 1314.

[1] ȝyf he drynk antioche or saue S., So þat þei drynke saue or antioche Sl., So . . save or anteocke P.
[2] Hem . . of non outrage Sl., & Drede of hys wondes thar hym non haue S.
[3] Be on & twenti dayes gone S., Be . . be comyn and goon P., Be þat .21. daies be come & gon Sl.
[4] both *om.* S., boþe Sl. [5] ilka S., eche Sl.
[6] myht S., myȝht Sl. [7] wore Sl.
[8] þe best þat were S., þe best Sl.
[9] Als wyde as men myht here S., As fer . . myght Sl.
[10] And Sl. [11] be Sl. [12] mannes lyf Sl. [13] in dyuers Sl.
[14] Leue kere soules haue Sl. [15] In . . . trinite Sl., *om.* P.
[16] Amen P., *om.* Sl.

At the end are the following verses, which I have not seen elsewhere :—

This book's title is "Hippocras."

This book hat Ypocras,
Oon of þe beest *sur*gien þat ev*e*re was;

He, Galen and Socrates

And Galien his felaw, and Socrates,
To þis book þ[e]i beren witnesse,
Ffor alle þei were felawes & fere
Whil þei leveden in erde here;
And þerw þe grace of hevene kyng,

practist medicine to help mankind.

þei *pr*actiseden medicines to helpe manky[n]d.
Prey we alle to ihesu, hevene kyng,
þat [he] gif her sowles god wonnyng.

These verses are at the end of the same treatise (fol. 20* or page 40), which appears to be quite complete. It refers to "the good Earl of Hereford, that was a noble surgeon"; and I think must have been composed in the 14th century.—J. F. Payne.

The Prentise unto woe.

By Henry Baradoun, ab. 1483.

Hodson MS. 39, *leaf* 4; 2*nd flyleaf.* (*Mr. Hodson's* 3*rd MS. of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.*)[1]

(1)

Musyng' alone, voide of consolacion), [leaf 4]
  Drownèd in sorowe, sighyng wondre sore, Sad, my time
I may complayn), *with* deedly lamentacion),
  My tyme evilL spent / sith first I was bore; ill-spent,
  My yongë yeres, in Courte I haue forlore; my youth lost at Court,
    ȝhit, not-*with*stondyng' howe I haue so do,
  Vnto more peyne then) I was into-fore,
    I haue me yoked, as prentice vnto woo. I am a prentice unto woe.

(2)

¶ For[2] liberte is laide alone apart; I have lost liberty
  My will also, hath no dominacion);
And as for easë, that most nedis depart; and ease.
  A greuous payn), in myn) oppinïon):
  labour & trouble hath predominacion)
    Of my spiritis, wher-euer I ride or go:
  hertis ease & I be not at vnion):
    Thus am I yoked / a prentise vnto wo.

(3)

¶ In the courte, is many noble Roome; At Court,
  But god knowith, I can) noon) sochë cacche:
ffrom a maister, I am) be-come a grome, I fell from master to groom,
  And bonde mysilff' to waytyng' & to wacche;
  With euere gadrin), I stonde behynde the hacche,
    Gapyng & staryng' / wanderyng' to & fro;
  ȝhit for all this, no good can) I cacche: and could get no place.
    Thus am I prentice & seruaunt vnto woo.

[1] Mr. Hodson's Librarian, Miss Constance Belliss, kindly copied the poem for me, and read the proof with the MS.
[2] MS. As for.

(4)

I can't eat, ¶ When I wolde ete, nature for to sustayn,
Or I may haue it / myn appetite is past;
sleep, When I wolde slepe, to releve my payn,
I do but slumbre / for I most rise in hast;
speak, When I wolde speke / my lippes be closed fast;
or sport. When I wolde sporte *with* company also,
I dare not out / I am so sore agast:
Thus am I prentice to wrecchidnes & wo.

(5)

I can't pray, ¶ Whan I wolde pray, & *ser*ue my heuynly kyng,
(As eue*r*y creature is bounde of verrey right,)
Anon ther is some obstacle or thyng
That pullyth me thens, magre of my mi3t;
Soche is my liff, by day and eke by nyg3t;
or know friend from foe. And be-side this, my frende we3 fro my ffo
[leaf 4, back] I can not knowe / this I, most wrecched wi3t,
haue bounde me prentice to misery and wo.

(6)

Happy is he who lives on little at home, ¶ We3 is he, that can holde hym content
With a meane life, voide of gredynes,
Out of trouble leuyng, *with* litle rent,
beyng at home in p*er*fite stedfastnes,
Wher pompe nor envy is counted for mastres.
Soche a life, not I, but othir moo
and does not bind himself a prentice unto woe. Myg3t haue fu3 wele; but 3hit folissh wilfulnes
Doth bynde ffolkys p*r*entise to wrecchidnes and wo.

Baradoun henricus *trai*stulit istud opus *per*
semet ip*sum*.

Hymn to the Virgin.

By WILLIAM HUCHEN.

[MS. no. cccxx. in the Library of New College, Oxford.]

THE MS., written about 1460, contains the Psalter in the later Wyclif version (Purvey), and prose translations of various canticles. The hymn, which is on the last page, appears to be in the same handwriting as the rest. Each of the seven stanzas (in "rime royal") is an acrostic on the name *Stanlei*. The person meant may possibly be Sir Thomas Stanley, who was created Baron Stanley in 1456, and died in 1459.—HENRY BRADLEY.

(1)

Swete and benygne moder *and* may,
  Turtill trew, flowre of women alle,
Aurora bryght, clere as the day,
  Noblest of hewe, þus we the calle;
  Lyle fragrant eke of the walle;
Ennewid wiþ bemys of blys,
In whom neuer was founden mys.

1 Sweet maiden,
5 fragrant lily,
7

(2)

So fayre, so good, was neuer non;
  Transcendyng is ther-for þi place
Aungels alle and seyntis echone;
  Next vnto god, such is þi grace.
  Lo, þi mekenes þe did purchace
Euer in ioy so to endure
In þi grete lande [*sic*], o princes pure.

8
thy place is above angels,
next to God.
12

(3)

Surmountyng is þin excellence,
  Thou rose of prys, thou flowre of may;
And phebus lyke in his ascence,
  Natyff of blys where þou art ay,
  Lady saunzpere, þis is no nay.
Empres of helle also of righte,
In þe is eke owre anker pight

15 Thou excellest all,
19 and art Empress of Hell.
21 We anchor on thee

(4)

against storms of sin.

Stormys ageyne of cruell syn
That puyssauntlye us do assayle;
And while we þis world be yn,
Now, lady fayre, þou us not fayle.
Lat neuer vice on us prevayle.

Entreat thy Babe for us!

Entrete þi babe, so, quene on hie,
In whom to þe is no denye.

(5)

Tho the Fiend, Flesh and World assault us,

Siþ here is nought but myserie;
The fende, þe fleish, þe world also,
Assaute us ay wiþ-oute mercy.
Not comfortles ȝit is owre wo;
Lady, to þe resorte we do,
Euyr tristyng thi grace and ayde,

we trust thee.

In whom fully owre trist is layde.

(6)

Sewte and servise we owe, parde,
To þi hiȝnesse of very due,
As royall most by pedigre,
None lyke of grace ne of vertu,

Lovely lady,

Louely lady, þi servauntes trew,
Entrikid wiþ passiouns wylde,

shield us in our need!

In tyme of nede socour and shilde.

(7)

Saue hem fro syn *and* worldly shame
That þe worship with humble herte,

Jesus, grant us

And to þi son, iesus by name,
Not sete (*sic*) to pray that we not smert.
Lord, þi iugement we may not sterte;

thy grace, in honour of thy Mother!

Euere þerfor thi grace us hight,
In worship of þi modere bright.

By William Huchen.

Peare of Probence and the fair Maguelone.

[*Lord Clifden of Lanhydrock, Cornwall, has two leaves, and two narrow strips of two other leaves, of a 15th-century paper MS. of the englisht Romance of 'Pierre de Provence.' He let Mr. W. H. Allnutt of the Bodleian copy them, and hand his copy to me to be printed. I have completed the story from the enlarged black-letter version as reproduced by A. V. in the Paris edition of 1845, but have left out several incidents for which there cannot have been room in the short English text, of which I hope a complete copy will turn up some day.*]

[This story was written in the year 1453, in honour of God, the Virgin Mary, and the Hospital of St. Peter of Maguelone, of which the knight Peare and the fair Maguelone were the first founders. Peare was the only child of the Count John of Cerise, of Provence, and his wife, the daughter of Count Alvaro of Albara. Peare was gentle and amiable, valiant, handsome and wise, and was loved by all the folk of his country.

[One day a tournament was held in Provence, at which Peare overcame all the other valiant knights, and won the prize. During talk in the court afterwards, much was said of the beauty of Maguelone, the daughter of the King of Naples, and how knights went there to tilt for the love of her. One of the knights present told Peare that he ought to go out into the world, and win this beauty's love. So he resolvd to do it, if his father and mother would give him leave to go. They, however, refused it when he askt them, as he was heir to their kingdom, and their only comfort. But at last they yielded to his entreaties, and he set off for Naples with a small and well-appointed train, plenty of money, and three valuable rings which his mother gave him. Reaching Naples safely, he hears that the king honours a late-come knight, Henry of Crapana, and has fixt Sunday next for a tournament. Wanting to see the fair Maguelone, Peare appears on the field, well armd and horst, bearing two silver Keys as his badge, in honour of St. Peter. Henry of Crapana tilts first, and unhorses his opponent, but the latter's lance falls between the legs of Crapana's horse, and brings him to the ground, so that the knight's friends claim that Crapana was upset, which angers him, and he refuses to tilt again. Peare then tilts with Crapana's opponent, and bears both rider and horse to the ground. The King, struck by Peare's prowess, sends to ask his name and country; but Peare will not tell them; says he is only a poor French knight, travelling to see fair ladies and girls, and win honour and praise. Maguelone thinks the unknown knight handsome, and gets her father to hold other jousts, that she may see the valiant deeds of this Knight of the Keys. The King then asks him (Peare) to dinner at

[the Palace, and seats him before Maguelone, whose beauty, grace and sweetness inflame him with love for her; and she is as much in love with him. After dinner she speaks to him, accepts his offer to become her knight, and says she wants to talk with him in secret. She leaves the hall with her mother, and the King then asks Peare who he is, but can get nothing from him but that he is a poor French knight seeking adventures.

keyis & [B iij ?] cion) breke
armys e knyght
iñu sen oste ho
y shalle were as
w^t^ you d ht I wold
tented thanke
norise † to ne finally
did hir hathe
the norise ke of
was bro awe but
sat in R court I
pleasa[nt] that I
of the k [S]ee y beseke
ryalle a madame
verily th t more þen
gladdist s & in this
saw no s symple
to breke p me & gave
vpon) h modir did
preserve he ioy in
cam to h p*ar*tid & cō
Sir ye b [c]ontenvally
thime to a nbir then)
in ffraun[ce] said cart*es*
was born thing' &
as welle ore to me
of youre said the
tyme to v þat ye shulde
nesse pl i*n* man) he
en she [B iij, bk. ?] & god forbed

[Peare, when alone, can think of nothing but Maguelone, and she of nothing but him. She begs her nurse † to find out who and what he is; and on the nurse scolding her, she declares it'll be her death, and swoons. So the nurse finds out Peare in a chapel, and asks him of what parentage he is, that she may tell Maguelone. He will say no more than that he is of noble stock; and he gives the nurse one of his mother's valuable rings for Maguelone. With this, Maguelone is greatly delighted, and, when asleep, dreams that Peare will soon tell her who he is, and give her another ring. So the nurse meets him again, and tells him how her lady loves him. He promises to reveal to Maguelone, if she will meet him alone, his rank and country; and he then sends her a second ring.[1] Maguelone gladly agrees to meet Peare; and the nurse bids him to come to the girl's garden gate, and up to her room. This he does, and, after pledging her to secrecy, tells her that he is the son of the Count of Provence and nephew of the King of France, and that he has come to Naples solely for love of her. She confesses that she loves him and will marry him, and she puts her gold chain and locket round his neck, in token that she gives him possession of her body.]

when the knyhtt had thus muche his entent, he was fulle of ioy, that it was Inpossible for any man to deserue; & fulle gladly he thankid hir, & said: "in as gret confidence as ye haue put me in,

[1] This gift is in the MS. too: see below.

mabeale, certayne y put you in the same; & here is a nodir' Ryng' whiche my modir' gave me; & this y geve you, and alle my body, *with* trew entent; & neu*er* tille I die, to ffaile you." & on' this he kissed hir', & toke his leve, & dep*ar*tid as that tyme, for thei durst no leng*er* talke. & when he was dep*ar*tid, the lady loked vpon hir' rynges, & she thought muche ioy in the knyhtt & of his demeanyng; & she thought longe that thei were a sundre; & he on his side thoughtt as longe; & dyu*er*s tymes he cam vn'-to hir'; & in conclusion,[1] he toke hir' the iij^d^ Ryng, & axid 'in what man*er* thei shuld be maryed.' & she answerde & said, she wist neu*er*; & said, "we can neu*er* mary here, for' my fadir." then said the knyht: "dare ye putt me in suche confidence, to depart *with* me in to my countray?" & she said, "if ye wille swere vnto me neu*er* to offir' me dishoneste, but kepe me a virgyne, & youre true louer', tille ye mary, I assent to dep*ar*t when ye wille." then said the knyht, & made a large othe, that he wold so deale; & seid 'he wold ordayne that thei shuld depart in that man*er*, & that hir' fadir' shuld not know no thing of hit. ["And on the third day hence, after your first night-sleep (*somme de nuit*), I will be ready with my horses at the little gate of] youre gardyne."

[C.?] at the owre appoyntid he cam thiddir', & she was there redy, & brought hir' to horse: & on' horse he had chargid *with* vetaile, & anodir' horse that they bothe rood vpon'.[2] & they dep*ar*tid & rood in ther iurnay; but he kept no[t] his way, but costid ou*er* the contray, ffor p*er*sueing. & they rood the first nyght & the first day & alle the secund nyght or thei did lihtt. & in a wood nere the see sid thei arived, & did alihtt, & toke suche vetailes as thei had, & refreshid them silf.

now we leve the knyht & the lady in the wood, & lett *us* telle how she was wantid in hir' fadirs courte.

at the owre that the norise was wont to cu*m* vn-to hir' to make hir' redy, she cam' & vnded the dore, & she found þe bed stalle made, & no body in hit. & when she saw that, she was a carefulle creature; & she went vn'-to Queenis loggyng', & axid if she [Maguelone] came there; and the queene said "nay." "alas," said the norise, "y cam to the chambir' to do my dute, & y founde the bedd makid, & no body therin." then said the Queene, "alas! for woo my hert

[1] B iiij ?

[2] The print makes Peare bring three horses: an English hackney, a good goer, for Maguelone, his charger for himself, and a sumpter horse laden with bread, wine, and other food, so that the fugitives should be independent of inns.

brekithe." & she wrange hir' handes, & tered hir' herre; & anon the kyng had word; & he callid the norise to examyn hir'; & she excused hir' as welle as she kowd. the king sware she shuld be brent, but she cowd excuse hir' bettir'. the kyng a-none axid aftir' the knyhtt of the

[keys; & when he could not be found, the king bade his folk arm & search, & bring him the knight alive, to be so punisht that all the world would talk of it. The queen wept; the nurse vowd she knew nothing about the elopement; the king fasted the first day; every one sympathised. After a fortnight's search the knights found nothing. Let us turn to Peare and Maguelone.

nott there
& su) w^t^ xx
kyng' was
& muche w
toke for the
& the que[ene]
how the k
woode whe
thr' laboure
& she beg
gret serch
said no fo
shalle no
& she lay
soundly &
hir' necke
papps* &
he was
& betwix
of red ve[lvet]
& ther w
he gave
welle &
& she be [back]
lie into the see
fer she did a
the ther & flee
okid whiche
tt agayne þ^e^
epe & at the last

[After their meal, Peare and Maguelone talkt a long while, and then she, tired with riding all night, laid her head in Peare's lap and went to sleep. He feasted his heart with looking on her wondrous beauty, her pleasing face, her sweet little red mouth. Then he undid her dress, and gazed at her beautiful bosom, white as crystal, toucht her breasts,* and was quite ravisht with love, so that he seemd to be in paradise. On her bosom was a red sarcenet (*sendal*) packet; and on unfolding it, Peare found that it containd his mother's three rings which he had given to Maguelone. He folded them up again, laid the packet on a stone close to him, and turnd once more to contemplate the fair-breasted girl before him. While he was absorbd in this sight, a bird of prey pounst on the red sarcenet packet, which it thought a bit of flesh, and flew off with it.

[Peare at once put his cloak under Maguelone's head, and went after the bird. It settled on a little rock near the shore, but flew away when Peare threw a stone at it, and dropt its red packet into the sea. Peare couldn't swim; and thinking the packet might be on the rock, he got into a little old fishing boat, and tried to scull to the rock. But the wind rose and carried him out to sea. In despair about Maguelone and himself, he thought of suicide, but prayd to the Virgin instead; and about mid-day, some Moorish corsairs took him into their ship, saild off with him to Alexandria, and gave him to the Sultan. The Sultan was greatly pleasd with Peare, and treated him like a son. In a year he learnt Moorish and Greek, and was so amiable that all the folk lovd him as a brother; but he

syd & he toke
bote & w^t^ the
hem he cam
bote as wele
londe & there
et wynde foo
the scee
ethe see the
de thus his
ie that y was
at y shuld
virgyne
lle devoure hir
eve so longe
pest was
scee the wat^r^
ld & the knyht
tir owt of the
owne alle
id the sonn
rgine whiche
n the wid
arwele my
die & thouht
not see his

[always sorrowd for Maguelone, and was a good catholic. We'll now leave Peare.

[When Maguelone had slept her fill, she woke, expecting her head to be still in Peare's lap. But no Peare could she see. She cald him; no answer came. She wept, and ran about the wood crying for Peare till she swoond and fell. When she recoverd, she lamented her hard fate, and climbd a tree, but could see no Peare, only the sea. All day she ate nothing. At night she slept in a tree, for fear of wild beasts, and resolvd not to go home to her father. Next morning she found Peare's horses and loost them, and then hid on the road through the wood to Rome. Hiding herself, she saw folk going and coming, and among them a pilgrimess, whom she persuaded to change clothes with her. In pilgrim's garb she reacht Rome, went at once to St. Peter's, and prayd before the great altar for her lover's safety, and her ultimate marriage with him. On rising she saw her uncle, her mother's brother, with a large train, seeking her; but no one recognised her. For a fortnight she prayd daily, and then thought she'd go to Peare's country, Provence.

[So she journeyd to Genoa, and there found a bark, which soon took her to Provence (*en aigues mortes*);

[fresh leaf]

& the [lady (Maguelone), after that she came to land, went] vn-to the dukes place,[1] & ther [in the hospital, was put where a pilgrim] or a pore body shuld be, & logid ther that nyhtt. & on the morowe she spake vn-to the hospetlere, & prayd that she myht be hir servaunt, "ffor y am wery of the world." & the hospetlere was glad of hir, & said "yf youre demeanyng be good, ye may contenve here longe; & ffulle welle ye shalle be cherisid; for the duke & the ducheis, & alle the estates of this countery, han great deuocion vnto this place." then said the lady: "hathe the duke eny sonn alyve?" & she answerd & said, "he hathe as noble a knyht vnto his sonn, as eny is in cristendame. & his ffadir & modir taken great thouht for hime: he departid to seek aventure, but they neuer kowd here no tydynges yett of hime;" & more commvnynge thei had; & she contenvd

[1] The French text makes a pilgrimess kind to Maguelone, who then builds a small hospital at a Saracen port near there, and nurses the sick.

servaunt in this hospitale. and in litle tyme the maistres hospetlere died, & then the lady was made hospetlere; & she contenvid ffulle welle & vertuously in this hospitale, so muche that the people said that she was sum seint; & she was called "the holy hospetlere;" & alle countery came thiddir. & the duke dyuers tymes examened hir, of what place she had ben before, & wher she was borne. & she answerd & said, "y am a napolitane borne, a pore mans child; & my ffadir was nott able to fynde me; & I went & wandred in the world to aske my leuyng, ffor goddes loue; & to this place y haue deuocion; & here y purpose to make myn end, in the seruyce of god." & then the duke said "hurd ye neuer of a knyhtt callid 'pearr de provence' in any part þat ye haue travelid in?" & she said, "y hurd of non suche." & then hire hert was allmost to-brast with that wurd. & she thouht how that was his fadir; & thouht, if euer she shuld here of hime, it shuld be there. then the duke departid; & she contenvid ther stille, & was very diligent vnto pore traveling people, alway [nursing them and serving God].

[One day it happend that some fishermen of Provence caught a bass or seawolf (*leu*); and as it was such a fine one, they gave it to the Count and Countess. On cutting it open in the kitchen, the cook found a ball of red sarcenet in its belly. This was taken to the Countess, who undid it, and discoverd her three rings inside. She burst out weeping, as she thought her son had been drownd and eaten by fishes. The Count comforts her, and orders all the Court to be hung in black. Soon after the Countess visits Maguelone in her hospital, shows her the rings, and they weep together. Now let us turn to Peare.

[In the Sultan's court, Peare grows in favour with him and his lords, so that he treats Peare as a son. After three years in the Sultan's service, Peare longs for home, and asks the Sultan to grant him a boon. The Sultan at once promises to do so; and Peare asks leave to go and see his father and mother, relations and friends, "for all these years that I have dwelt with you I have been] In ign-[orance how they fare. To you have I given all my care] and my deligence, and now y wuld beseket you that y may goo see my ffrendis in my countrey; & y shalle cum agayne in alle the hast vnto you." and in as muche as he [the Sowdan] had grauntid hime his bene, he kowd nott say hime nay, butt gave hime leve; & for his .iij. yeris service he gave hime .iij. barelles ffulle of gold, & said, "go & cum agayne, & ye shalle haue a bettir reward," & gave hime wrytyng with hime to the ports wher he shuld take shipp, & comaundid them to get hime a shippe, & to passe with hime into his contray, & that they shuld bryng hime

agayne in the same shipp. & [when] the maistirs of the toune sawe this wrytyng', they obeyd hitt, & shortly they ordayned hime a shipp & men). & when) they were redy, & the wynd was fayer, thei callid euer abord. & the knyhtt spake vnto the maistir of the shipp, & said, "y haue .iij. barellis with saltt[1] of this cuntray, & y purpose to geve hit vnto an hospitale, & lett it be brouhtt aborde the shipp." & incontenent itt[2] was brouhtt in-to the shipp, & they sailed forthe Into the Sea toward his countery the space of xiiij daies. & then the wynde contraryd ther curse, & vndir' a vagant ylond they came to an anker, & stoppd there a litle while tylle the wynd amendid. & as they lay at an anker', ther wer dyuers within bord that desirid to go a-lond to take sum byrdis. & when) they cam to the lond ther were many birdis; & wythe ther handis thei toke them; they were in suche a vagaunt ylond, that ther' birdis knew nott man, & thus thei chasid the byrdis. butt the knyhtt wentt alone be hime sissilf', & he souhtt a feyer' plott to slepe on); & he founde a plott ffulle of floures; & in the middis of the floures ther was a floure that exedid alle the odyr floures in swete sauoure & in beaute. & then) he thouhtt vpon) the feyer lady & vpon) Arestotles proverbe, & said in this wise: "Sicut Rosa inter spinas, Sic amica inter filias."

["As this flower surpasses all others, so does Maguelone excel in beauty all other ladies." Then he wept and slept. While he lay asleep, a favourable wind sprang up; and as the mariners couldn't find him, they set sail, reacht the Saracen port, gave the barrels of salt to Maguelone's hospital, and begd her to pray for the left-behind Peare. One day she wanted some salt, but found gold when she opend a barrel. With the three barrels of gold she built a fine new hospital and church; and when the Count and Countess of Provence came to perform their devotions there, she comforted them, and said they must not doubt that God would restore them their son. Now let us turn to Peare who was left asleep on the Island.

[When Peare awoke, and found his ship gone, he wept, lamented his hard fate, and prayd for death. But some fishermen who had landed for fresh water found him, took him on board their ship, and carried him to the town of Trepona, where they put him in the hospital. There he stayd nine months, able to walk about the town, but ill of grief. One day he found a ship and sailors from Provence, and agreed to go with them to the Saracen port. The men talkt of Maguelone's Church of St. Peter and her hospital, and advised Peare to go there and be cured. He made a silent vow that he would, but would keep himself unknown for a month. In due course he was landed, and went to the hospital as a poor sick man. Maguelone,

[1] quatoze barilz de sel, D 6, 1516. quatorze petits barils de sel, p. 40, ed. 1714. [2] MS. itt hit

not knowing him, or he her, washt his feet and hands, and kist them, (as was her custom with all patients,) gave him clean sheets, and said she'd help him to get well. Under her care he quickly mends, but sighs for his Maguelone. She, hearing his sighs, asks him what troubles him, and he tells her his whole story, but says only that he was the son of a rich man. Maguelone then recognizes him, and weeps for joy, but tells him to pray to God and the Virgin, who, having savd him from so many dangers, will assuredly give him back the lady whom he has so loyally lovd. She kneels before St. Peter's altar, and thanks him for restoring her her lover. She has royal robes made for her, and put in her room. Thither she brings Peare; and having put on her robes in a private chamber, and coverd them and herself with her nun's garments, showing only her eyes and part of her nose, she tells Peare she is his love, throws off her nun's dress, and lets her fair hair fall to the ground.

Peare jumps up; and they hug and kiss one another, and weep for joy. Then they sit down, hear each other's mishaps, and chat and kiss till night comes, when they go to bed in separate rooms. Neither can sleep. Next morning Maguelone, in her nun's dress, visits Peare, and then goes to the Count and Countess of Provence, and tells them she has had a vision of St. Peter bringing her their son. She begs them to have all the black hangings removed from the Court, and to come to her church next Sunday. They come accordingly; and after mass, Maguelone takes them to her room, where Peare at once recognizes and kneels to them. They and all their train are fild with joy. Maguelone, having retired, reappears in her royal robes. They wonder who the beautiful lady is; but Peare kisses her and tells them. They embrace her and thank God.

The news of Peare's coming soon spreads, and all the folk of Provence flock to see him. The knights hold jousts and tournaments in his honour; the commons have dances and games. Peare weds Maguelone with a rich ring that his mother gives him; grand festivities go on for twenty-two days. After the marriage, the Count and Countess live in great content for ten years; then die, and are buried by Peare with full honours in St. Peter's church. Peare and Maguelone live eight years, and have a fine boy who is afterwards King of Naples and Count of Provence. They live a holy and honourable life, die holy folk, and are buried in St. Peter's. May the Trinity, St. Peter and St. Paul comfort us in our afflictions here, and may God make us possess Paradise hereafter!

SKETCH OF

THE UNIQUE INEDITED ROMANCE OF

Amoryus & Cleopes,

[leaf 16]

BY JOHN METHAM OF NORWICH, SCHOLAR OF CAMBRIDGE.

A.D. 1448-9.

[*Quaritch MS.*]

[1] Thys ys *the* story off a knyght, howe he dyd many wurthy dedys be *the* help off a lady, *the* qwyche taught hym to ouercome a meruul*us* dragon, *the* qwyche was a C ffote longe. And *this* knyght was clepyd Amory*us*, & *the* lady, Cleopes.

(1)

The chaun3 of loue, and eke *the* peyn of Amory*us* *the* knyg[h]t 1 — I'm to tell you the sad story of Amoryus and Cleopes.

For Cleopes sake, and eke how bothe in ffere
Louyd, and aftyr deyd, my purpos ys to endyght;
And now, O Goddés, I *thee* beseche off kunnyng, *that* — Minerva,
Lauysyca hyght; 4
Help me to adorune *ther* chauns in sqwyche manere, — aid me!
So *that*, qwere *this* matere dotht yt reqwyre,
Bothe *ther* louys I may compleyne, to louerys dysyre.

(2)

In May, *that* modyr ys off monthys glade, 8 — In May, the glad month,
Qwan fflourys sprede, *the* qwyche, with-in *the* rote,
In wyntyr were clos, *that than with* ffloure & blade
For Phebus exaltyng, *with* sundry hwys smellyd sote,
And byrdys, amonge *the* leuys grene, her myrthys made;
Qwan Nero, Asy gan to subdwe[2] to *the* empyre, — Nero besiegd Camsyr, the emperor of Persia.
And besegyd *the* emperoure off Perse, kyng Camsyre.

(3)

For qwan *this* Romayn*ys* gan to subdw 15
The regyon off Persë and off Medys,
Camsyr, kyng off *that* cuntre, hys pepyl to rescwe,

[1] Sir Miles Stapleton, Knight, married Catherine, daughter of Sir Thos. Poole, and died 1 Oct. 1466. Bloomfield gives his coat-of-arms: Stapleton impaling Delapole, *azure*, on a fess between 3 leopards faces, *or*, a mullet *sable*, *or*, a lion salient, gules.

[2] MS. suldwe.

Camsyr fought the Romans at Pansophiris and was kild.

Azens *this* emperoure, *in the* pleyn off Pansophyr*ys*
Toke batel; qwere he was smit to deth at onys
With the ston off an engyne, & hys pepyl put to flyght:
[leaf 16, back] Th*us this*e Romayn*ys* became *ther* lordys *with* ffors off fyght.

(4)

All Persia yielded to them.

And, ffor ffere, *the* lordys off *that* regyon
3eldyn *the* keys to *the* emp*erour* off *this* fforsayd cyté,
Yeuyng hym omage and possessyon
Off alle *this* forseyd regyon off Pers*é*,
Besechyng hym, vndyr trybute for to be;
And *ther*vppon, *ther* othe *the*i toke,
Sweryng vpon *the* tempyl-boke.

(5)

But, ffor *that this* cuntre was gret & popul*us*,
And ffeyth in thraldam ys selde seyn,

Nero and his Council

Be sad auysement *the* emp*erour* wrought ryght *thus*:
He commaundyd to a counsel, in certeyn,
Alle erlys & barouns *that* to *ther* oste dyd p*er*teyn;
In qwyche counsel, ffor surenes to reule *the* cuntre,

left 2 lords (Palemedon and Dydus) as Governors, who,

They promotyd too lordys to be resyd*ent* *in the* chef cyte.

(6)

THe qwyche lordys were Romaynys born,
That afftyr, for prudent port & gouernauns,
Were crounyd kyngys off *the* remys namyd be-fforn;
And so *this* emp*erour*, *with* vyctory*us* chauns
Returnyd to Rome *with* hys oste & pysauns,

after the Romans left, dwelt in Albanest,

Thyse princys dwellyng in pes & rest
In *the* cheff cyte off Persys, namyd Albanest,

(7)

married,

Qwere *the*i despousyd wyuys off *the* lynage
Of Dary*us*, sumtyme emp*erour* off *that* cuntre,

as Fyrage says,

Multyplying *the* world, as seyth myn autour Fyrage,
Qwere he tellyth *the* ryalte off *ther* maryage,

and had children, Amoryus and Cleopes.

Remembryng *the* loue, & eke *the* aduersyte,
Off Amory*us* & Cleopes, *that* were *the* chyldyr dere
[leaf 17] Off *this*e lordys: how *the*i louyd & dyid in ffere.

(8)

And *the* sempyl wryter besechyth off supportacion
For *the* rude endytyng off *th*is story;
But euery word ys wrytyn vndyr correccion
Off *them* *that* laboure in *th*is syens *con*tynwally,
For, ffulle herd yt ys, I knowe yt veryly,
To plese *the* pepyl; but *the* qwete frute schewyth *the* gentil tree,
And *the* mowth *the* hert: yt wyl none odyr be.

I (John Metham), the writer, ask help in my bad work.

(9)

But cause qwy *that* I *th*is boke endyght,
Is, *that* noqwere in Latyne ner Englysch I coude yt aspye;
But in Grwe y had yt wrytyn, lymnyd bryght
With lettyrys off gold, *that* gay were wrowght to *the* ye,
That causyd me to meruel *that* *the*i so glorys*ly*
Was adornyd: & offtyn I enqwyryd of letteryd clerkys,
Qwat yt myght be, *that* poyntyd was with so merwulus werkys.

I undertook it, because the story

was in a handsome Greek MS. only.

No men of letters knew

(10)

But alle *the*i seyd *that* yt was, be supposyng,
Grwe; but qwat yt ment, *the*i nyst ryght noȝt at alle.
And as yt ffortunyd, *ther* come rydyng
To Norwyche, a Greke, to home I schewyd in specyal
Thys fforsayd boke; & he, iche word, bothe gret & smal,
In Latyne yt expugnyd; & *thus*, be hys infformacion,
I had *the* trwe grownd & very *con*clusyon.

what it meant;

but a Greek who came to Norwich

turnd it into Latin for me.

Here endyth *the* prolog, And begynnyth *the* ffyrst boke /

In Albynest, *the* chef cyte off *the* regyon of Parsé
Thyse lordys reulyd, *the* wyche excellent were off fame . . . .

The properties of the lovers' fathers were separated only by a stone wall. Amoryus's father was Palemedon of Thessaly; Cleopes's was Dydus, who founded a temple of Venus, in which the citizens put up a pillar of brass in his honour, because this temple and the

city were destroyd by a storm, and he rebuilt them. They ask Palemedon to come to the Dedication of the new temple. With the Emperor's leave, Palemedon and his son Amoryus start. (A young knight rides up and warns Amoryus of the troubles of love.) They are welcomd by Dydus, and taken to their dwelling. Next day they admire the Temple of Venus; and the priest or necromancer says he'll dedicate it that day week. What gold, &c., he requires, is given him. He throws treasure and dead men's bones to the damned spirits, and gets 700,000 of them to complete the magic Sphere, from the 1st circle of which the planets' sweet harmony comes. The 2nd circle contains the stars, and is the College of Gods. After much astrological talk, and a vision of Venus and the ruin of her Temple, seen by her Priest or Secretary, the Temple is dedicated. Amoryus sees Cleopes, sends for his prayer-roll, and does his devotions to Apollo and Venus. Then he and Cleopes fall in love with each other. She has, in her Book of Devotions, a picture of a hind holding a heart, which she shows him. The service ended, they separate, after confessing their mutual love. They want to express their feelings; and as 'woman's wit is ready,' Cleopes holds up her Book of Devotions in red and green, containing a picture of a hind lying down, holding a heart, before which kneeld a knight holding in one hand another heart, and in the other hand a ring. Amoryus sees this, speaks to Cleopes, and wonders what her picture means. After service, his fellows chaff him; but he takes leave of his lady, and prepares for the coming jousts. He gets a kerchief painted with a copy of Cleopes's picture, and winds it round his right arm, and tells his father that Venus bade him wear it as a token of victory. Cleopes is delighted to see her champion wear her badge; and in the eight days' jousting, he proves to be the best man. He then gives a general challenge to every knight, and unhorses many. A knight adventurous then challenges him (sign. c 1, bk., c. 2), and Amoryus runs him thru the brain at the first charge (c. 3), and salutes Cleopes.

The third book (c. 3, back) shows us the separated lovers grieving bitterly. But Cleopes goes to her father's orchard, in whose wall is a cranny (Pyramus-and-Thisbe wise) coverd with ivy (c. 4), and thru it, she sees and hears Amoryus lamenting his hard fate. She throws the bottom of a broken glass to him; he comes to the rift in the wall, and they have a love talk, agree to meet again, each putting a gold ring in the cranny 'for true love's everlasting continuance' (c. 5, back), and kissing the wall, instead of one another's person.

Then come tidings to King Palemedon of "a *me*rulus dragon, *the* qwyche dystroyd *the* cuntre," the folk's goods, and eek 100 men of the city. This beast, Amoryus undertakes to fight, and, the same night, tells Cleopes of it. She warns him that he'll be kild. He'd better fight a lion than a serpent, whose venom 'll burn thru his armour. She then tells him about serpents—'*th*ise cokatrycys . . *the* serpent clepyd 'draconia' . . 'horne serpentys, . . a dragon . . namyd aspys, see . . dragounz and monstrys . . as *th*ise chyldrynyz, ydrys, & ypotamyȝ,' and the worst earth-dragon of all, 'serra cornuta' (c. 6), with the remedies for the venom of most of them.

Sarra cornuta is the name of the serpent that Amoryus is to fight; and for this he must have charms: 1. instead of his helm, a 'bugyl' gaping, with a bright carbuncle on its forehead; 2. the ring with a 'smaragd,' that Cleopes gave him the other day, and which is to be turnd towards the beast's eyes[1]; 3. a drink before the battle, made of herbs that she names, mixt with 5 powderd stones, 'orytes, lyguryus, demonius, agapys, acates,' for which he is to send to Walter jeweller in her name: a spoonful of this confection will cure any one. The 'bugyl' is to tempt the serpent to attack, and then the carbuncle will help.

Amoryus rides to the town, and next morning, having taken his drink and ring, proceeds to the dragon's den, and thrusts his spear into the brute's mouth (d 2, back). It kills his horse; but Amoryus puts out one of its eyes, and holds his ring to the other (d 3). Its stink is enough to kill a man. The carbuncle frightens the dragon; but it comes open-mouthed at Amoryus, who throws a phial of his potion between its jaws. This closes them at once, as if they were bound with iron chains, and is about to kill the dragon, whose bristled muzzle turns blue. It spreads its wings to fly, and Amoryus drives his sword up to the hilt into its heart (d 4). He then goes home triumphant, and arranges with Cleopes to meet him in the forest at a well. She gets there first, washes her hands and face, and, hearing a lion roar, rushes off to, and hides herself in, a den, dropping her headkerchief in her flight. This, the lion tousles with his bloody mouth; and having drunk some water, goes away. Amoryus comes, and on

[1] "insted off your helme, set a bugyl (an imitation young bull or buffalo) gapyng:
A brygh carbunkyl, loke *þer* be set in *the* fforhed;
And in your hands halde *that* yche ryng
With *þe* smaragd, *þat* I here delyuered you *þis* odyr day:
Loke *þat þe* stone be toward hys eyn alwey."

seeing the kerchief, thinks a wild beast has kild and eaten Cleopes. He laments her, and at last puts his sword-hilt on the ground, falls on it, and drives its point into his left side. Cleopes, hearing his last call on her, rushes up. He is just able to speak to her, and then dies; whereupon she, after lamenting him, pulls his sword out of him and kills herself. A pious hermit hears her last cry, and, after prayer, comes up and sees the piteous sight. He then prays to God to bring the two lovers to life again, which He does. The hermit converts and baptizes them, takes them into the city, and causes the image of Venus to tumble down, and the magical Sphere to vanish. Then he marries Amoryus and Cleopes; they live long and have children, die, and are buried together.

John Metham then praises highly his patron Sir Miles Stapleton, and his lady, a Lloyd, of the family of De La Poole, Duke of Suffolk, —whose arms, 3 horses' heads, were embroiderd on the velvet cover of the MS. in the 17th century, while one is on the other side,— and ends with the following Epilog:—

(*a*)

If I wrote the truth about Lady Stapleton, I should want Chaucer's style.

And yff I *the* trwthe schuld here wryght, [top of page]
As gret a style I schuld make in euery dregre, [*so*]
As Chauncerys, off qwene Eleyne or Cresseyd, doht endyht,
Or off Polyxchene, Grysyld, or Penelope.
As beuteu*us*, as womanly, as pacyent, as *the*i were wu*n*t to be,
Thys lady was, qwan I endytyd *th*is story,
.xxvii.
Floryschyng, *the* seuyn & twenty yere off *the* sext kyng He*n*ry.[1]

I write in 27 Henry VI, 1448-9.

(*b*)

Little book, commend me to Sir Miles and his Lady!

Go now, lytyl boke, &, *with* alle obeychau*n*ȝ,
Enterly me comende to my lord and mastyr eke,
And to hys ryght reu*er*end lady, *with* alle plesau*n*ȝ,
Enfformyng *th*em, how ffeythfull*y* I hem beseke
Off supportac*i*on of *the* rude endytyng owte of Greke;
For alle *th*is wrytyng ys sayd vndyr correcc*i*on,
Bothe off *th*i rymyng, & eke off *th*i translac*i*on.

[1] 27 Henry VI. is from 1 Sept. 1448 to 31 Aug. 1449.

(*c*)

For *the*i *that* greyheryd be, afftyr ffolkys estymac*i*on, — Greyhaird men know more of their arts
Nedys must more cu*m*ne, be kendly nature,
In yche syens qwere-in *the*i haue *ther* operac*i*on,—
Sythyn th*a*t crafft comyth be co*n*tynwaun3 in-to eue*r*y creature,—
Than he *that* late begynnyth, as be demonstrac*i*on — than late beginners.
My mastyr Chau*n*cerys, I mene, *that* longe dyd endure — Chaucer rymed his proverbs naturally.
In practyk off rymyng; qwerffore p*r*offoundëly
With many p*r*ouerbys, hys bokys be rymyd naturelly.

(*d*)

Eke Ion Lydgate, su*m*tyme monke off Byry, — Lydgate too wrote half-Latin words,
His bokys endytyd *with* termys off retoryk
And halff chongyd Latyne, *with* *con*seytys off poetry
And craffty Imagynac*i*onys off ym[a]gys ffantastyk, — with fancy images.
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
But eke hys qwyght her schewyd, & hys late werk,
How *that* hys *con*tynwaun3 made hym both a poyet & a clerk.

(*e*)

But nowe *the*i bothe be pasyd; & affte*r* schal I. [back] — Both are dead.
Qwer-ffor I make *th*is schort orysu*n*:
O welle off me*r*cy, Iesu,—*that* I, be ffreelness & ffoly — I pray Jesus to forgive me my sins.
Haue *thee* offendyd in dede or *in* ony Imagynac*i*on,—
Fully off fforyeffnes I *thee* beseche, *with* my herty3 hole em*m*oc*i*on,
Purposyng to amende alle *that* I haue done amys;
To me, Iesu, now *th*i mercy, fful necessary ys.

(*f*)

And *the*i *that* my sy*m*pyl wrytyng schal rede, — And if any readers see my name,
Off storyis off elde tyme, yff *the*i lyste, off *ther* godene3,
Qwere *the*i Ion Metham in boke3 ffynde, p*r*ay for hy*m* to spede — John Metham, in any book, let him pray for me.
In ve*r*tuys; ffor he off rymyng toke *the* besyne3
To *com*fforte *the*m *that* schuld[ë] falle in heuynes,

For tyme on-ocupyid, qwan ffolk haue lytyl to do,
On haly dayis to rede, me thynk yt [ys] best so.

Here endyth *the* story off Amory*us* *the* knyght & off Cleopes *the* lady.

[? MS.] 1° fol., ad me . . a3us

The translator signs his name several times in the MS., once at the end of the Treatise on Physiognomy which follows the Poem, as—

Quod Ion Metham, scolere off Cambryg. . Amen.

At the end of the 1st treatise, of "Cyromancy" [lf. 11, bk.] before the Poem, it is "q*uod* Ion Metham . . . Metham."

Dr. J. W. Clark, the Registrary, writes that the Cambridge University records do not mention John Metham.

I am greatly obliged to Mr. Quaritch for letting me see, and print this abstract of, his unique and interesting little MS.

The contents of the Quaritch MS., all by Jn. Metham, to leaf 84, are :

1. The syens off pal[mistrye], lf. 2–12,
   . . . and owte off grew, doctor Aurelyan, *the* qwyche was born in Itayle, *tr*anslatyd *th*is syens in-to Latyne; and owte of Latyne, Ion Metham, sympyl scoler of philosophie, tranlatyd yt in-to Englysch, *the* xxv. wyntyr off hys age, p*r*ayng alle *the* rederrys, of pacyens for *the* rwde endytyng; for, as myne autor pleynly endytyth in Latyne, so ys my purpose pleynly to endyte in englysch . . . .
   Her endyth þ^e syens off cyromancy *quod* Jon Metham . . . . Metham
   A big hand is drawn on each side of the next leaf, 13.
   4 leaves, 14–17, blank.
2. Amoryus & Cleopes, lf. 18–57.
3. Treatise on Physionomy, lf. 58–76.
   2 leaves, 77–8, blank.
4. Treatise on Fortunate Days, lf. 79–84.
   3 leaves blank, 85–7.
5. 1 leaf, 88, on what happens (in another hand) if Christmas Day falls on a Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday; breaks off with "[I]ff crystemes day ffalle on y^e ffryday" . . . .
   signatures of names and 3 lines of prose.

AFTERWORDS.

Our sins find us out. Owing to my not having cut up and dated the pages of the 1st edition of this book, and also owing to the want of knowledge and care of the reader of it for our Dictionary, and of Stratmann and Mätzner, Dr. Murray was led into saying of *drain*, vb.

"It is remarkable that, after the O.E. period, no example of this word is known to occur for 500 years, till the 16th c."

when our *Seven Deadly Sins*, p. 247, l. 119, had it in the 15th century, ab. 1440;[1] and Dr. Bradley was left with '1607, Topsell,' as his first user of *gnawer*, tho we had it in this same poem (p. 245, l. 50) about 167 years earlier:

> "*Invidia* the therd wound ys,
> A wyckkyd gnawer, or venym, or gowt . . ."

Our word *coignage*, 53/86, printed in 1866, is not in our Oxford Dictionary; nor are these now-printed words either: *anteoche* (a potion), 287/21, sent me by Dr. J. F. Payne, and *ascence* (Phebus in his ascension) 291/17, sent me by Dr. Hy. Bradley.

I am greatly to blame for not having collated earlier the German edition of Lydgate's *Horse, Goose and Sheep*, which gives some improved, and many various, readings for our text, of which these are a few:

15/1 Of controversies, pleys, & of discordis; 15/13, 17/44 geven *for* yove; 16/18 depeynt; 16/23 good kepe; 16/54 callid Pegase; 17/59 rider callid is; 17/62 his *for* bi-; 18/71 theyr horses; 18/76 Chaucer; 18/78 Betwene; 18/87 hors *for* hew; 20/117 bande *for* lond; 20/126 horsis; 20/129 from *for* 2*nd* to; 21/140 of Roweyn (aftermath, see p. 311); 21/143 of *for* for; 21/147 hors *for* we; 21/159 hem *for* hir; 21/160 seid the goos *for* trust me weel; 22/172–3 lines transposed; 22/184 *and* somme to noote; 23/193 prudence *for* provident; 23/197 goselyngis; 23/202 all away; 23/208 servid; 24/222 fiers leoun; 24/225 These mihty; 24/226 Maken; 25/22

[1] Dr. M. quoted our line as "c. 1500 *Spir. Remedies* in Halliw. *Nugæ Poet.* 67, Drayne it and dringke it with confescione."

temple so; 26/248 rescoud; 26/259 And riht . . they; 26/263 as that som; 27/286 ram here; 27/290 his vocate; 27/293 ut rectores gregum *for* O Egle & thou leoun; 27/295 and roiall; 28/301 named is; 28/308 List take the *for* Took the meeke; 28/318 this lamb; 29/323 lyneally; 29/339 briht *for* fresshe; 29/344 cacle *for* gagle; 30/355 fyndith; 30/358 pelt; 30/365 of the; 30/368 and *for* in; 31/374 right holsom; 31/385 gely; 31/388 jointys *for* bonys; 31/389 Their dede; 31/391 preve it; 31/393 Unto *for* But to; 32/413 prowde forsworn; 32/415 that toun; 32/418 *no* But; 32/419 Hemself; 33/424 forth *for* silf; 34/447 All *transferd before* These; 34/448 for *for* of; 34/449 Theyr; 34/459 look wel on eny; 35/482 flees *for* wolle; 35/489 bewite; 36/515 grasen; 36/516 of *for* bi; 37/527 engendred is hattrede; 37/531 who *for* who that; 37/532 frendis; 37/536 To *for* so; 37/537 rother *for* tothir; 38/544 comunaulte; 38/549 beeris *for* Booris; 38/557 theyr *for* the; 38/560 hem dresse; 38/563 to *for* nat; 39/568 fieldis . . doth gret; 39/569 not; 39/572 A *for* As; 39/573 Beth; 39/574 or storme; 39/583 witte was; 39/586 example; 39/592 grete fisshes; 40/596 wroth; 40/601 perilous; 40/606 gabburdis; 40/607 communaulte; 41/635 Eche man beware his neihburgh to despise; 41/640 have no *for* nat; 41/648 her; 42/654 horsis *for* stokkis; 42/655 grase.[1]

The additions at the end of the present volumes—thanks to Mr. Laurence Hodson, Dr. Henry Bradley, and Mr. Bernard Quaritch—introduce us to three fresh writers of poor verse, Henry Baradoun, p. 289, William Huchen, p. 291, and John Metham of Norwich, scholar of Cambridge, who wrote his Pyramus-and-Thisbe-like romance *Amoryus and Cleopes*, p. 301–8, in 1458–9, and affected to english it from Greek, which is of course nonsense. The prose fragment of the romance of "Peare of Provence and the fair Maguelone" will, I trust, lead to the discovery of a complete copy of it. Its tale was told in 1883 by Mr. Ascot R. Hope in his *Stories of Old Renown*, p. 189–213. On *La belle Dame sans Merci*, the imitations of it, the answers to it, etc., see M. Piaget's article in the *Romania* 1901.

As the medicine *anteoche* is not otherwise known, Dr. J. F. Payne has kindly sent me this recipe for the mixture, from his MS, formerly Dr. Frazer's:

For to make drynke of anteoche.

Tak an handful of Bugyl, an oþer of strawebery wyse [juice?], an oþer of meny consoude, and oþer of petit consold, an oþer of confirie, an oþer of þe croppes of þe red coul, an oþer of þe croppes of the brere, an oþer of Osmound, an oþer of croppes of hemp, an oþer

[1] p. 258: the line 'Lere to love, &c.' is also l. 5 on p. 261.

of Sanycle, an oþer of orpyn, an oþer of tansy, an oþer of þe croppes of þe Red nettles, an oþer of Pympurnele, an oþer of mousere, an oþer of violet, fyue handful of auence croppes and rote, & fyue handful of erbe Water, fyue handful of Betoyne croppes, þre handful of erbe Robert croppes and rote, and mader þe thrid part wight, ageyn alle (?) oþer. Wasch hem clene and stampe hem, and do hem in-to a newe erden pot, and put þereto a galoun of white wyn; and ȝif þou miȝt not fynde wyt, tak reed, and set ouer the fuir tyl hauendel be wasted; and þan tak it doun, and let streyne him in-to a faire vessel; and tak a potel of lyf hony,[1] and boyle it, and [*back of leaf*] skyme it, and þenne do it in þi licour, so that þou haue of eyther ilyche mech; and let boyle them to-gedder be þe space of þis psalme seyng "Miserere mei, deus"; and þat þis be don to-fore myssomer; and than do thi licour in a vessel of peauder, or of leed, or of glas, wel stopped; and whenne þe syke schal drynke ther-of, gyf him a sponful ther-of, and thre of lew water, an do it in a cuppe or in a pece to-gydder, and gyf þe seek to drynke last and first; but loke þat þi water be of a welle, that welle[2] of his owen kende, and þat it be soden first; and kepe it for þe nones.

p. 21, l. 140, *Roweyn.* This is the 2nd or autumn crop of grass, whether mown or not, after the first or June crop is cut and carried. In Lydgate's county, Suffolk, where I write, the outgoing tenant has to leave his *rowen* for the cattle of the incoming tenant to feed on during the winter; and he gets an allowance for it.[3] Mortimer, in his *Art of Husbandry*, ed. 1721, i. 233, says:

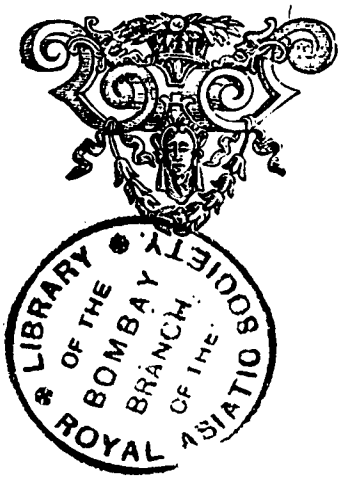
For the Wintering of Cattle, about *September* you must turn thém out that you design to keep up for a Winter or a Spring-Market, and your Cows that give Milk, into your *Rowens*, till Snow or a hard Frost comes, and they will need no Fodder.

And so, after a pleasant day of work and walk in this near-harvest Suffolk land, of lying on the Green, and strolling down pretty, sandy lanes, and over gorse-clad commons, of seeing cattle and crops, chickens, ducks and geese, and greeting friendly country folk, I take leave at last of this long-delayd Text, hoping to be forgiven, by friends and readers far and near, for all its faults.

White House Farm, Benhall Green,
Saxmundham, Sunday night, 9 Aug., 1903.

[1] '*live* honey' was the first that draind from the comb, of its own accord, before it was squeezd.—See Mortimer's *Husbandry*, 1721. The passage, I've sent to Oxford for our Dictionary Supplement. [2] springs.

[3] My landlord, Mr. George Boast, has kindly showd me his incoming Valuation.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INDEX AND GLOSSARY.

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atent, *a.* 201/170, convicted.
at home, *adv.* 269 f.
atroketȝ, *v.i.* 250/7, fails.
attwite, *v.t.* 35/489, reproach.
atween, 13/2, between.
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avaunter, *n.* 107/735, 110/814, boaster.
awangelys, 43/6, Evangelists.
awayte, *n.* 93/341, power of watching for a chance.
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ayeynward, *adv.* 80/18, on the other hand.

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backer, *a.* xiv. *n.* further behind.
baggage, *n.* 33/424, goods, plunder.
baillye, *n.* 258/9, rule, power.
baistille, *n.* 32/418, bastille, fortified post.
bait, *n.* 183/55.
bake, *v.t.* 225/547, work, create.
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befaute, *vb.*? 3/62, befault, wrong, harm (not in N. E. D.)? not 'be faulty.'
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bele chere, 20/120, good cheer.
ben, *n.* 244/22, beans,
bereave, *v.t.* 247/98, take away.
bergayne, *n.* 124/47, bargain.
besale, *v.t.* 133/4, assail.
besideward, *adv.* 146/85.
beswylede, *pple.* 136/102, absorbed;

AS. *swilgan*, to swill, drink: *swilian*, to swill, wash.
beteche, *v.t.* 130/236, betake, commit to.
bethe, 69/13, is.
bethinking, *n.* 268/3 c.
bett, *pple.* 183/26, beaten.
better, *n.* 60 (57), superior.
better said than done, 99/526.
betweche, *v.t.* 43/19, deliver.
'Bewty wyll shew, thow hornys be away,' 73–5.
biting, *a.* 270 (at foot), *mordax*.
black sheep's wool to stanch blood, 31/390–2.
bladdyrth, *v.t.* 246/74, bladders, puffs up, swells.
blain, *n.* 245/40, sore.
blaket, *v.i.* 250/5, bleach, get white, 253/9.
blameful, *n.* 283/113.
blandish, *v.t.* 59 (48), flatter.
bleche, *n.* 283/107, lividness.
bleeding tree that bore Eve's & Adam's apple, 131/262–8.
blench, *v.i.* 277/180, flinch.
bliken, *v.i.* 253/9, bleach, grow pale.
blood & water from Christ's side, a relic in Rome, 157/422.
bloodhound, *n.* 49/27.
bloodshot, *n.* 219/439.
bloody sound of trumpets, 24/219.
blow, *v.t.* 211/303, spread abroad.
blowe, *v.i.* 280/31, judge, condemn?
bo, *a.* 262/2 d, both.
boast, *n.* 211/303, fame.
bocis, *n.* 39/566, bosses.
bode, *sb.* 84/99, abode, remaind.
bolded, *pple.* 81/26, emboldend.
bolster, *n.* 187/101.
bolyd, *pple.* 271/9, embost, embellisht.
bones, 217 in a man, 65.
book, *v.t.* 221/472, baked.
boses, *n.* 29/340, bosses of metal.
bot, *n.* 66/7, fulfilment, satisfaction.
both, *n.* 266/1 b, bote, remedy.
bound, *n.* 21/158, limit, country.
bow & arrows, English victories due to, 24/215.
bowe, *v.i.* 98/491, bend.
brain, the seat of mind, 65.
brainless soldiers, 33/423.
breasts, Maguelone's, 296. *See* 'pap.'
brede, *n.* 271/4, breadth, piece, of wood.
bron, *pple.* 268 (at foot), born.
brosoure, *n.* 31/386, bruises.
brotherless, *a.* 234/43.
bruchelnesse, *n.* 279/12, brittleness, frailty.
buckled, *vb.* 182–3/51, naild together.
build, don't, unless you must, 59 (51).
builder, *n.* 60 (34).
burde, *n.* 238/9, lady.
by, *v.t.* 124/47, buy.
by3yn, *v.t.* 274/102, buy.

caaf, *n.* 209/300, cave, pit.
cabin, *n.* 244/15, abyss, hell.
cage in hell, 125/67–8.
calf, a, Christ, on Calvary, 285/157.
carbuncle, *n.* 73/10.
Cardinal, the, 7/25.
cardinal virtues, the four, 19/94.
careful, *a.* 115/23, full of trouble.
careyn, *n.* 23/204, carrion.
cariage, *n.* 20/126, carrying.
Caritas, 245/56, charity, love.
cast, *n.* 117/99, dodge, device.
cat, *n.* 169/765.
catel, *n.* 263/3, chattels, wealth.
causeless, *adv.* 111/852, without cause.
Cavalaro, *Caballaro*, Spanish for a knight, from *caballo*, horse, 17/61–3.
cease, *v.t.* 191/22, make to cease, stop.
certeyn, *n.* 87/193, a certain measure or distance.
chaires, *n.* 40/605, seats, positions.
chancery, *n.* 10/75.
chapels, 10,005 in Rome, besides 42 on the walls, 143/19–21.
chare, 17/47, chariot.
chargeable, *a.* 57 (7), expensive.
chast, *v.t.* 67/22.
'Chastity,' 260.
chastity with repentance, the remedy for lechery, 247/116.
chevalier, from *cheval*, horse, 17/58.
Childermas Day, 147/119.
christen, *v.t.* 146/109, 112.
Christendom, 167/684, Christianity.
Christmas night, wells yielding oil on, in Rome, 171/828.
Church Festivals, the ten chief, 118/105.

churches, 147 in Rome, 143/18.
circumcision: the flesh of Christ's, a relic in Rome, 157/428.
clansed of, *pple.* 155/362, cleansed from.
clause, *n.* 203/174.
clean, *a.* 209/285, pure.
clean out of remembrance, 100/540.
clearness, *n.* 112/10, brightness.
climb not too high, 51/66.
close, *n.* 112/5, womb.
Clothiers' Company in Rome, 'di Sant' Uomo-bono,' xlv.
cloth that Christ was wrapt in at his birth, a relic in Rome, 165/609–612.
cloud, *n.* 250/12, clout.
clout, *n.* 253/18.
cnect, *n.* 244/21, knight.
coalblack horse, 18/87.
cochoure, *n.* 246/76, coucher, lowlier, one who lies low.
coignage, *n.* 53/86, coign of vantage, high position of Alexander? (not in N.E.D.).
cointe, *a.* cointeli, *adv.* 266/5 c, 8 c, knowing, -ly, skilful, -ly.
coldetȝ, *n.* 249/1 b, grow cold.
collect, *n.* 122/220.
comfortless, *a.* 106/701.
commendation, *n.* 9, n. 2.
comounte, *n.* 38/544, 40/607, commonalty.
comparisons are odious, 36/526.
con, *vb.* 129/196, began to, did.
condell lyȝt, *n.* 151/245, candle-light.
condit, *vb.* 100/536, conduct, guide.
conform, *v.t.* 47/4, make like others; 51/51.
conquest, *n.* 236/106.
consent, *pple.* 133/5, consented.
constraynt, *pple.* 96/443, constraind, forst.
consume, *v.t.* xiv, *n.* thaw.
contingence, *n.* 60 (72), chance.
convention, *n*, 141/15, agreement.
conversion, *n.* 147/115.
convert, *v.i.* 283/106, turn.
conyngerys, 49/26, rabbit-warrens.
cooreyn, *n.* 24/223, carrion, corpse.
cope of heaven, 127/123.
corden, *vb.* 43/6, accord, agree.
Cordis contritio, contrition of heart, 248/125.
coresy, *n.* 246/66, corrosive.
Corinthians, Exposition of ch. vii of the Epistle to, 62/8 (by W. Roy?, 1529).
cormorant, *n.* 47/11.
corn, a; how to destroy it, 64.
corn to be sold at a low price, 58 (24).
corner-stone, *n.* 285/151.
cornicle, *v.t.* 10/70, chronicle, record.
Cornish chough, Trevilian, xi, *n.* 2.
corrypable, *a.* 23/205, corruptible, poisonous.
costefull, 59 (34), costly.
Costermongers playing at dice for apples on the frozen Thames, xiv, *n.*
coteleres, *n.* 34/445, cutlers, dagger-makers.
Court, youth lost in, 289/5.
cover-knave hat, xiv, *n.*
covert, *n.* 169/768, hat.
covert, *n.* 39/584, cover.
covetousness, *n.* 58 (19–21).
Covetousness in reeve, steward, 251.
creeping, *a.* 254/7.
crippe, *n.* 184/86, scrip, bag.
crook, the Devil's, 128/164.
crooks, keen, 129/203.
crop & root, *n.* 231/741.
cross that Christ died on, 12/24, 13/10.
crosses on which Jesus & the penitent thief hung: a relic in Rome, 161/501–3.
Crown of Thorns, Christ's, 141/11.
Crystyante, *n.* 155/350, Christendom.
cuckoo murders a nightingale, 40/594.
cup of poisond drink given to St. John, 137/410.
'Cupidity,' 258.
curable, *a.* 286/12.
cure, *n.* 84/108, care.
currish, *a.* 94/389. Fr. *vilain.*
curse, *n.* 299/9, course.
cursid (lyfe), 128/160, bad, wicked.

dalliance, *n.* 78/64, gaiety.
damnation, how to be safe from, 173/189–902.
damnyng, *n.* 273/59, condemnation.
dar him, 286/20, need he.
dasewetȝ, *v.i.* 249/6 b, become dazed.
dead horse poisonous, 23/204.

'Death,' 254.
Death, the Black, 127/153.
Death, signs of, 249, 250, 253.
debility, *n.* 58 (27), weakness.
dede, *a.* 31/389, over-straind, useless (sinews).
dede, *n.* 133/23, 221/474, death.
dedis dint, *n.* 266/6 c, death's blow.
dedur, *adv.* 144/36, thither.
deface, *v.t.* 94/369.
definitive, 36/497, clear, conclusive.
deity, *n.* 75/51, Godhead, God.
delicate food, 57 (12).
delicately, *adv.* 57 (16).
delys, *n.* 276/154, delight.
demayn, *n.* 85/132, control.
denye, *n.* 292/28, denial.
depart, *v.t.* 37/532, share.
departition, 61 (82), division.
derne, *a.* 116/73, 244/17, secret.
despaired, *pple.* 141/6.
desses, *n.* 69/18, 21, disease, unquiet.
destroy, *v.t.* 57 (1), deprive.
det, *n.* 263/2 d, 266/11 c., 267/6, 8, death.
detent, *n.* 10/76, ?restraint (the only instance in N.E.D.).
dethur, 145/66, thither.
deuh, *n.* 30/370, dew.
Deus, qui es nostra Redempcio, 119/127.
Deuteronomy, a Prologue to, 63/20, by Wm. Tyndale, 1530.
dewen, *v.i.* 253/3, deafen, become deaf.
deyntye, *n.* 93/353, appreciation.
diden, *vb.* 225/532, put, naild.
dies illa, dies ire, 11/110.
Dies irae, 9, *n.* 2.
diffiaunce, *n.* 89/258, defiance.
dinet, *v.i.* 250/1, din, hear a deafening noise.
dirge, *n.* 7/33.
dirige, *n.* 6/8, 7/29, 32, &c.
discouert, *pple.* 95/403, uncoverd?, shown.
dis-ease, *n.* 241/106, distress.
diseaše, *v.t.* 227/597, harm.
disencrese, *n.* 34/463.
disese, *n.* 195/68, punishment.
disobey, *v.t.* 80/7.
dispence, *n.* 75/55, cost, expense.
dissever, *v.t.* 60 (73), separate.
distillacion, *n.* 142/28, slow drops.
dithe, *v.t.* 240/77, place, purpose.
ditty; *n.* 50/49, poem.
do: it does you good, 156/384; does no good, 169/775.
do of myse, 136/95, do amiss.
doctors, what, to be avoided, 60 (66–7).
doctrinal, *n.* 57/1.
Domine, quo vadis?, xxix, 151/253, a church near Rome.
done, *pple.* 145/67, 146/93, put, buried.
'Don't despise your Neighbour,' Lydgate's, 38–42.
Doomsday, *n.* 280/31.
doublets of glass, 73/13, sham jewels.
doun, down, *n.* 38/559, *n.* 23/193, down, small soft feathers.
dragges, *n.* 20/124, drugs.
dragon & St. George, at Bristol, 5.
drain, *v.i.* 247/119.
dresse, *v.i.* 120/175, go.
drey, *v.t.* 246/68, suffer, put up with.
drury, *a.* 116/71, mournful.
dung of horse & goose compared, 23/197–203.
dunnet, *v.i.* 250/2, grow dun or pallid.
duress, *n.* 101/562, hardship.
durst, *v.t.* 225/556, condemnd, thrust?
Dutch riots of 1437, xx.
dyde, *vb.* 153/314, causd to be.
dydurward, *adv.* 151/242, thitherward.
dymmen, *v.i.* 253/4, grow dim.

E. for the eagle, the badge of the green eagle of Monthermer, Rd. Nevill, Earl of Salisbury, 3/49.
eagle, xi, *n.* 2, king.
——, green, of Monthermer, xi, xii.
eagle & lion as judges, 3/22, 21/148.
eagle, the imperial, 16/21.
earth, we came from, and shall go to, 41/637.
Easter morning, Christ rose on, 277/185; Day, 167/681.
Economica Christiana, 62/6.
eggs to be shied at rogues in the Pillory, 56/3.
eistricion, *n.* 2/30, '? erroneous form of Extraction (O.Fr. estracion).' N. E. D.

elenge, *a.* 116/57, dreary, miserable.
Elymosina, almsgiving, 247/91.
empere, *n.* 174/12, empire.
emperor, 12/3, 11, 12, 13/5, 12.
emprise, *n.* 31/553, maxim.
emyred, *a.* 77/57, admired.
enchace, *v.t.* 95/416, drive.
endlessly, *adv.* 217/418.
endooryd, *pple.* 56/5, gilt, with spatterd yolks of eggs.
enfeofment, *n.* 193/38, gift of Paradise.
Englishmen's bows and arrows, 24/216.
ennewid, *pple.* 291/6, tinted, gilded.
entenderde, *vb.* 72/32, taken in tenderly?
enterly, *a.* 69/11, entire, whole.
entircomon, *vb.* 37/536, share.
entremes, *n.* 86/156, entrée, dish of food.
entrikid, *pple.* 292/41, ensnared, beguiled.
envious, *n.* 53/92, envy, jealousy.
'Envy,' 257.
Envy, the 2nd Deadly Sin, 245/49.
eques, knight, from *equo*=horse, 17/57.
er, *adv.* 250/11; erer, *adv.* 250/13, before.
erde, *n.* 242/125, earth.
eritage, *n.* 128/177, inheritance, lands.
ernes, *n.* 260/4, earnest-money, reward.
ertdly, *a.* 242/122, earthly.
estat, *n.* 39/367, collective body, number.
examplir, *n.* 75/67, model.
executor, *n.* 7/33, performer, singer.
existence, *n.* 73/4.
Exodus, a Prologue to (by Wm. Tyndale, 1530), 62/17.
expenses, *n. pl.* 211/301.
expert, *a.* 22/170, tried, wise.
extortion grounded on falseness, 37/523.
extremities, *n.* 22/179, fingers, toes, etc.; 34/471, extremes.

F. for the feterlock, the badge of the Earl of March (Edw. IV.), 2/41.
fable, *v.t.* 126/105, deceive.
face, *v.t.* 282/73, confront, accuse.
fail, *v.t.* 105/670, be wanting in.
failed, *n.* 99/513, weak, wanting.
faint, *a.* 191/5, cool, unloving.
faith dwells in the heart, and Christ in it, 65.
falewet3, *v.i.* 249/5 b, grows pallid.
famelen, *v.i.* 253/8, fumble, stammer.
fantastical, *a.* 72/25, existing only in the fancy.
Father and Son, the Disputation between (by Wm. Roy, 1530), 62/1.
Father of Heaven, 175/32.
fatherless, *a.* 234/42.
fat roast goose fit for a king, 23/206–8.
faute, *n.* 124/56, default of care.
fayne, *adv.* 192/56, fain, gladly.
fayne, *n.* 117/83, feigning.
Feasts, the 10 chief Church, 118/105.
feature, *n.* 203/199.
feeble, *v.t.* 207/253, weaken.
feeld, 18/70, field of battle.
feeling, *sensus*, 65.
feel strong wines, 60 (63).
feffith, *vb.* 97/472, burdens.
felþe, *n.* 283/118, filth, sin.
felsship, *n.* 251/1, falsity, falsness.
feminity, *n.* 71/21, 74/35, women's nature.
fenestrallys, *n.* 56/7, arm-holes in a pillory.
ferdly, *a.* 245/44, fearful, terrible.
ferret, *v.i.* 48, 49/26, hunt rabbits with ferrets.
fervently, *adv.* 138/158.
fesid, *pple.* 227/603, harast.
fester, *n.* 245/44.
fethirbeddis, 38/560.
feyntyce, *n.* 273/75, faintness.
Fight is Flight, 251/
figure, *n.* 28/297, 322, resemblance; 171/858, image.
Filius Regis mortuus est, 233–237.
——*Resurrexit: Non mortuus est*, 238–242.
fill: had my fill, 124/31.
find, *v.t.* 298/8, provide for.
fine, *a.* 172/874, celebrated, famous.
fitte, *v.i.* 262/9 d, fight.
Five Wells of Christ's Mercy, 142/36.
five wits, 124/53.
Five Wounds, Christ's, 133/21, 142/37.

flatcheres, 22/182, fletchers, makers of bows and arrows.
fleemyd, 213/340, banisht.
flight of arrows, 24/232, 25/236.
flouren, *v.i.* 34/450, flourish.
flower of all the world, 12/22.
flower of virginity, 112/1.
flowers, *n.* 124/44, gay youth.
flytt, *vb.* 181/22, fled.
foldeȝ, 249/2 b, 250/3, folds, gets limp.
folyly, *adv.* 98/490, 99/522, 100/533, foolishly.
fonnedli, *adv.* 211/309, fondly, foolishly.
'Foolish Love,' 266.
Football playd on the Thames in Jan. 1364, xiv, *n.*
foot of Mary Magdalene, a relic in Rome, 157/425.
for, *prep.* 22/168, against, in spite of.
forborne, 21/146, exceld.
fordo, *v.t.* 279/10, put away, blot out.
forehead, the seat of the understanding, 65.
forgeting, *n.* 95/395.
forȝouin, *pple.* 264/12; forȝoin, 258/1 c; forȝoui, 260 (at foot), forgiven.
forser, *n.* 82/65, casket.
Fortune not to be thought too much of, 60 (72).
forsaiden, 9/*n.* 2, foresaid.
forsaker, *n.* 219/435.
'Fortune's Wheel,' 266.
fortuned, me, 233/3, 238/3.
fosters, *n.* 48/28, foresters.
'Four Evils,' 256.
'Four Inscriptions,' 262.
fox & fowl, 275/120.
foxish, *a.* 47/14, foxlike.
fraternity, *n.* 56/18, a brotherhood, company.
fraunchise, *n.* 89/236, freedom.
fray, *v.t.* 236/102, score, tear.
free, *n.* 236/102, man-god, Christ.
fremyd, *a.* 277/197, strange.
French wives of English Kings, 14.
frentyk, 51/54, frantic.
Friend is foe, 251.
friend, who's the better, 59 (38).
——, how to advise one, 59 (41).
fronte, *n.* 65/6, forehead.
frost, hard, in 1564, xiv, *n.*
frounter, *n.* 86/176, front rank; *faire frontière, a,* to make an attack upon. Godefroy, Sk.
fryth, *n.* 84/124, firth.
fuched, *v.t.* 66/20, vouched.
full, to the, 30/356, conclusively.
furris, *n.* 30/364, wools.
furþet (furȝet), *v.i.* 268/4, forgets.
fyme, *n.* dung, 23/197.
fyn, *n.* 197/102, agreement.
fynt, *vb.* 30/355, finds, provides.
fynyal, *a.* 136/88, final.
fyred, *pple.* 116/56, flaming.
fysyke lore, 247/89, medical learning.

gabbyng, *n.* 93/341, boasting, idle talk.
Gabull of the chancery, 10/75.
gagle, *v.i.* 29/344, cackle.
gall, a man's, the seat of Anger, 65.
galow, *n.* 235/74, gallows.
gander, *n.* 21/157; one's noise saved the Capitol of Rome, 25/242; its image set up in gold, 25/245.
gaping & staring, 289/22.
gardeviaundis, 21/147, chests for food, valuables; travelling trunk.
garnement, *n.* 41/631, adornment.
garnyson, *n.* 86/175, storehouse, collection.
gate, *n.* 149/183, 240/75, way, road.
gates, 24 great ones in Rome, 143/23.
Gaude Flore Virginali! 174–5.
gayn; *prep.* 142/27, 31, against.
gelle, *n.* 31/385, jelly.
general, in, *adv.* 240/63.
Genesis, the 1st book of Moses, 62/15.
gentlemen, 61 (83).
gentlewomen, *n.* 76/7, 18.
Geruþe, *v.i.* 232 (at foot), prepare, make ready.
gestening, *n.* 269/1 f, 270/4, feast.
gh silent: *litliche,* lightly, 268/2; *mit, nit, wit, plit,* for might, night, wight, plight, 262/1–5; *mith,* 262/1 c; *fitte,* fight, 262/9 d; *rit,* right, 263/4; *bot,* bought, 274/101, 277/176; *nout,* naught, 275/122; *wrout, brout,* 263/1, 2, for wrought, bought; *wrout,* wrought, workt, 271/6, 7; *thout,* thought, *wrout,* wrought, 264/3, 4, b; *nout,* nought, 264/6 b; *lit,* light, 265/7; *rit,* right, 265/1 c.

3 for þ: *boȝe* both, *ȝat* that, *ȝis* this, 270/2, 3, 6, 269/2, 4, 6.
Giant at the Bristol Reception of Edw. IV, 5.
gift: nothing is so free as one, 67/24.
gile, *v.t.* 263/6, beguile.
gissinge, *n.* 251/1, covetousness.
gist, *n.* 251, covetousness.
give & take, *vb.* 66/11.
'Give me License to live in Ease,' 244–8.
gladest, *vb.* 186/115, 187/107, art glad.
gladness is seated in a man's spleen, 65.
glem, *n.* 275/143, gleam.
gleynt, *v.t.* 201/172, hide.
gloce, *n.* 242/138, gloss, comment.
glorificate, *a.* 113/31, glorified.
glosinge, *n.* 251/1, lying.
gloves of sheepskin, 30/366.
gnaggid, *a.* 236/98.
gnawer, Envy is a wicked, 245/50.
God of Love, 76/25.
God is man, 281/54.
God's knights, 154/333.
God's men, 156/395; God's peace, 156/391.
Goddess of Love, 77/38.
gold dish for a fat roast goose, 23/206–7.
golden sleep, 80/2.
good cheer, 96/430, 441, kind looks, welcome.
good for ill; not ill for ill, 137/144–5.
Good Friday, 122/236; Christ died on, 272/401, 274/113.
goose, the, 16/25; its good qualities, and usefulness to man, 21–27; its answer to the sheep, 33, st. 62.
gosling, 36/513.
gossamer, *n.* 73/5.
got, *vb.* 266/4 *c*, goeth, turns.
gout: Envy is a wicked, 245/50.
grass, a, *n.* 203/187, a blade of grass.
grave, *v.t.* 142/21, engrave? or bury.
gre, en, 66/9, pleasantly, with good will.
greable, *a.* 141/14, agreed.
grecys, *n.* 144/28, steps.
grede, *v.i.* 279/5, cry.
gree, *n.* 144/31, step.
green (young) gosling, 21/157, 23/197.
green, *n.* 33/441, g. field, grass.
green wound, 66/14.
grese, *v.i.* 36/515, 42/655; gresen, 38/557, graze, feed.
gresse, *n.* 130/223, blade of grass.
greves, 15/14, griefs, complaints.
grevis, *n.* 22/166, groves.
grey eyes, Christ's, 273/69.
Grey Friars, or Reformed Franciscans, xliv.
grey goose feathers, 22/182.
grey lag-goose, 25, *n.* 2.
gril, *a.* 254/5, sharp.
grip, *v.i.* 71/20.
groce, *a.* 57 (12), gross, coarse.
groundeth, 3/60, is fixed.
gryffon, 29/333, griffin.
guerdon, *n.* 96/443, 445, gift.
Gula, gluttony, the 6th Deadly Sin, 247/97.
gunpowder, xiv, *n.*

hade-y-wiste, *n.* 66/17, had I known (I wouldn't have done what I did).
hale, *v.t.* 247/115, pull, haul.
halowe, *vb.* 170/801, keep holy.
halowen, *n.* 170/795, saints.
halsed, *v.t.* 116/63, blessed.
hand & foot, 272/25, 274/94 (foot & hand, 274/86).
handled, *n.* 243/3, and-læt, face.
hansel, *n.* 66/3, gifts.
harpstrings, 31/383.
haveles, *a.* 102/605, without havings or possessions.
hay that the body of Christ lay on, a relic in Rome, 165/615.
he, for 'it,' 245/51, 52.
he, 273/63, 274/85, 276/144, they.
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heap, *n.* 241/109, lot, nu[illegible]
heart, the, is inhabited by thought and faith, and dwells in the mind, 65.
heavy, *v.t.* 217/407, sadden.
heavy, *a.* 86/159, sad, anxious.
hee, *pron.* 271/23, 272/47, 273/58, 70, 83, etc.
heele, *n.* 176/17, health, salvation.
held, *a.* 276/164, old.

hele, *adv.*?, 92/528, wholly.
hell coal, 169/767.
Hell, Empress of: the Virgin Mary, 112/3.
hell: how to loose friends from, 149/172–6.
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Hell, Steward of, 12/3, 14.
helud, *pple.* 253/2, coverd.
hely, 276/167, Eli (Matth. xxvii. 46), my God!
henceforthward, *adv.* 219/447.
heretic, *n.* 168/727.
heritage not to be divided, 61 (83).
Herod, 273/55.
herthys, *n.* 48/26, burrows, warrens.
hey, *a.* 278/216, high.
hey, *pron.* 256 (at foot).
hi, *pron.* 266/2 d, I.
high and low made of one material, 41/636.
hire of servants withheld, 213/349.
holli, *adv.* 199/118, wholely.
Holy Cross, the, 160/487; the altar of, 145/61.
Holy Cross, or Crucifix, altar of, xxiv.
Holy Thursday, 145/71.
holy writ, *n.* 215/392.
homager, *n.* 196/105, vassal, tenant.
hoo, *v.i.* 225/537, cease.
hooked (forkt) arrows, 33/430.
hore, *n.* 267 (at foot), ore, mercy.
horn blown to call back a soul to hell, 126/98.
horn: no one to set his too high, 38/554.
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hounds of venery too costly, 60 (70).
household-keeping, *n.* 57/1, 4.
housing, *n.* 59 (51), houses.
hui, *pron.* 257/4 b, they.
hul, *n.* 257/4 c, ship.
humanity, *n.* 28/308, man.
humility the greatest of virtues, 75/49.
'Humility,' 257, *humilitas*, *n.* 245/33.
hurne, *v.i.* 243/8, ran.
hus, *v.i.* 268/1 d, is.
'Hymn to the Virgin,' by William Huchen, 291–2.

image, *n.* 165/625, picture, portrait.
imperial power, 41/633.
imperial Queen of Heaven, 112/2.
increep, *v.i.* 241/113.
indifferent, 15/6, impartial.
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infect, *v.t.* 23/205, corrupt, poison.
infortune, *n.* 61 (85), bad luck.
in-ruyde, unryde. *a.* 269/1 d, cruel.
'Inscriptions,' 258–9, 260–1, 262.
insight, *n.* 215/389.
Intellect, Memory & Reason, in a triple head, 53/97–104.
intersector, interfector, *n.* 6/14, killer.
Invidia, envy, 245/49, the 2nd Deadly Sin.
'In Weal, think of Woe,' 256.
ipit, *pple.* 268/6, pusht about.
Ira, anger, the 3rd Deadly Sin 246/61.
iuyse, *n.* 103/622, judgment, punishment.
iwent, *pple.* 257/1 d, turnd, gone.

jangle as a jay, 107/744.
jelly from a boild sheep's head, 31/385.
Jews, 160/496, 161/507, 272/46, 273/66, 79, 81; 274/90, 275/126, 276/146, 148, 157.
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jobbardis, *n.* 40/606, blockheads.
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joyingly, *adv.* 229/659.
justice, *n.* 125/92, magistrate; 277/200, judge.
justis, *n.* 19/92, jousts.

kalendis, *n.* 22/174, tokens, outward signs, warnings.
kastite, *n.* 296/2 g, chastity.
katt, *n.* 164/765, cat.
keeping, *n.* 257/3.
kennyd, *v.i.* 241/93, told. informd.
Keys, power of the, xxvii.
kidney, a man's, is the seat of Avarice, 65.
king of all kings, 12/2, 7.
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kirtle of one raisd from the dead, 157/414.
knave is knight, 281/53.
Knight of the Keys, 293.
knotted, *a.* 236/98.
kunnynge, *n.* 201/152, knowledge.

La Belle Dame sans Merci, by Sir Richard Ros, 79–111.
Ladder of Heaven, or Chapel *Scala Cœli*, 148/158.
lade, *vb.* 20/117, load.
lady fair, 292/25.
Lady, my, the Flowre of Womanhood, 71–2.
Lady, our, 145/55, 149/188, 159/466.
Lady, Our: 3 chapels of her in Rome, 148/160-1.
lag-goose, the grey, 25, *n.* 2.
laith, *vb.* 94/387, lays down, sells.
lamb of grace, Jesus, 28/301.
Laminas, 145/71.
land, bought, will earn its price in ten years, 44.
lap, *n.* 255/11, cloth, wrap.
lappyd, *pple.* 124/36, wrapt, envelopt.
large, *a.* 88/210, expansive, clamant.
large & long miles, 140/186.
lassun, *v.i.* 255/5 c, lessen, shrink?
Last Supper, table of the, in Rome, 156/380–2.
late, all too, 250/7.
layn, *n.* 241/102, deceit.
layne, *v.t.* 276/152, hide, conceal.
lazars, *n.* 245/45, lepers, sinners.
'Learn Love from Christ's Sufferings,' 254.
learning, *a.* 113/30.
leave alone, *v.t.* 177/7.
leche, *n.* 60 (66–7), doctor, to be avoided.
leche, *v.t.* 143/1, cure, purify.
'Lechery,' 260.
lede, *n.* 136/110, person.
leden, *v.t.* 20/115, 136, bear, carry.
legatys, *n.* 61 (77), legacies.
lekid *v.t.* 242/143, liked, pleasd.
lelely, *adv.* 137/122, loyally.
lemman, Jesus, 247/2, dear one.
Lentones, *n.* 144/43, 48, &c., Lents.
lere, *n.* 116/53, brow.
lese, *n.* 127/148, lying
lessid, *pple.* 59 (52), lessend.
let be, 29/337, leave quiet.
letuarie, *n.* 20/124, electuary.
leue, *v.i.* 89/238, remain, live.
leue, *v.i.* 100/548, live.
Leviticus, a Prologue to, by Wm. Tyndale (1530), 63/18.
licnit, *pple.* 261/4 c, likend.
Light is Night, 251.
lightsome, *a.* 95/405.
like, *adv.* 37/529; *adj.* 37/528.
like, as *conj.* 21/161, 34/454.
like, *prep.* like to, 49/23, 24, &c.; 191/14, 201/15.
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liken, *v.t.* 21/154.
likeneßs, *n.* 53/93, portrait.
liknessis, *n.* 39/589, parallels.
lion & eagle give judgment, 36–7.
lion, play the, 24/222; Hector playd the, 17/52.
lion, the hardy, 15/20.
liste, *n.* 66/15, desire, pleasure.
Litany, the, 121, *n.* 14.
lith, *v.i.* 262/2 c, make light, alleviate.
lithe, *n.* 241/87, company, number.
'Live,' 260.
livery, *n.* 230/692, servant's, disciple's dress.
living, *n.* 133/18, life, conduct.
lock of stedfastnesse, the, 70/28.
lodesterre, *n.* 82/257, loads[illegible]y-love.
loggyng, *n.* 83/82, lodging.
lollerdy, 12/27, 13, lollardry.
lomeber, *a.* 276/162, lamb-like?
longitude, *n.* 61, a man's height.
longyng, *a.* 19/95, belonging.
'Look to the End,' 265.
'Lord, come to my Feast!' 270.
lord of all lords, 12/2, 10.
lose (lousse, 196), *v.t.* 197/106, loose.

lot, *a.* 266/2 c, loath.
lotleschipe, *n.* 268/7, littleness, humility?
louthe, *v.i.* 267/3, lout, do obeisance.
'Love,' 260.
'Love Christ who loves thee,' 255.
love for love, 141/15.
love for love, is well-deservd, 96/436.
love God, 51/59.
love is little wise, 96/425.
Love, the Parliament of, 76–79.
lovely, *a.* 97/452, loving.
lovers' oaths don't last long, 94/373–6.
lowenesse, *n.* 278/210, humility.
lowte, 43/4, bow down to.
lungs are the seat of Breathing, 65.
lure, *vb.* 47/15, entice, catch.
lure, *n.* 103/634, bait, lady-love.
Lust has leave, 251.
lust of lechery, 114/14, 15.
lusti, *a.* 21/138, agreeable.
lustiness, *n.* 82/68, pleasure, jollity.
lusty, *a.* 81/24, pleasant.
Luxuria, lechery, the 7th Deadly Sin, 247/109.
lyes, *n.* 116/60, flames.
lyke, *v.r.* 280/24, please.
lyneal (*v.r.* lyneally), 29/323, lineally.
lys, *v.t.* 244/11, 245/45, 55, relieve, ease.
lysse, *v.t.* 283/101, alleviate, cure.
lyth, *n.* 276/151, limb.

M. for Edward, Earl of March, 2/29.
madful, *a.* 272/43, maatful, sorrowful.
Mahounde, 153/306, Mahomet.
maid & wife, 271/22, all women.
Maiden, Mother & Wife, 233/21.
maidens under ladies & merchants' wives, 76/9.
maistrye, *n.* 183/37, wonder, out-of-the-way thing.
mait, *vb.* 258 (at foot), mayest.
major (St. Mary), 164/591, the greater.
make merry, 36/515.
malice, *n.* 22/179, mischief, cause of pain.
malis, *n.* 39/585, malice.
man, *n.* 89/244, servant.
man: in what organs his Passions are situated, 65.
'Man made God's Brother,' 256.
man raisd from death, 157/414–15.
mannerless, *a.* 106/714.
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man's rule: girl won't put herse under, 92/315–16.
man's soul, Christ's sister, 181/18.
manyfold, 19/92.
marble heart, 106/717.
marcial, 17/43, 19/101, martial.
marked, *pple.* 188, 189/127, fixt, assured.
market, *n.* 49/23, salesmen in the market.
Marriage, the first Sacrament made by God, 126/108.
'Marriage,' 250.
martial, *a.* 38/565.
martyrs, 7000 in the church of Sts. Vitus & Modestus in Rome, xxxv, 164/586; 3000 in St. Priscilla's, Rome, xxxvii, 166/666; 1300 buried at St. Praxed's, Rome, xxxvii, 167/687; bones of 10,000 in Rome, 148/163–8.
mass, *n.* 116/47, 70.
Mass, its Burying, in English ryme, 62/7, Wm. Roy's 'Rede me and be not wrothe,' 1526, Worms.
masses, *n.* 9, *n.* 2; that succour souls in Purgatory, 118; that priests sing, 228/635.
mastiff, *n.* 40/600.
mat, *vb.* 262/2 c, may, can, is able to.
mate, *a.* 81/35, sad.
mateer, *n.* 41/636, material.
'Matrimony of Tyndale' (1529: no copy known), 62/9.
Maunday, mandate, or eucharistic institution, xxxi.
mawmentries, 12/16, idols.
May, month of, 6/1, 75/62.
may, *n.* 291/1, maiden, 291/16, May.
may, *vb.* 197/93, have power.
me, 250/9, folk.
meat nor meal, 130/229, full meal or snack.
medicines, *n.* 286/3, 5, 11.
'Medicine to restore Nature in a Man,' 64.

meek clothing of humanity, taken by Jesus, 28/308.
mele, *n.* 20/118, meal.
melle, *n.* 20/119, mill.
melody of angels, 5.
memorall, *a.* 72/23, memorial.
mendyn, *v.t.* 272/38, swell, fill.
merciable, *a.* 141/8, 16, 142/24, 32, 40, merciful.
'Mercy,' 263.
mercy passeth my misdeed, 205/232.
mes, *n.* 86/154, mess, dish of food.
mesell, *n.* 153/308, leper.
mesurably, *adv.* 89/248, slowly.
mesuryd, 77/56, mingled, proportioned.
metes, *n.* 125/60, food.
mewe, *n.* 92/338, coop, restraint.
meynte, *pple.* 41/642, mixt.
middyll smale, 77/54, small waist.
mightful, *a.* 257/2.
Might is Right, 251.
mights, *n.* 154/332, powers, pomp, wealth.
mighty (wines), *a.* 125/61, strong.
milk of Mary the Virgin, 157/423, a relic in Rome.
milk-white steed, 19/89.
millers, false, to be put in the Pillory, & pelted, 56.
millions of gold, three, 13/9.
mind, *memoria*, 65.
mind, *n.* 128/181, memory, recollection.
mind: a man's is in his brain, 65; in his spirit and heart, 65.
mind, out of, 268/1 c, out of remembrance.
minster, *n.* 150/212.
minstrels: the harm they do folk, 59 (42–6). See R. Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*.
mirror of chastity, 75/65.
mirth, honest, 78/68.
misbelief, *n.* 154/322.
misdo, *v.i.* 82/70.
misgovernance, 228/650, 230/714, misconduct.
mishap comes to sluggishness, not to wise labour, 60 (73).
misliving, *n.* 203/195.
misloved, *pb.* 134/47,
mis-spend, *v.t.* 207/237.
mistaken, *pple.* 104/646.
mistrusted, *pple.* 107/746.
misuse, *v.t.* 35/488.
mit, *n.* 262/1, might.
mithful, *a.* 254/4 b, mightful.
mitre & cope, 11/108.
Monde, *n.* 156/381, Maunday.
mone, *vb.* 196/114, must.
mong, *prep.* 49/31, among.
monstre, *n.* 40/599, monstrous or unnatural incident.
moon, *n.* 178/31, moan.
Moorish corsairs, 296.
moost, *a.* 221/482, greatest.
moote, *v.i.* 231/743, dispute, strive.
mor & mynne, *a.* 124/41, greater & less.
more higher, 99/518.
morgage, *n.* 49/30, pledge, danger.
mormale, *n.* 247/109, dead-evil, gangrene.
mort, *a.* 180/127, dead.
mortal foes, 33/434.
'Mortality,' 263.
morteys, *n.* 274/92, mortice.
mortice, *n.* 235/64.
Mortuus est, 27/41.
Moses, his booke of Genesis & Exodus, 62/16, 17; of Leviticus, Numbers, & Deuteronomy, 63/18–20 (Prologs to, by Wm. Tyndale, 1530).
most & least, 171/845.
most of, 244/9, greatest in.
mot, *vb.* 94/365, may.
mother of Jesus, 75/65.
Mother of Jesus, 120/163, 175/36.
Mother of Mercy, 178/25.
motherless, *a.* 234/42.
mout, *v.i.* 22/180, moult.
mow, *v.i.* 215/379, mock.
mowlid, *pple.* 213/343, moulded.
mowte, *vb.* 4/20, may.
murder-man, 234/55, 239/32, murderer, Death.
mure, *a.* 137/141, ripe.
muk, *n.* 209/287, property.
muse, *v.i.* 99/508–9, meditate.
mustering, *n.* 18/66.
mustre, *v.i.* 24/218, muster, show.
myȝtist, *vb.* 197/93, hadst power.
mylde, *n.* (*a.* 196), 197/113, mildness.
mynge, *v.t.* 121/194, mention, perform mass.
mynn, *a.* 134/50, less.
mynned, *pple.* 219/453, notice.
mys, *n.* 250/14, miss, loss.

myscheeve, *v.i.* 226/563, come to grief.
myse, *n.* 140/36, wrong doing, sin.
myste, *n.* 39/574, mist.

nail, one that pierst Christ on the Cross: a relic in Rome, 160/498, 161, *n.* 11.
Nails, Christ's three, thru hands & feet, 141/11.
namis, *n.* 43/10, names.
namly, *adv.* 110/824, specially.
nar, 19/112 (if ships and horses) were not, didn't exist.
nasty, *a.* 252.
Nativity of the Virgin Mary, Feast of the, 118/116.
nature above craft, 73/3.
Nature, his giftis, 41/648.
Nature seen by Alanus, 73/20.
neb, *n.* 243/4, face.
necessity, *n*, 69/7, need to beg.
negligence, *n.* 24/232.
neme, *n.* 131/282, eme, uncle.
nemeled, *pple.* 43/10, named.
ner, *a.* 87/198, nigher.
ner, *adv.* 267 (at foot), never.
nere, *vb.* 263/1 e, were not, did not exist.
nese, *n.* 246/82, nose.
neven, *v.i.* 139/17, name.
newe, *adv.* 23/206, just, newly.
newe, *v.t.* 282/82, renew.
New Testament in English, 63/22.
New Year's Day, indulgences on, xliv.
New Year's Morning, a Greeting on, 66–7.
night & day, *adv.* 170/803.
nit, *n.* 262/2, night.
no, 18/69, nor.
no kyns wise, 88/224, no kind of way.
no-skynnes wyse, 94/384, in no kind of way.
nokkis, *n.* 31/380, nocks, notches.
nome, *n.* 146/107, name.
non, *n.* 277/179, noon.
noote, *v.i.* 22/184, make notes.
notable, *a.* 16/41, remarkable, advantageous.
noth, *adv.* 260/11, 266/2 b, not.
nother, *conj.* 20/129, 253/16, neither.
nought, nothing, a Tale of, 63.
November, 170/788.
nowne, *a.* 78/79, own.
noxiall, *a.* 71/15, nightly.
noynt, *v.t.* 247/93, anoint.
Numeri, the 4th book of Moses, Numbers, a Prologue to (by Wm. Tyndale, 1530), 63/19.
nutritive, *a.* 31/376.
nynne, *n.* 11/99, nine, extreme.
nyst, *vb.* 178/28, knowest not.

Obedience of a Christian Man, by Wm. Tyndale (1528), 63/24.
obedience (under thy), 174/19, rule, sway.
obstacle, *n.* 290/35.
obstinate, *a.* 138/154.
of, 40/593, by.
of, *prep.* 40/598, by; 268/2 c, from.
oil & butter mixt with goosetur as a salve, 23/197–201.
oil of olive, 31/390.
oil-wells, two miraculous, in Rome, xli, 171/828.
oker, *n.*, 265/12, usury.
olifant, 29/333, elephant.
olive, *n.* 112/29, Virgin Mary.
on, *a.* 267/9, one.
one after another, 150/222.
One is two, now, 251.
one of the best that I ever saw, 247/92.
onethis, *adv.* 57 (13), hardly, with difficulty.
onhanged, *pple.* 194/67, hangd on the Cross.
oone, *n.* 177/5, self.
Operis satisfactio, 248/127, satisfaction for sin by good works, 248/127.
or, *conj.* 1/19, 61 (79), 290/26, before.
order of Chivalry binds men to do no wrong, 19/98.
order of troops in battle, 24/227.
Oris confessio, confession by the mouth, 248/123.
Ortulus Animae, in English, 62/11.
oþer, *conj.* 84/107. either.
otter, *n.* 49/25.
ou, *pron.* 254, you.
Our Lady, 170/794, 241/110; her portrait painted by Angels, 165/625–36.
outrage, *a.* 207/243, vicious.
over, *v.t.* 227/604, be over, have at will.

over floten, 251/2, float at the top, on the surface.
overmuch, *adv.* 236/102.
overschake, *v.i.* 107/726, pass over, go by.
overtilt, *pple.* 226/588, overthrown, upset.
owt, *n.* 9/61, anything.
ox & ass, the baby Christ's companions, 255/5 b.

'p. r. e. d.,' 4 evils, 256.
pace, an easy, 81/29.
pacyd, *pple.* 277/179, past.
paied, *pple.* 51/65, pleasd, satisfied.
paining, *n.* 181/15, punishment.
paint, *v.t.* 191/7, cover up, falsify.
paire, *v.i.* 217/401, impair, worsen.
palace, Diogenesis, a small barrel, 51/73.
palestre, 19/101, tournament-ground, athletic-field: 'pleyes palestral,' Chaucer, *Troilus*, v. 304.
palm, *n.* 151/252, a supposed print of Christ's foot.
palmè, palmete, xxix, 151/252, foot-sole.
Palm Sunday, indulgence on, xxxix.
palysyd, *pple.* 152, *n.* 4, paled, palisaded, enclosed.
pan, *n.* 275/133, brain-pan, scull.
pap, *n.* 178/46, teat; 186/109, teat, 187/117, 239/38.
pap, *n.* 255/12 (this, bef. 1400, answers the query in note 1, p. 232); 296.
papes, *n.* 149/195, popes.
paps of the Virgin Mary, 232/761.
papynjaye, *n.* 131/251. 'Papegay: m. A Parrot or Popingay': Cotgrave.
Parable of the Wicked Mammon (by Wm. Tyndalé, 1528), 63/23.
paraffys, *n.* 271/8, 20, 'paraf of a booke (or paragraf). *Paraphus*, paragraffus, Catholicon.'
parage, *n.* 115/29, parentage.
parais, *n.* 257/1 b, paradise.
paraunter, *adv.* 106/710, peradventure.
parchemyn, *n.* 30/367, 271/13, parchment.
pardon, French for 'forgiveness of sins,' 143/5, 6; is best had in Rome, 143–173.
pardon is the soul's cure, 143/3.
parker, *n.* 49/28, park-keeper.
'Parliament of Love,' the, 76–79.
parson, *n.* 97/463, person, self.
parted, *vb.* 109/798, departed.
partiality, *n.* 40/610.
party, *n.* 104/643, part, self.
party in a law-case, 15/8.
pas, *n.* 272/45, time.
pasaunt, *a.* 71/1, passing, exceeding.
Paschal lamb, 28/316, Christ.
pass, *v.i.* 6/7, die: 113/35, pass, go from; *v.i.* 146/87, sail.
passage, *n.* 53/78, journey.
passith, *v.t.* 29/348, passes, excels.
pasture, *n.* 22/162, feeding-place.
pasture, *v.i.* 33/441.
Pater noster, a, 8/44; 10/71, 11/95.
patrimony, *n.* 60 (56) (58), inherited estate.
pay, *n.* 74/46, pleasure.
paye, *v.t.* 197/92, please, satisfy; *n.* 196/96, pleasure, satisfaction.
payse, *v.t.* 74/45, weigh.
peace is better than war, 32/399; is the ground of all debate, 34/453; the benefits of, 51/68–70.
peacock-featherd arrows, 24/214.
'Peare of Provence and the fair Maguelone,' p. 293–300.
pece, *n.* 272/31, portion of time and talk.
peireth, *vb.* 88/228, impairs.
pele, *v.i.* 109/783, appeal.
pelican, *n.* 131/251.
Penitent Thief, xxxiv.
pens, *n.* 23/188, goose-quills.
Pentecost, Feast of, 118/113.
pere, *n.* 287/31, equal.
performyd, *a.* 60 (54), finisht.
perry, *n.* 73/9, precious stones.
pershyng, 16/21, piercing.
pese, *n.* 253/16, pea?
pese, *v.t.* 136/115, appease, still.
peynyng, *n.* 278/215, suffering.
peyse, *v.t.* 57 (4), weigh, consider.
picture, *n.* 40/615, painting.
pieces, all to, *adv.* 88/207.
Pig-stye, xviii.
pilchis, *n.* (sheepskin), 30/366, cloaks.
pilet, *n.* 30/358, pelt, skin and fleece.
pillar of faith, *n.* 112/18.
pillory for false bakers and millers, p. 56.
pillows of goose-feathers, 23/192, 195.

pine-cone, a gilt bronze, 11 ft. high, xl.
pining, *n.* 177/19.
pinnacle, *n.* 131/276. tent.
pit, *n.* 203/179, 268/2 d, hell.
place, *n.* 154/328, palace; 168/724, church.
places, *n.* 59 (53), houses and lands, properties.
placebo & dirige, 6/8, 16, 7/17, &c., 121/197.
plain, *a.* 107/750, level, smooth.
plaster, *n.* 244/18, 246/88; of abstinence, 247/106-7.
plate armour, 18/65.
pleader, *n.* 254/10.
pleat, *v.t.* ypleite, *pple.* 209/283, pleated.
plener, *a.* 155/370; plenary, full, 159/477.
plenteously, *adv.* 57 (16).
pletyne, *n.* 126/95, pleading.
pleyes, *n.* 19/101, games, contests.
pleys, 15/1, pleas.
plot, *n.* 299/16, spot, place.
poets & poetry, 49/45.
poets of antiquity, 74/25.
policy, *n.* 47/2.
pollax, 24/227, 33/444, pole-axe.
pope, *n.* 114/2, 115/43.
popes, 46 martyrd, 151/234.
poraile, 19/88; poor folk, 39/567.
porful, *a.* 255/2 b, miserably poor.
port, *n.* 87/188, deportment.
porte, *n.* 112/15, gate (of Paradise).
porter of Paradise, 12/4, 17.
portray, *v.i.* 22/184, sketch, draw.
possess, *v.t.* 4/3, put into possession.
Post-Communion, 122/229.
potage, *n.* 49/38.
pothar, powthar, xiv, *n.* powder.
povert, *n.* 221/485, poor estate.
'Poverty,' 260.
poverty, *n.* 34/462, 463, 471.
power, *n.* 57 (5), 58 (23), poor.
poweste, *n.* 190/16, power.
practise medicine, 287/33, 288/8.
Practyse of Prelates (by Wm. Tyndale, 1525?), 63/21.
Praesepe, 164/600, xxxvi, five boards of the manger wherein Christ lay in Bethlehem.
praisers, no friends, 59 (39, 48-9).
prance, *v.i.* 29/344.
prayes, *n.* 47/12, preys, fish.
precepe, *n.* 164/600, Praesepe, boards from the manger of the Nativity.
prëeminence, *n.* 75/53.
prégnant of eloquence, 71/9.
prehend, *v.t.* take prisoner, xiv, *n.* last line.
prentice, *n.* 289-290, apprentice.
Pre-Precationes, 62/5.
prerogative, *n.* 16/32, quality.
prerogative, *n.* 38/547, &c., superior gifts.
pres, 190/103, fight, danger.
president of a Court, 15/12.
presume, *vb.* 38/554, &c.
presumption, 36/509.
presumptuous, *a.* (as one foot), 49/46.
prevail, *v.t.* 99/519, advantage, benefit.
preve, *adj.* 10/76, privy.
preȝe, *n.* 265/4 e, prey.
preyen, *v.t.* 269/1 g, beg; invite.
prick, *vb.* 178/43, pain.
prick, *n.* 275/129, 133, thorn.
pricks, shooting at, on the frozen Thames, in Jan. 1564, xiv, *n.*
'Pride,' 263.
Pride, the 1st Deadly Sin, 245/27.
Pride has sleeves, 251.
priests made only by licence of the Pope, 127/124-5.
prike, *v.i.* 29/344, gallop.
prikeris, 18/71, knights.
princes, 291/14, princess.
princess, *n.* 74/41, 75/71.
principality, *n.* 174/2.
principle, *n.* 57/1.
pris, *n.* 32/403, prize.
priuetȝ, 256/1 d-?
privyte, *n.* 115/25, secret.
process of a debate, 16/26.
promotion, *n.* 40/610.
pronostatik, *n.* 39/572, prognostic.
pronostik, *n.* 22/172, prognostic, foreshowing.
proscribed Books in 1551, p. 62-3.
prospede, 4/19, go forward, advance.
'Proverbs, four,' 251.
'Proverbys of Housholde-kepyng,' 57.
provident, *a.* 23/193, prudent.
prynte, *n.* 98/477, imprint, prick.
prys, *n.* 30/352, value.
Psalm said, every, quenches a sin, 121/203.

Psalms, the 7 Penitential, 121/199.
purchace, *v.i.* 51/63, procure, manage.
purchase, *n.* 83/74, course, end.
purchasers of land: twelve points for them to look to, 44.
purfled, *a.* 208/287, edge-trimd, -decorated.
Purgatory, xv–xvi, *n.*
Purgatory-fire, 162/535.
purgatory: how to bring men thru, to Paradise, 149/171–6.
Purification of the Virgin Mary, Festival of, 118/109.
'Purity,' 263.
purpil, *n.* 28/311, purple colour.
purpos, purpose, to, 20/131; 16/17, suited to my purpose.
purpurat, *a.* 28/304, 315, purple.
pursuyd, *v.i.* 240/86, continued.
purueye, *v.t.* 22/175, provide, lay in stores, &c.
purveied, *pple.* 88/219, provided.
put down, *v.t.* 193/43, 197/112.
putte to, *v.t.* 98/500, add to.
put-to, *v.t.* 152/280, employ.
puyssauntlye, *adv.* 292/23, powerfully.
pyne, *vb.* 119/146, paind, torturd.

quaires, *n.* 30/368, quires of parchment.
quan, qwon, *conj.* 271/2, 23, when.
quasy, *n.* 244/22, ailment, disease.
quaylled, *pple.* 56/4, coverd.
Queen of Heaven, 275/135.
queth, *v.t.* 246/66, cure?
Quia Amore langueo, Part I, by the Virgin Mary, 177–9; Part II, by Christ, 180–9.
quick and dead, *n.* 148/169.
quickness, *n.* 55/112, living power.
quycke, *a.* 191/15, living.
quyke, *v.t.* 55/114, give life to.
qwart, *n.* 197/111, vigour.
qweþe, *n.* 143/16, evil one, Satan.
qweþer, *pron.* 276/158, which one of them.

R. for the Ragged Staff, the badge of the Kingmaker, Rd. Nevill, Earl of Warwick, 3/53.
R. for the Rose, the badge of the White Rose of York, 3/45.
race, *v.t.* 233/10, tear.
rage, *v.i.* 207/239, be wild, vicious.
ragged and rent, 116/57, 275/141.
ram, *n.* 30/369.
ranne, *v.i.* 131/274, run.
rap, *v.i.* 239/45, clash together.
ratilet, *v.i.* 250/5, rattle.
raton, *n.* 43/1, 9, 19, rat.
ravener, *n.* 47/14, robber.
ravisht, *pple.* 84/111, carried away by a lady's beauty.
raylyng, *ple.* 141/9, running.
reason, *ratio*, 69.
reason or wit, 65.
rebel, *a.* 104/656.
rebuking, *a.* 59 (45).
rechace, *n.* 92/324, ransom.
reclaim, *v.t.* 103/634, call back.
record, *n.?*, 47/10.
record, *v.i.* 138/167.
recover, *v.t.* 70/29, cure, heal.
recure, *n.* 34/468, recovery.
recure, *v.t.* 31/388, recover, re-use.
redde, *v.t.* 130/221, rid.
reddour, *n.* 237/124, wrath.
red-letter, *n.* 271/13.
red purple, 28/311.
redress, *v.t.* 205/225.
reffuse, *v.t.* 69/16, reject, banish.
refrayn, *v.t.* 88/209, restrain.
refus, *n.* 108/755, 110/817, refusal.
refuse, *n.* 99/506, refusal.
refuse, *n.* 23/202, stuff cast away, horsedung, &c.
regaly, *n.* 5/31, kingdom.
Regine Celi letare, 176.
reioisse, *vb.* 105/680, enjoy.
releve, *n.* 156/398, leavings, surplus.
relief, *n.* 207/268; 233/23, help.
relieving, *n.* 117/100.
reliquies, *n.* 155/372, relics of saints; reliques, 13/11.
remedy, *v.i.* 31/387, be useful, cure, do good.
remedy, *v.t.* 95/408.
remembrance, pens are the key of, 23/188–9,
remembrative, *a.* 66/73.
remew, *v.i.* 104/641, remove; remewe, *v.i.* 195/83.
reminge, *n.* 252, crying.
remission, *n.* 150/207.
remorde, *v.t.* 138/163, have remorse in.
renenant, *n.* 263/2 b, remnant, re-

mainder, or 'revenant' return, incoming.
renyth, *vb.* 71/10, 18, reigns.
repair, *n.* 22/163, 230/705, resort; 217/397, belongings.
repeale, *vb.* 104/649, call back, give up.
repel, *v.t.* 59 (48), snub.
report, *v.t.* 195/79.
reprovable, *a.* 99/512, 142/38, blameworthy.
request, *n.* 84/122, 85/146, 142/40.
Requiem, *n.* 247/94.
rese, *v.i.* 247/118, shake?
reseyne, *vb.* 173/907, reveal, disclose.
reseyt, *n.* 100/553, receiving of the thing sought.
residence, *n.* 47/5.
residue, *n.* 207/264, mispent money.
resort, *v.i.* 195/77, go.
respite, *v.t.* 106/724.
res publica, 16/34, 19/96, 29/331, 32/398, 36/502.
rest, *n.* 31/378, quiet, repose.
rest, *vb.* 275/118, 120.
restauracion, 31/372, restoring, setting-up again.
Resurrection, Festival of Christ's, 118/111.
Resurrexit! Non mortuus est! 241–2, 241/96, 120, 242/132.
Revelation of Antichrist (by Richard Brightwell, t. i. John Firth, 1529), 62/3.
reymeþ, *vb.* 258/2 b, guides, directs.
reynyed, 2/44, reignd.
reyste, *n.* 124/33, attack, combat?
rhetoricians indite epistles, 23/185.
rich & poor alike, 251/6.
richelees, *a.* 233/1, reckless.
riches the original of pride, 34/457.
richeþ, *v.i.* 260/2 b, enriches.
rings, the three, of Peare of Provence, 294–6, 298.
rithful, *a.* 254/5, rightful.
rolle vp, *v.t.* 38/562, meditate on.
roll up, *v.t.* 142/21, meditate on.
roo, *n.* 151/233, row.
Rood, the Holy, a piece of, at Rome, 167/715.
roof, *n.* 155/374.
room, *n.* 289/17, place, post (at Court).
root, *v.i.* 246/70, take root.
roppis, *n.* 31/383, guts, entrails.
rose-red, *n.* 271/9, the colour so cald.
rotelen, 253/12, ruttle, gurgle.
rotelez, *v.i.* 249/46.
rought, *vb.* 128/162, reckt, cared.
roust, *n.* 257/5 c, rust.
roweyn, *n.* 21/140, rowen, aftermath, the 2nd crop of grass, cut or uncut, still used in Suffolk.
royal, *a.* 31/385, sovereign, excellent.
royal estate, 16/19.
royal judges, the lion and eagle, 16/22.
ruby, *n.* 73/10.
rudder, rider, in Dutch, a knight, 17/59.
rude, *a.* 111/842, unskilful.
rue, *v.i.* 177/15, 179/62, have pity.
ruinous, *a.* 57 (2).
rukkyng, *pple.* 39/569. lying down and huddling together. rukkun, or cowre down, *Incurvo*: 'to ruck, to squat, or shrink down.' Forby, Pr. Parv.
run to school, 142/26.
rutelez, *v.i.* 250/6, gurgles.
ruyde, in = unruyde, 269/1 d, cruel.
ryb wode (rybaude: Bradley), *n.* 247/118, ribald. Lechery personified.
ryme, *v.i.* 81/38, write poetry.
rynnes, *vb.* 133/15, runs, charges.
ryuen, *pple.* 141/13, torn, split.

S. for Richard, Earl of Salisbury, 2/33.
sacring, *n.* 9, *n.* 2.
sad, *a.* 114/5.
sadil, *n.* 29/340, saddle.
sailleþ, *vb.* 260/1, assails.
sakkis, *n.* 32/415, sacks of wool.
salffe, *a.* safe; salffely, safely, xiv, *n.*
sall, *n.* 139/20, self.
salt & water for baptism, 245/43.
salvator, *n.* 155–6/375–6, a picture of the Saviour, not painted by a man.
Salvator, an image of Christ, 171/856–9, 172/869; sent by Christ to our Lady, 159/464–9.
same: this same year, 119/134.
Santissimo Bambino, an image of the infant Christ, xliii.
sapience, 49/41.
sark or shirt, that Mary made for Jesus, a relic in Rome, 157/420.
sarplers, *n.* 32/415, large bales of

wool, of 160 stones apiece. 'Sarplar of Wool, a quantity of Wool, otherwise called a Pocket or a Half-Sack; a Sack containing 80 Tod, a Tod 2 Stones, & a Stone 14 Pounds.'—Phillips.
Satirical Proclamation, 12–14.
sauetyff, *n.* 248/127, healing, cure.
saunzpere, *a.* 291/19, without equal.
savacion, 17/42, salvation, saving of a life.
savage, *a.* 51/54, furious.
save, *n.* 287/21, sage.
savour, *n.* 131/256, scent.
sayne, *pple.* 93/361, seen.
scalding (of one's flesh), 23/199.
scarceness, *n.* 60 (61).
schanginge, 72/42, changing, *pple.*
sched, *n.* 247/102, shed, covering?
schoolmistress, *n.* 85/137, lady-love.
schools of coverd sneers, 92/327–9.
schortithe, *vb.* 72/28, grows short.
schrede, *n.* 137/134, shroud, garment.
scicio (sitio), I thirst, 160/497.
scleuȝe, *v.t.* 124/30, slew.
scons, 11/103, sconce, candle.
scorning, *n.* 273/56.
scourge that flogd Christ, 236/97.
screffe, *pple.* 159, *n.* 7, shriven.
scripture, *n.* 16/30, writings.
scruyde, *v.t.* 269/2 e, shroud, clothe.
seats of the Passions, 65.
seawolf, *n.* 298, bass, a fish.
Secrete, the, 122/224, a prayer.
secretness, *n.* 78/67.
secure & sure, *a.* 175/44.
seemliness, *n.* 77/52, beauty.
sees, *v.t.* 89/250, cease.
seis, *n.* 49/44, seas.
selle, *n.* 125/72, saddle, bonds.
sempiternel, *a.* 113/27.
sentence, 15/9, statement; 36/497, judgment, verdict.
seraphim, 241/88.
serte, *n.* 258/3 c, sort, lot?
servants, bad & good, 59 (47–50).
seste (of), *pple.* 137/123, ceast (from).
set-by, *pple.* 95/420, 269/286, thought of, valued.
sete (sese), *v.i.* 292/46, cease.
sette, *v.t.* 99/524, stake.
seven deadly sins, 139/23, 282/83.
sewet, *vb.* 264/2, 3, shows.
sewte, *n.* 292/36, suit.
shake, *n.* 272/47, hurry.
shameliche, *adv.* 256/3 d, shamefully.
sharpe, *v.t.* 49/22, sharpen.
sharpen, *v.i.* 253/5, grow sharp.
sharpetȝ, *v.i.* 249/3 b, 250/1, grows sharp, pointed.
shat, *vb.* 152/281, shalt.
shattered, *pp.* xiv, *n.*
sheep, the simple, 16/25; its usefulness to man, 35–6.
sheep's head, 31/384.
Shere-Thursday, 28/320, Maundy or Holy Thursday, the day before Good Friday, on which priests used to shear their hair; 156/382, *n.* 7; 157, *n.* 15.
shet, *pple.* 40/615, coffind, buried.
shevis (of grain), 20/136.
ship is a horse of wood, 20/113.
shirt, *n.* 182/28.
shooting at pricks on the frozen Thames, Jan. 1564, xiv, *n.*
shrewd wife to be chastisd with mirth, not smiting, 58 (32).
shrift-father, *n.* 229/664, confessor.
shun, *v.t.* 223/513.
shuppare, *n.* 256/6 b, shaper, governor.
shyne, *n.* 240/3 b, chin.
similitude, *n.* 16/17, picture; 32/402, parable, story; 39/580, allegory.
sinful, *n.* 131/271, 283/106, sinful person.
sink, *v.i.* 109/793.
sinning, *n.* 205/210.
'Sins of our Time,' 251.
Sins, the Seven Deadly, 126/102.
sit-by, *v.i.* 269/3 g, 'recumbunt.'
sith, *v.t.* 259/1, sees.
sitting in the Pillory, 56/12.
sity, *a.* 59 (35), shitten?
skafhes, *n.* 43/13, scathes, harms.
skappe, *v.i.* 239/47, escape, rise.
skill of song, *n.* 107/733.
skin & shoes, all that's used of a dead horse, 24/223–4.
slain with, 280/28, slain by.
slake, *a.* 81/41, stopt.
sleep better than talking, 60 (63).
sleeve, take him by the, 129/189.
sleke, *v.i.* 135/83, slack, quench.
sleynt, *pple.* 276/165, slain?
slide, *vi.* 285/162, sin.
sliper, *n.* 90/262, slippery.
slit, *pple.* 276/147.

Sloth, the 5th Deadly Sin, 247/85.
slouth, 24/232, slowness.
slug, *n.* 60 (74) sluggard.
sluggednes, *n.* 60 (73).
slugs & snails boild for chicken-food, 64.
smarting, *n.* 244/19.
smertike, *adv.* 262/8 d, smartly, speedily.
smertyth, *v.t.* 97/454, makes smart, pains.
smiting, *n.* 58 (32).
snails that bear houses on them, 64.
snuff of a candle, xiv, *n.*
sodyn, *a.* 31/374, boild.
soferandely, *adv.* 136/119, sufferingly.
sojourn, *n.* 84/100, stay.
solemnity, feast of, after a death, 6/9.
'Some go up, & some down, in this world,' 251.
somer, *n.* 21/146, pack-horse.
son not to be his father's steward, 60 (71).
son: trust not your age to him, 61 (76).
sonne, *n.* 51/75, sunshine falling on Diogenes.
sood, *n.* 211/332, soot.
sore, *adv.* 249/4, sorely, sadly.
sore, *n.* 153/289, pain, punishment.
sore, *n.* 146/90, sin.
sorous, *n.* 95/400, sorrow's.
sotyd, *pple.* 92/326, besotted.
soudioures (braynles), 33/423, soldiers.
soul, *anima;* its many meanings, 65,
souren, *v.i.* 213/343, go sour, turn.
sovereign, *a.* 78/88.
sovereignty, *n.* 201/149.
sowneth, *vb.* 98/479, sounds, tends.
spalmes, *n.* 7/31, psalms.
speak with him, 129/206.
spear, *n.* 236/90, 91.
Spear that pierst Christ's side, 141/11.
spelle, *v.t.* 284/122, utter, proclaim.
spending, *n.* 47/20, expense.
spendyd, *pt.* 123/14, spent, past.
spill, *v.i.* 124/56, die.
spirit, *a.* 65.
spirits, wicked, 12/16.
spiteful, *a.* 227/609.
spitevousli, *adv.* 205/224, revengefully.
spitting, *n.* 234/28.
spleen, a man's, is the seat of gladness, 65.
splene, *n.* 92/327, ill humour.
spokes (of a wheel), *n.* 267/3.
sponge of gall & vinegar offerd to Christ on the Cross; a relic in Rome, 160/495.
spookis, *n.* 34/454, spokes.
spousehood, *n.* 126/107, wedlock.
spouseless, *a.* 234/43, husbandless.
springe, *v.t.* 281/57, sprinkle.
sprongyn, *pple.* 165/622, sprinkled.
squires of great renown, 128/156.
stable, *a.* 85/150, steady, unconcernd.
'Stacyons of Rome,' the, xiii, 143–173, 153/291.
stalkes, *n.* 22/183, goose-quills.
stalking, *a.* 254/6.
stameren or famelen, 253/8, stammer.
standart, *n.* 87/180, standard, flag.
stand in stead, 119/135, stand firm & win.
stands, *vb.* 129/207, happens, comes about.
stappes, *n.* 267/2, steps.
starke, *a.* 243/5, stiff.
starken, *v.i.* 253/6, grow stiff.
starket, *v.i.* 250/2, grow stiff.
starkid, *a.* 31/388, stiffend, stiff.
start, *v.i.* 209/276, escape punishment.
Stations at Rome, pardon granted at, xxx, 153/290.
stede of, *prep.* 76/20, instead of.
stellande, *a.* 254/8, setting, fixing.
stent, *n.* 108/769, rate.
steps, 121 or 124 marble ones, xliv, 172/883.
stert, *v.i.* 69/9, start, get free.
sterynge, *n.* 279/13, stirring, temptation.
steven, *n.* 245/27, language.
Steward of Hell, 12/3, 14.
steyne, *v.t.* 193/56, stain.
stije, *v.i.* 220/672, rise.
stikid, *pple.* 235/70, stuck, pierst.
still as stone, 104/656.
stir, *v.t.* 197/88, excite.
stirring, *n.* 253/3 c, 254/8, motion.

stith, *a.* 252, brave (bear thyself bravely).
stodie, *v.i.* 99/508, study, ponder.
stoke, *n.* 4/6,11, stock, trunk; family.
stokkis (*v.r.* horses), 42/654, for 'stottis' horses or bullocks.
stone that St. Paul was beheaded on, 148/149.
stongke, *vb.* 116/52, stank.
store, in, *adv.* 87/199, to himself, without utterance.
stormy sea, *n.* 112/13, this world.
stoundis, *n.* 39/577, times.
stoungen, *pple.* 254/6 c, pierst.
strain my stomach, I, 247/99.
strange, *adv.* 133/4, strongly.
straw, litter for the stable, 23/196.
strecchetȝ, *v.t.* 250/9, stretchis.
streight, *a.* 31/392, pressing, great.
streite, *a.* 209/277, strict, accurate.
streken, *v.i.* 253/13, strike, kick? or stretch?
strengþe, *v.t.* 283/98, strengthen.
streyt, *a.* 80/18, strict, positive.
stroke, *n.* 272/28, 50, blow, stripe.
stroyn, *v.t.* 277/187, destroy.
strye, *v.t.* 91/304, destroy.
strynges, harpe, 81/383, harp-strings.
stryves, *n.* 32/410, strifes.
studes, *n.* 243/6, steads, places.
study, *v.i.* 205/205, seek, search.
stuff (*v.r.* turf), *n.* 20/121.
stuff, *v.t.* 40/616, fill.
styfe, *adv.* 133/4, stiffly.
stykyd, *pple.* 278/225, stuck, driven.
subdeue, *n.* 5/31, subduing.
submyt, *pple.* 89/234, submitted.
substaunce, *n.* 233/14.
sue, *v.t.* 88/227, follow, pursue.
suffering, *n.* 277/177.
suffisaunce, 51/65, a sufficiency.
Sum of Scripture (by Simon Fish, 1528, 1530?), 62/26.
summerstide, 1/1.
Sunday, 160/490.
sunne, 249/7, sins.
sunny, *a.* 174/9.
suonnyd, *v.i.* 273/80, swoond.
Superbia, pride, the 1st Deadly Sin, 245/26.
superfyne, *a.* 28/313, ? not 'excessive,' but put in to get a ryme to 'virgyne.'
supplanting, *n.* 40/604.
Supplication of Beggars (by Simon Fish, *c.* 1524), 62/2.
supportation, *n.* 111/841.
surcoat, *n.* 183/28.
sure, bread, as sure as men eat, 246/71.
surfeit, *n.* 53/104, excess (in speech).
surfeits, *n.* 142/38.
surfety, *n.* 286/18, excess in food & drink.
surfetys, *n.* 47/19, surfeits.
surioune, *n.* 247/113, surgeon.
surplice, a white, 129/188.
suspect, *a.* 58 (29), suspected, doubtful; 63/30, heretical.
swage, *v.i.* 175/44, lessen.
swan-featherd arrows, 24/214.
swearing, *n.* 94/378, oath-taking.
sweet smell of saints' corpses, 162/530.
swelte, *v.i.* 234/38, died.
symplesse, *n.* 80/17, simplicity, want of skill.
syne, *n.* 152/262, sign, mark.
syngeden, *v.i.* 268/11 *d*, sinned.
synket, *v.i.* 250/3, sink (in thy head).
synnewis, *n.* 31/389, sinews.

t for *d*: *ant*, and, 258 (at foot); *chilt*, child, 264/11 b.
t for *th*: *lovet*, loveth, 266/2, 4 d; *det*, death, 266/11 c; *stintit*, stinteth, 266/2; *dot*, doth, 264/8 b; *abidet & loket*, abideth & looketh, 263/5 e; *ti*, thy, 267/1.
tabernacle, *n.* 177/1, small chamber.
tabide, 22/165, to abide, live.
table of the Last Supper, 156/381.
table-cloth of the Last Supper, a relic in Rome, 157/418.
tables of stone, in Rome, on which Christ wrote the Law for Moses, 156/388–91.
tablets of the Law of Moses, xxxi.
tabreyden, 41/647, to draw out, exalt or puff up.
take away, *v.t.* 98/500, withdraw, subtract.
take the air, to, 244/2.
Tale of ryght Nought, 63.
talwe, *n.* 31/382, melted fat.
tascape, 17/46, to escape.
taster of wines, 60 (65).
taswage, *v.t.* 22/178, to aswage, soothe.

teeth, 32 in a man, 65.
temprid, 23/203, temperd, mixt.
tencrese, 19/95, to increase.
tender-roasted, a goose, 23/210.
tent, *n.* 201/157, heed, attention.
tent-taker, *n.* 219/433, payer of attention.
tescheue, *v.t.* 77/37, to eschew, avoid.
testament, *n.* 61 (80–1), last will.
testamentis, *n.* 285/149, Old & New Test.
texcuse, *v.t.* 35/487, to excuse.
Texemplifie, *v.t.* 41/622, 74/23, to exemplify, show.
th for *ght: sith* sight, *mith* might, *lit* light, 267/1, 5; *sout* sought, 267/5; *nyth* night, *dyth* dight, *sith* sight, 270/1, 2, 5; *nyth* night, *syth* sight, 272/51, 54; *bryth* bright, *almyth* almighty, *dyth* dight, *syth* sight, 275/123–7; *myth* might, 275/138; *myth* might, 278/221; *nyth* night, 278/223.
th for *t*: *both*, bote, remedy, *noth* not, 266/1, 2, b.
thankfully, *adv.* 96/443.
þas (þe was), 250/11, who was.
that, *pron.* 69/13, she who; 12/25, the thing which; 93/358, what, the thing which.
that Cryst made on, 156/381, on which Christ made.
the, *v.i.* 266/4 d, thrive.
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'The Evils of this Time,' 257.
'The Fifty-first Psalm,' 279–285.
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'The Signs of faithful Love,' 259.
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'The Ten Stages of Man's Life,' 267.
'The Vanity of this Life,' 255.
'The Virgin's Song to her Baby Christ,' 255.
theng, *v.t.* 261/1, 2, think.
thi, *pron.* 284/132, thee.
thicke, *adv.* 226/569, in large number.
thief on the cross, 282/69.
tholemodliche, *adv.* 268/1, patiently.
thorn: one that pierst Christ's head, a relic in Rome, 163/568.
thought, *n.* 83/77, anxiety.
thought dwells in the heart, 65.
thowȝtur, *n.* 160/484, daughter.
thowr, *prep.* 155/369, through.
thrall, *n.* 245/35, person in the bonds of sin.
thrall is free, 281/53.
þralle, *n.* 122/230, bondage of sin.
'Three Certainties on the Day of Death,' 250.
thrie, *adv.* 197/85, thrice.
thrifte, *n.* 263/1 d, thriving, state.
þrowes, *n.* 281/63, throes.
þrowȝ, þrew, *vb.* 116/48, 54, came, drew.
thunder-stroke, *n.* 58 (25).
thusgates, *adv.* 138/166, in this way.
thyrlyd, *pple.* 163/568, stuck.
ti, *a.* 267/1, thy.
tide, time, & hour, 71/11.
tiger, *n.* 29/333.
tiger controld by God, 49/35.
tiȝt, *pple.* 207/248, devised, resolvd.
tilthe, 19/110, tillage of land.
tirdeling, *n.* 31/381, turdle, small turd.
tit, *v.t.* 262/5 d, gettest? receivest?
title, *n.* 161/504, 508, Pilate's inscription over Christ.
to, *prep.* 13/1, into; 280/33, against; *conj.* 128/164, till; as, 128/174.
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toads & snakes, 124/37.
to-brest, *v.t.* 88/207, burst.
toder, *n.* 93/354, other.
tofore, 18/68, before.
togyd, *pple.* 276/153, tugd, torn.
tolde, *pple.* 264/3 c, accounted, thought.
ton, the, 88/210, the one.
tone, *n.* 93/354, one.
top to toe, 125/82.
toppresse, *v.t.* 37/520, to oppress.
to-tere, 225/529, tear to pieces.

tou, *pron.* 258/4 d, 267/7, thou.
towers, 360 in Rome, 143/22.
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toy-dogs to be left to ladies & clerks, 60 (68.)
trace, *n.* 87/190, a step, dance.
transcending, *ple.* 291/9, above all.
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translation, *n.* 111/842, englishing.
trapures, *n.* 29/338, 38/556, trappings, armour.
travelling, *a.* 298/17.
traveyld, *pple.* 245/38, workt, torn.
trayll, *n.* 87/184, 195, trellis.
tre, *n.* 271/4, wood.
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trifle, *v.t.* 114/13, deceive.
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triumphal, *a.* 19/105.
trokys, *n.* 277/178?
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troubly, *a.* 49/44, stormy.
trouthe, *vb.* 95/412, believes.
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tryumphe, 17/48, triumphal procession.
tug, *v.t.* 233/8, 9.
turement, *n.* 84/113, trouble, difficulty.
turney, 19/99, tournament.
turtledoves, *n.* 238/20.
twayn, *n.* 99/300, 303, two.
tweene, twen, 40/612; 52, 53/93, 55/119, between.
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twinkling, *n.* 203/191.
two, both, 207/240, both.
twynne, *v.i.* 130/8, separate.
tymor, *n.* 131/252, a singing bird, ? what.
tyne, *v.t.* 197/107, close.

ugly death, Christ's, 133/23.
ugly sins, 133/2.
vmbrace, *v.t.* 127/145, embrace, secure.
unborn, *a.* 264/6 b.
unbound, *pple.* 130/226.
uncleanness, unkindness, vnkunninge (ignorance), prevail, 251/5.
undefiled, *a.* 4/16.
underfenget, *v.i.* 268/3, undertakes.
understanding: a man's, is in his forehead, 65.
undivided, *a.* 36/510.
undo (open) my lips, 284/121.
undo, *pple.* 145/80, 147/124, let off, excused.
undòing, *n.* 257/4, unlocking.
unfain, *a.* 241/105, unglad, sorrowful.
unfeigned, *pple.* 93/339.
unfolde, *a.* 22/173, opend wide.
unhend, *a.* 223/494, unkind.
unicorn, caught by a maiden's song, 47/9.
union, *n.* 289/15, one.
unity, *n.* 47/3.
unkind, *n.* 195/73, 197/98, 100, unkind man.
vnkonnyng, *n*, 80/17, ignorance.
unleel, *a.* 203/203, unloyal, unlawful.
unloose, *v.t.* 240/68.
unmighty, *a.* 252.
vnschete, *pple.* 82/65, unshut, opend.
vnsele, *adv.* 137/124, unhappily.
unshriven, *a.* 115/24, 116/73.
unskilfully, *adv.* 227/606, unreasonably.
unstable, *a.* 142/22.
up & down, turnd, 80/20.
use, *v.i.* 122/226 (in the Mass).
usid, *vb.* 128/160, livd.
usury, *v.* 60 (58).
utas, *n.* 118/124, 122/215, 217, octave, 8 days.
utterly, *adv.* 207/258, wholly.

vagant, *a.* 299/9, 14, floating, wandering.
vain speaking, 209/273.
vale, *n.* 185/74, valley.

valence, *n.* 74/21.
vasselage, *n* 51/70, chief place, highest estimation. O.Fr. '*vasselage*, courage, valours, actions de valeur.'—Burguy. In the 'auncient *Romans* tis used for valour & a valiant or worthie deed.'—Cotgrave.
vast, *a.* 268/2 c, fast.
vaylen, *vb.* 151/230, avail, benefit.
veins: 365 in a man, 65.
uel, *n.* 254/6 c, fell, skin.
vengeable, 48/35, 141/6, revengeful.
venom: Envy is a wicked, 245/50.
venym, *n.* 28/313, sin.
verdite, *n.* 21/161, verdict, judgment.
vergyne, *a.* 4/15, virgin, pure.
vernacull, *n.* 145/181, veronica.
Vernaka, *n.* 144/52, Veronica, kerchief with Christ's face on.
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vicious, *n.* 237/127, v. folk.
Vigilate et orate, watch and pray, 246/79.
virginal, *a.* 112/5.
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vittes, *n.* 77/47, wits.
vleynge, *n.* 268/2 c, fleeing.
vuel, *adv.* 253/8 b, evil.
vynter, *n.* 20/123, vintner.

W., for Richard, Earl of Warwick, 2/37.
wach, *v.t.* 142/38, wash away?
wach, *n.* 49/28, watching.
wachmen, *n.* 51/53, watchmen.
wacset, *vb.* 263/4, waxes, increases.
wage, *n.* 105/684, service; 207/241, pay.
wain, *n.* 250/7, Death's wagon.
waker, *a.* 219/431; wakir, *a.* 25/246, wakeful.
waker hound, 60 (69), watch-dog.
wakeþ, wakkeþ, 253/6–7 b, watcheth.
walled, *pple.* 245/37, waled, scored.
walow, *v.i.* 247/101, wriggle, from overfeeding.
wan, *a.* 217/427, destitute, feeble?
wan, *vb.* 209/279, got, acquired.
wansit, *vb.* 263/4, wanes, lessens.
want: þu wantid, 201/144; þou wantyd, 200/148.
want, *vb.* 'us wanteth grace,' 8/37.
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war, the chief cause of poverty, 34/462.
ware, *n.* 88/212, things, qualities.
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washing, *a.* 284/128.
waste, *a.* 211/301–2, wasteful.
waster, *n.* 46/20.
weal or woe, for, 98/481.
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wedlock, the first Sacrament, 126/108.
wedlock thought nothing of, 264/3 c.
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weep, laugh, or sing, 107/730.
weied, *pple.* 30/349, weighd, judgd.
weies, *n.* 213/336, paths and roads.
weieth, 21/150, deliberate on.
wel, *n.* 265/1 c, 266/3 c, 8 c, wheel.
welcomers, 3 horrible, in man's heart, 252.
wele, *n.* 256/2 c, well-being, happiness.
welewe, *v.i.* 203/188, fade.
well, miraculous, in Rome, xlii, 171/828, 839. See 'oil-wells.'
well good, *a.* 169/781, very good.
wellid, *pple.* 31/375, boild.
well is hym, 155/355.
wells, three, that sprang from St. Paul's beheading, 148/153.
well-y-wey, *interj.* 125/63, alas.
wemlees, *a.* 236/94, spotless.
went her way, 119/142.
wenyng, *n.* 90/286, fancy.
wer, *n.* 259/3, 261/9, doubt, fear.
wer, *conj.* 261/3 c, whether; *conj.* 263/3 a, where.
werning, *n.* 264/5, refusal.
werray, *a.* 78/67, very, true.
werre, *n.* 33/424, 442, war.
weryth, *vb.* 82/62, wearies.
wese, *n.* 246/58, juice, fluid.
wessh, 28/313, washt.
wette, *n.* 72/28, wit, sense.
whelpes, smale, 60 (68), toy-dogs.
when & where, *adv.* 263/4 c.
'Whi art thou Froward, sith I am

Merciable': Christ's Appeal to man, 141–2.
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who = whom, 120/168.
whom, *pron.* 178/29.
wick, *a.* 226/567, wicked.
wicked (wound, a), 245/37, bad, severe.
widows not to marry again, specially a young man, 61 (86).
wiht, *n.* 21/156, 42/658, man, person; wytes, 43/20, creatures.
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winter season, 20/120.
wischli, *adv.* 79/104, desirously?
Wit is wicked now, 252/2.
wite, *vb.* 35/490, blame.
wite, *v.t.* 255/13, cover, protect.
with, *prep.* 124/37, by.
with, slain, 128/167, 280/28, slain by.
withsett, *v.t.* 215/394, resist.
withstart, *v.i.* 205/233, escape.
withy, *n.* 87/186, osier.
witless, *a.* 217/405.
wlatsum, *a.* 203/184, disgusting.
wodnesse, 52/91, madness.
woebegone, *a.* 207/266.
woisse, *n.* 261/4, rest?
wolf, *n.* 31/393, 39/568.
wolle-skynnys, 30/361, sheepskins.
wolvish, *a.* 47/6, wolf-like.
woman, an old common, should be buried alive, 59 (33).
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women, foul, 265/6.
women not to go to the Altar of the Holy Cross, 145/62,
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wondur, *a.* 117/76, wonderful.
wone, won, 91/300, 303, 308, 93/357, one.
wood, *a.* 51/54, wild, mad.
woodcock, *n.* 49/21.
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wordly, *a.* 55/118, worldly.
wordy, *a.* 114/8, 117/80, 120/172, worthy.
work wrake, *vb.* 211/327, do harm.
working, *n.* 217/426.
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wormis mete, *n.* 267/10, worms' food.
worship, *n.* 94/382, honour, virtue; 147/115, celebration.
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wou, 259/2, how.
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wrappep, *v.i.* 260/3 c, makes wroth, angers.
wrechidly, *a.* 130/240, wretched.
wreke, *n.* 135/66, vengeance.
wrench, *n.* 215/377, turn, trick.
wring, *v.i.* 236/95, wr. hands, sorrow.
writhe, *v.i.* 201/158.
writing, *n.* 23/187.
writing, *n.* 298 (at foot), 299/2, a document, authority.
wroht, 40/596, wroth, angry.
wrye, *v.t.* 92/331, turn.
wyckede wede, 136/102, bad garment.
wyl, *a.* 278/214, vile.
wyryede, *ple.* 115/21, strangled.
wysh, *v.t.* 153/316, washt.
wysse, *v.t.* 279/15, 283/120, protect.
wytes, *n.* 43/20, creatures.

wytt, *v.t.* 128/185, know.

Xal, *v.i.* 242/129, 271/2; *pl.* 277/193, shall.
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yconomie, *n.* 57/3, of household-keeping.
year to year, from, 209/293.
yelt, *vb.* 265/6 c, yields, pays.
yeres, *n.* 92/332, ears.
yeuyth, *vb.* 36/497, give ye.
yie, *adv.* 261/3, yea.
Ynglysshmen, 24/216, Englishmen.
yong, *n.* 77/59, young girl.
yove, 15/13, 17/44, 24/230, given.
ypleite, *pple.* 209/283, pleated (gown).
yra, *n.* 178/37, anger.
ystreith, *pple.* 243/5, stretcht.

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acates, *n.* 305, agates.
adorune, *v.t.* 301/5, celebrate.
agapys, *n.* 305, a precious stone.
aspys, a dragon, 305.
avysement, *n.* 302/31, counsel.

besynez, *n.* 307 f, business, labour, trouble.
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bugyl, *n.* 305, a young bull or buffalo.

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draconia, the serpent, 305.
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hermit who brings the dead to life, 306.
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lion tousles Cleopes's kerchief, 305.
lyguryus, *n.* 305, a precious stone.
lymnyd, *v.t.* 303/59, illuminated.

multiply, *v.t.* 302/45, increase, by having children.

noqwere, *adv.* 303/58, nowhere.

orytes, *n.* 305, a precious stone.

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pasyd, *pple.* 307 e, dead.
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promotyd, *v.t.* 302/35, appointed.
pysauns, *n.* 302/40, puissance, retinue.

qwan, *conj.* 301/15, when.
qwere, *conj.* 301/6, where.
qwerffore, *conj.* 307 c, wherfore.
qwete, *a.* 303/55, sweet.
qwy, *conj.* 303/57, why, for which.
qwyche, *n.* 301/9, which.
qwyght, *a.* 307 d, white.

remys, 302/38, realms.
resident, *a.* 302/35.
reverend, *a.* 306 b, worthy of reverence.
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ryalte, *n.* 302/46, grandeur.
ryming, *n.* 306 b, 307 c.

rymyd, *pple.* 307 c, rymed.
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sempyl, *a.* 303/50, simple, unskild.
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supposing, *n.* 303/64.
syens, *n.* 303/53, art of verse-writing.
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